

MARVEL COMICS

MYSTERY

AUGUST

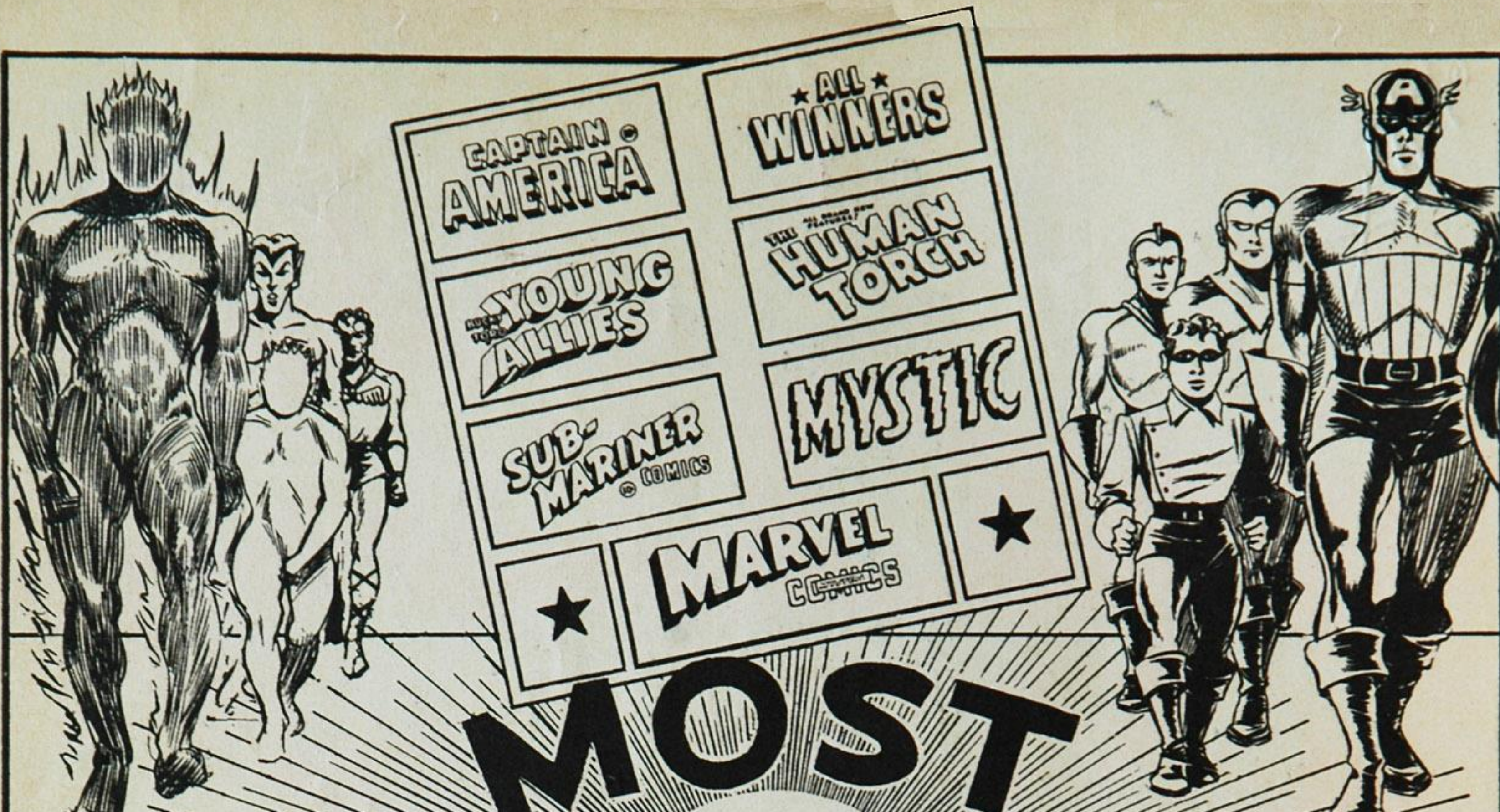
NO.
34

10¢

TIMELY
COMICS



CAN THE HUMAN TORCH'S
DEATH-DEFYING LEAP
SAVE TORO FROM THE
STEEL-EDGED DOOM?



CAPTAIN AMERICA **★ ALL WINNERS ★**

YOUNG ALLIES **HUMAN TORCH**

SUB-MARINER **MYSTIC**

★ **MARVEL COMICS** ★

MOST



SUCCESSFUL SELLERS

IN LESS THAN TWO YEARS THE REMARKABLE COMIC MAGAZINES PRINTED UNDER THE FAMOUS NAME OF TIMELY COMICS™ HAVE BECOME AMERICA'S MOST SUCCESSFUL SELLERS!



YOU READERS HAVE KEPT OUR MAGAZINES ON TOP AND WE PROMISE TO CONTINUE TO GIVE YOU THE ART WORK AND STORIES WHICH WILL KEEP THEM ON TOP!

Also 2 GREAT LAFF BOOKS!



AMERICA'S FUNNIEST MAGAZINES UNDER THE TIMELY SEAL!

COMEDY COMICS



WITH MANY MORE GLEEFUL CHUCKLE-PACKED ISSUES TO COME!



JOKER COMICS

HUMAN TORCH

TORCH'S

CANNON-BALL COMIC MAGAZINES, FILLED WITH POTENT PAGES OF PROPAGANDA, MADE THE NAZI FOOLS DROOL AS IT CAUGHT THEM UNPREPARED! --

AND IT ALL STARTED BECAUSE CARL BURGOS WAS LOOKING FOR A NEW IDEA!



This STRANGEST STORY EVER NARRATED IN PICTURE COMIC BOOKS STARTS IN THE SPACIOUS STUDIO APARTMENT OF **CARL BURGOS**, ORIGINATOR OF THE **HUMAN TORCH**...

YE GADS! A TWO-DAY DEADLINE AND NO STORY! -- YIPES! WHAT AM I GOING TO DO?

HO-HUM! GUESS I'LL PRACTISE A BIT ON **TORCHY** AND **TORO**! THAT'S THE WAY IDEAS COME! ...

HMM! FINISHED! ... BOY! DO THEY LOOK **REAL**! BUT WHAT I STILL NEED IS A **STORY**!

Suddenly... A CRIMSON GLOW FILLS THE ROOM... EERIE... MYSTERIOUS... AND **THEN**

HIYA, CARL!

...OR SHOULD WE SAY **POPPA**?

BLAZES!
-- THE DRAWING'S **AFIRE!**

HOW IN...?

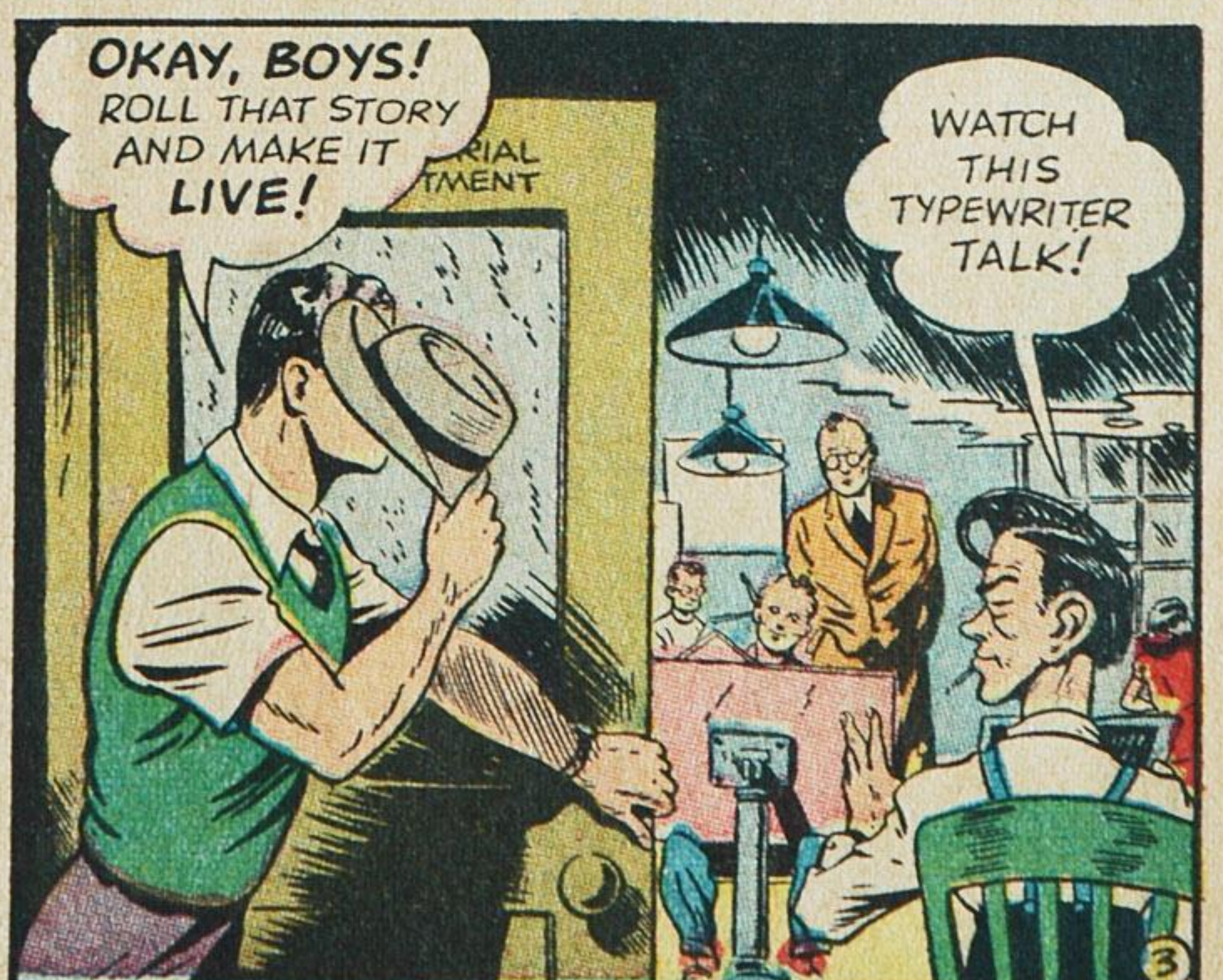
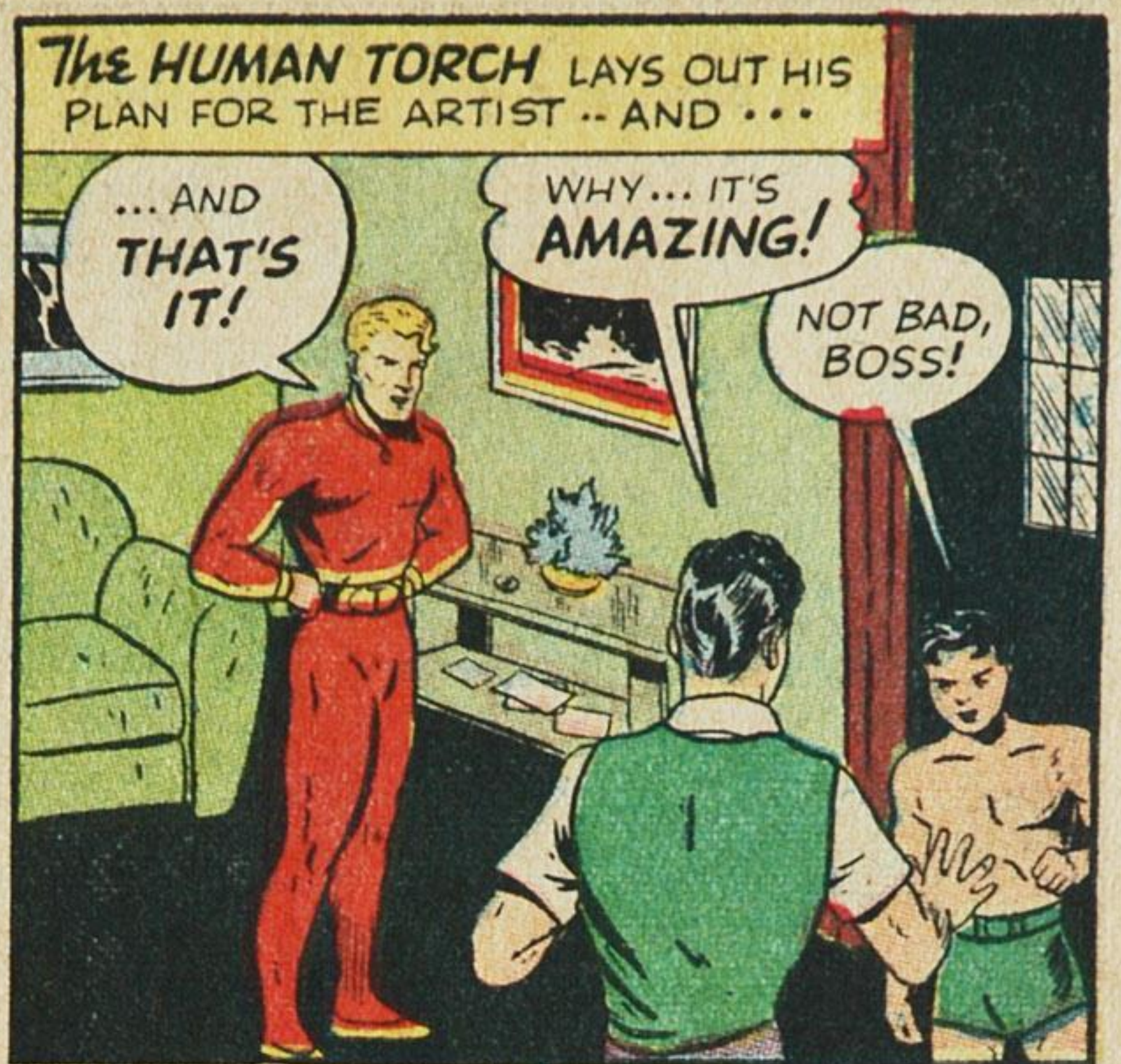
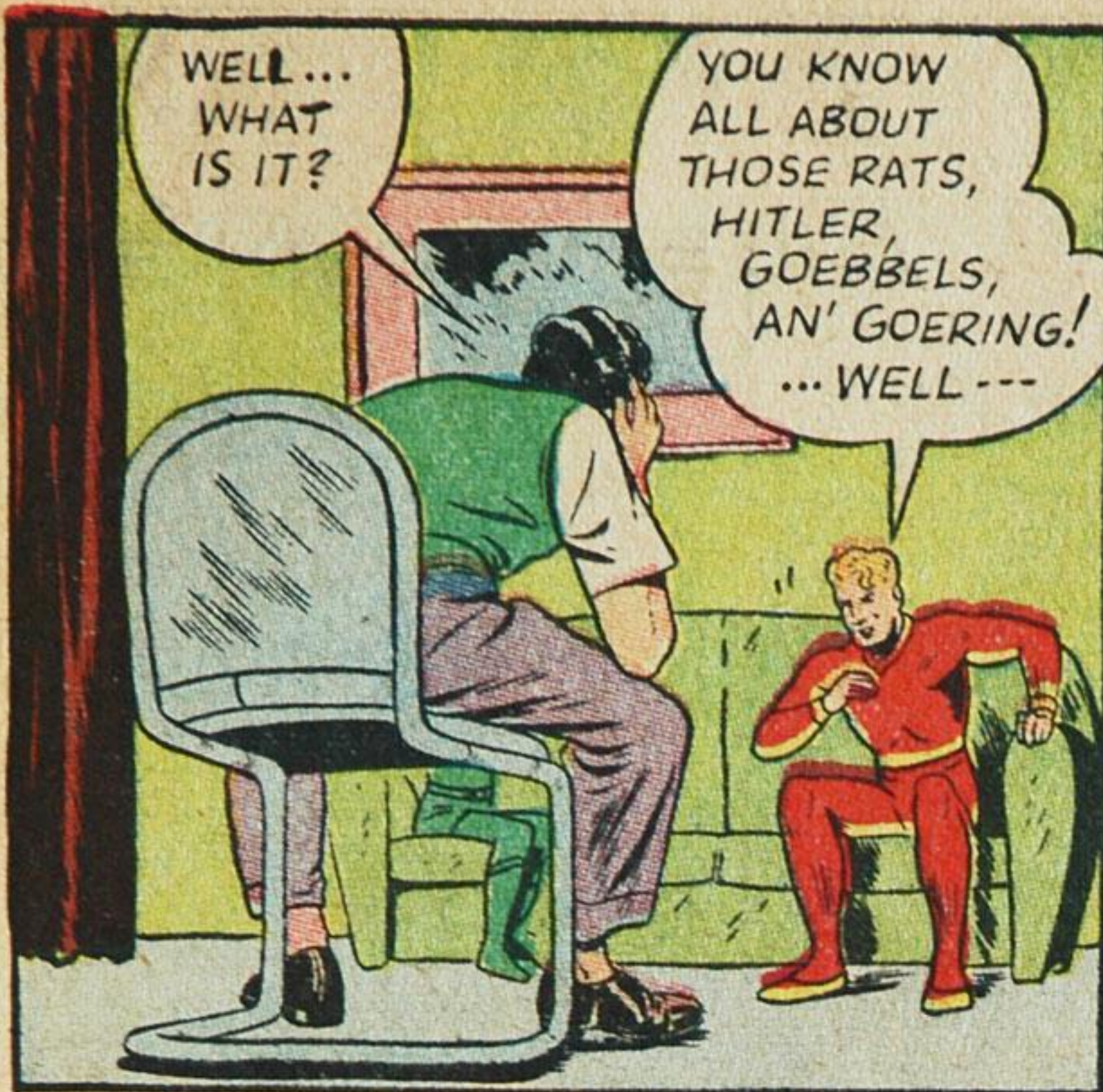
THAT'S OUR SECRET, CARL!

SOMEDAY WE'LL LET YOU IN ON IT!

WELL, BOYS... WHAT BRINGS **YOU** HERE?

WE JUST COULDN'T SEE YOU THERE BENT OVER THE BOARD WITHOUT AN IDEA ... SO NEAR THE DEADLINE... SO **TORO** AND I COOKED UP AN IDEA!

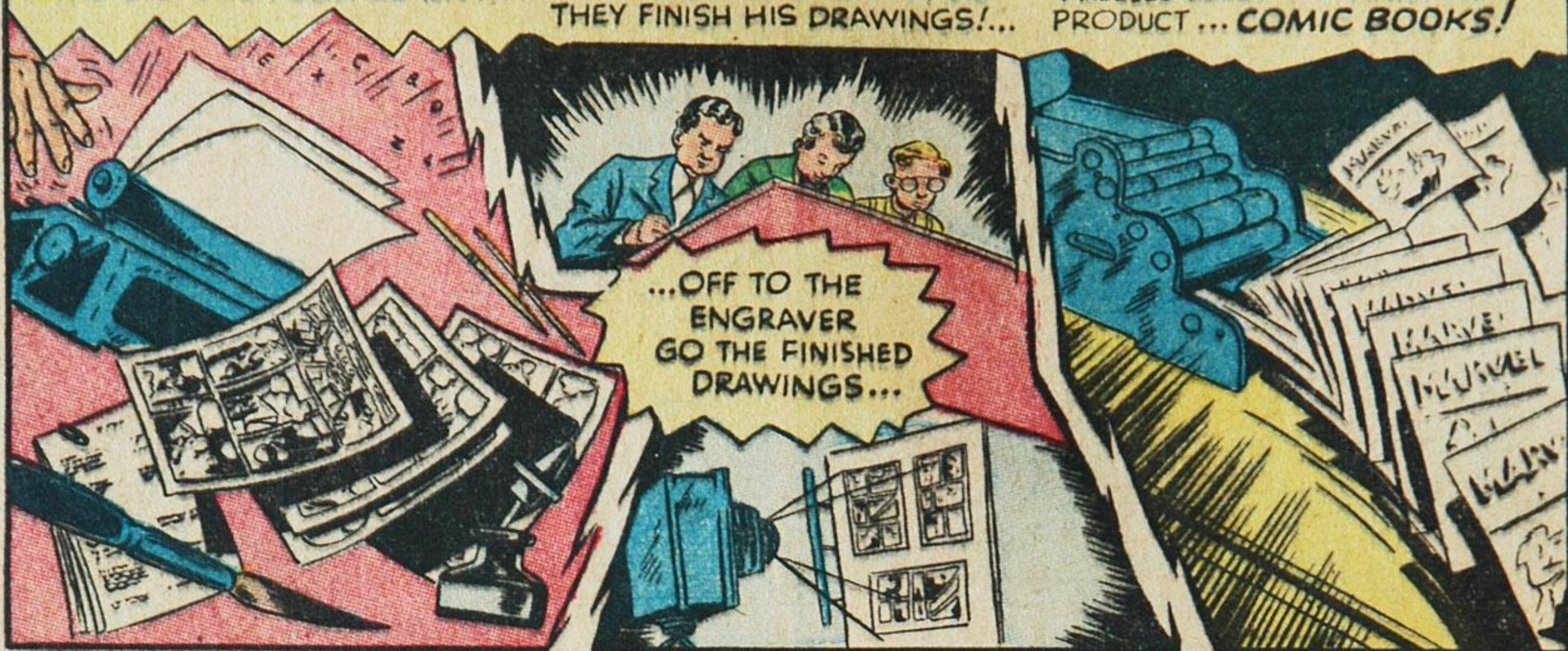
AND WAIT'LL YOU HEAR IT!

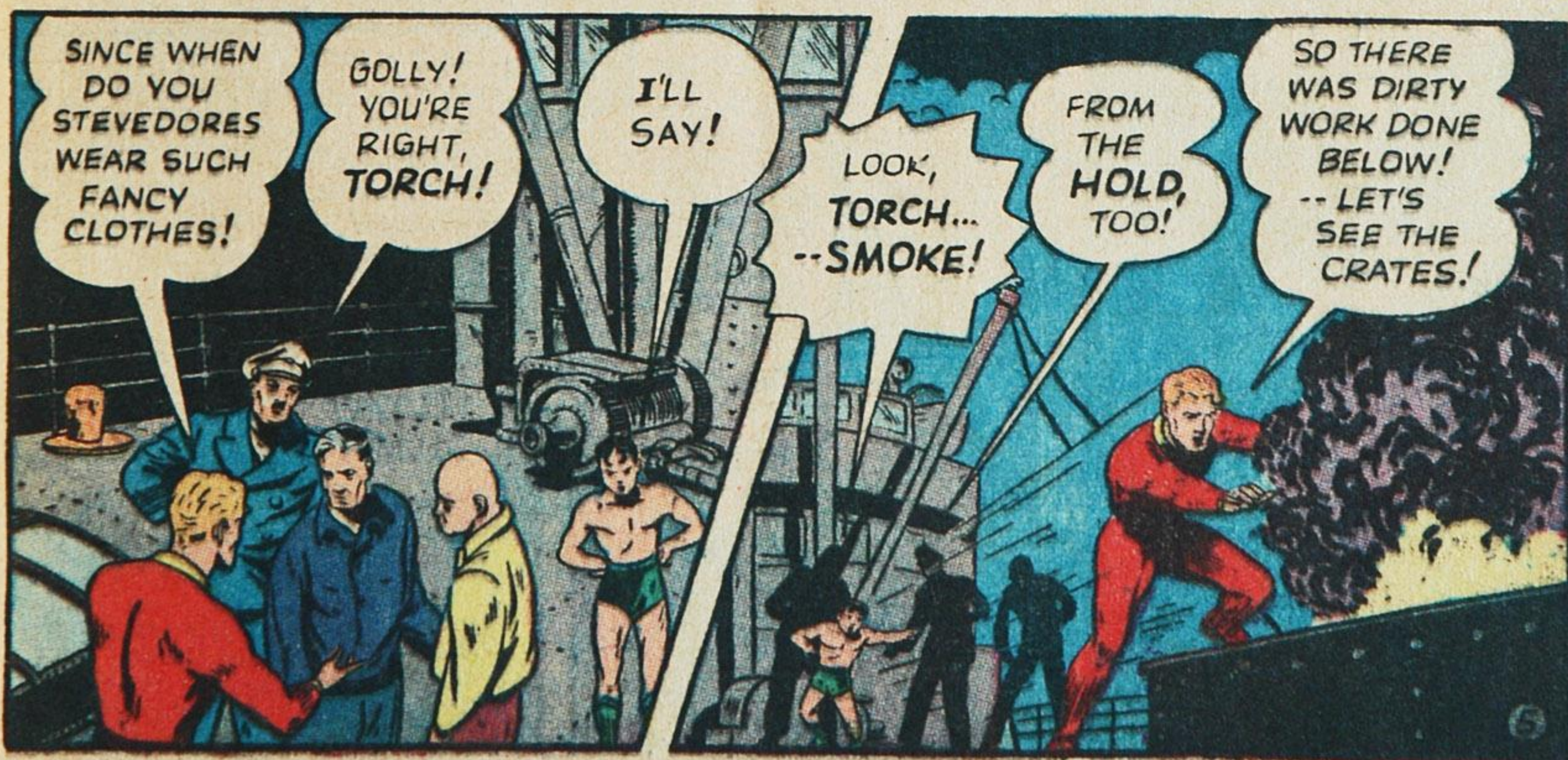
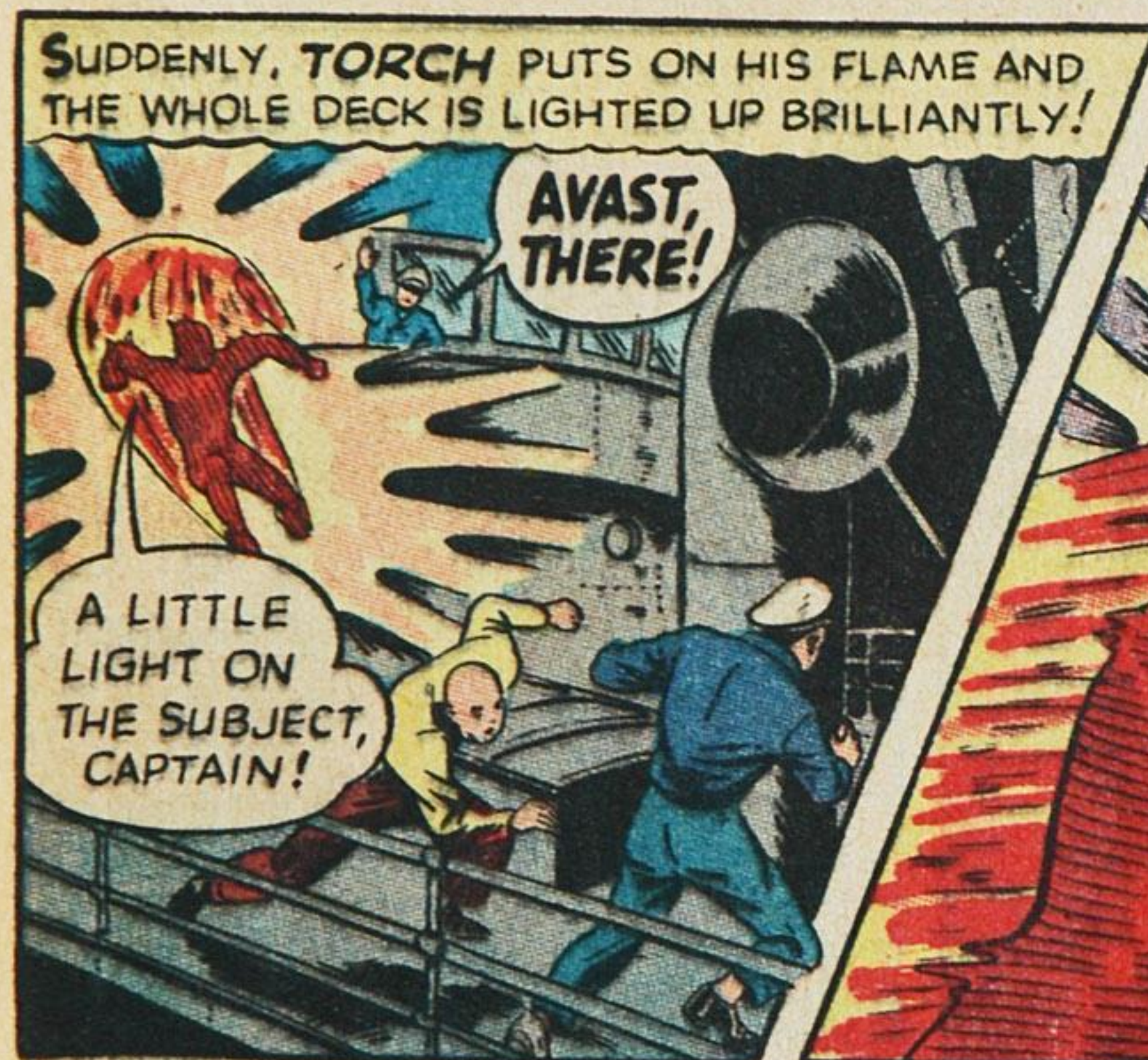
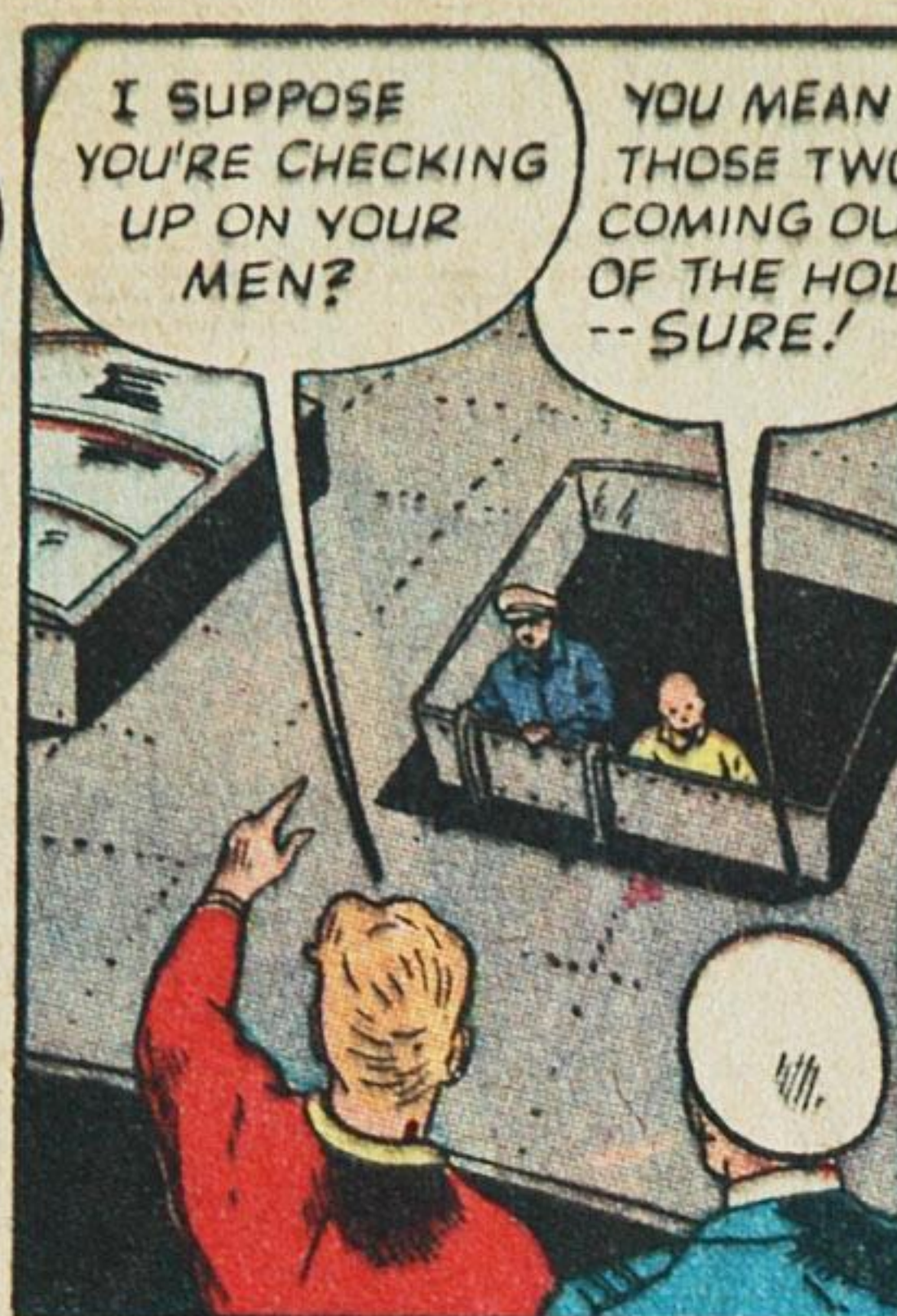


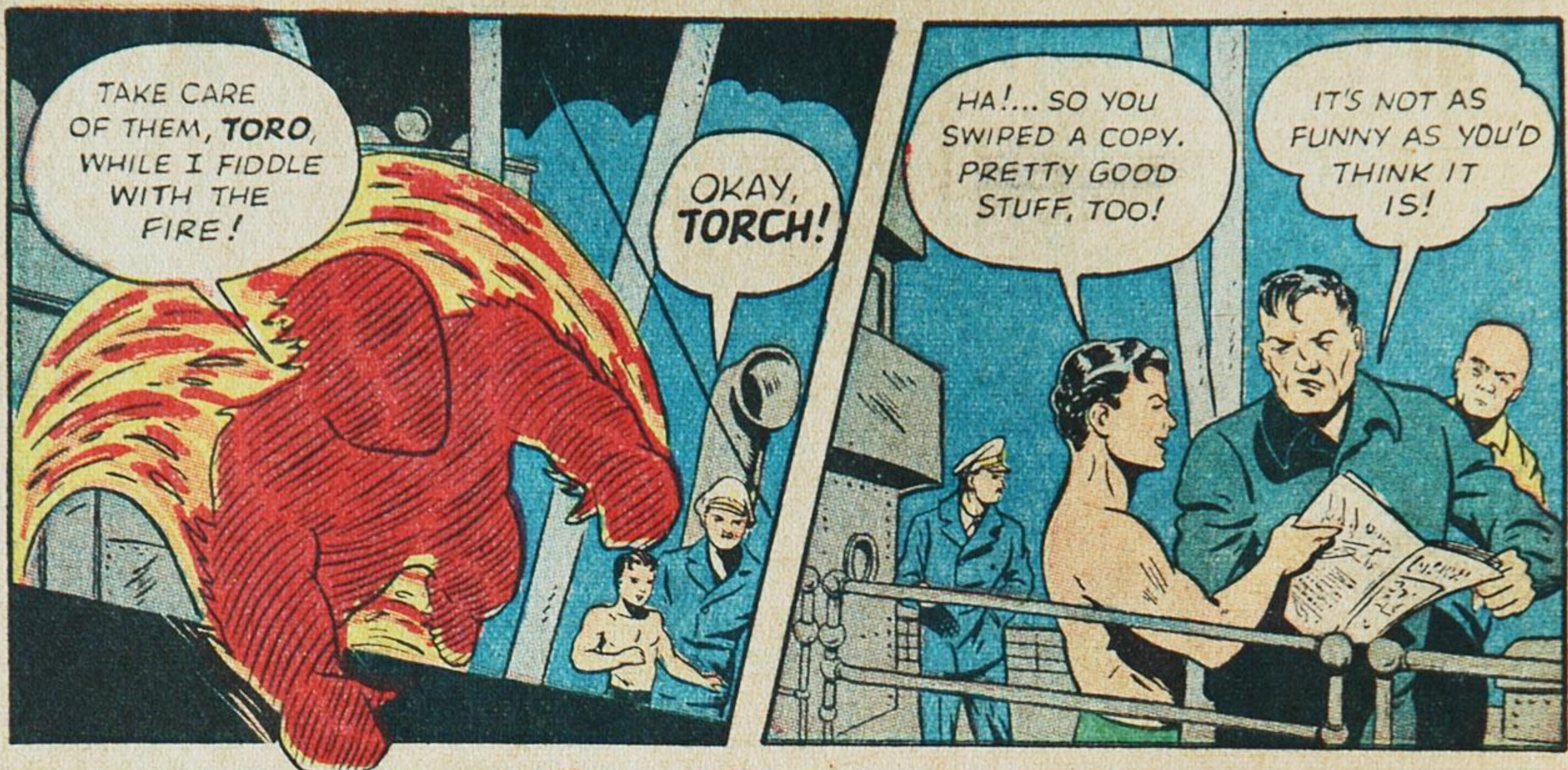
AND SO THE WHEELS ROLL...
THE STORY IS POLISHED OFF...

CARL'S ART STAFF GOES TO WORK
--AND THEIR BRUSHES FLY AS
THEY FINISH HIS DRAWINGS!...

STILL LATER-- HUGE PRINTING
PRESSES EJECT THE FINISHED
PRODUCT ... **COMIC BOOKS!**







AS **TORO** SUCCEEDS IN FLAMING HIS HANDS, **TORCH** BLAZES AND SWOOPS DOWN TO -----



...AND THEY CAUGHT ME OFF GUARD -- KNOCKED ME INTO THE WATER!

YES! I HEARD YOU YELL -- AND I CAME RUNNING!



SO THEY KNOW WHAT CARGO THIS SHIP HOLDS. OF COURSE, THEY KNOW IT'S GOING TO GERMANY -- AND THAT MEANS TROUBLE! OH, WELL, THE R.A.F. BOYS WILL TAKE CARE OF THAT!



HAWSERS ARE CAST OFF, AND SLOWLY THE BOAT LOADED WITH "PRINTED DYNAMITE" STEAMS OUT OF THE HARBOR...

DROP THE FUN ON THE BUMS FOR ME!

BON VOYAGE, CAPTAIN!



LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND... A WEEK LATER, THE SHIP MAKES PORT...

HERE WE ARE, CAP'N!

MUCH TO HITLER'S REGRET, I IMAGINE!



THAT'S THE LAST CRATE! WHEW! AM I GLAD THAT'S OVER WITH!

YOU SAID IT! ASIDE FROM THOSE SLIGHTLY BURNT COPIES FOUND BY **TORCH** IN AMERICA, EVERYTHING IS PERFECT!



AND SO THE UNUSUAL CARGO FINDS ITSELF TRUCKED TO AN R.A.F. AIRDROME, WHERE HUGE BOMBERS WAIT TO BE LOADED WITH THEM.

THIS IS REALLY GOING TO BE MORE FUN THAN DUTY!

I'LL SAY!



FULLY LOADED WITH THE BOOKS, THE PLANES DRONE INTO THE AIR -- DESTINED FOR GERMANY!

ADOLPH HERE WE COME!



WHILE IN BERLIN -- THREE WELL-KNOWN INTERNATIONAL GANGSTERS ARE DEEP IN DESPAIR! ...



BUT DEY SHALL NOT GET THROUGH! I HAF ORDERED VON HUNDERD FIGHTING BLANES TO STOP DEM! VE VILL DESTROY DAT FILTHY CARGO!



ENGLISH FLIGHT REPORTED ON WAY TO GERMANY!

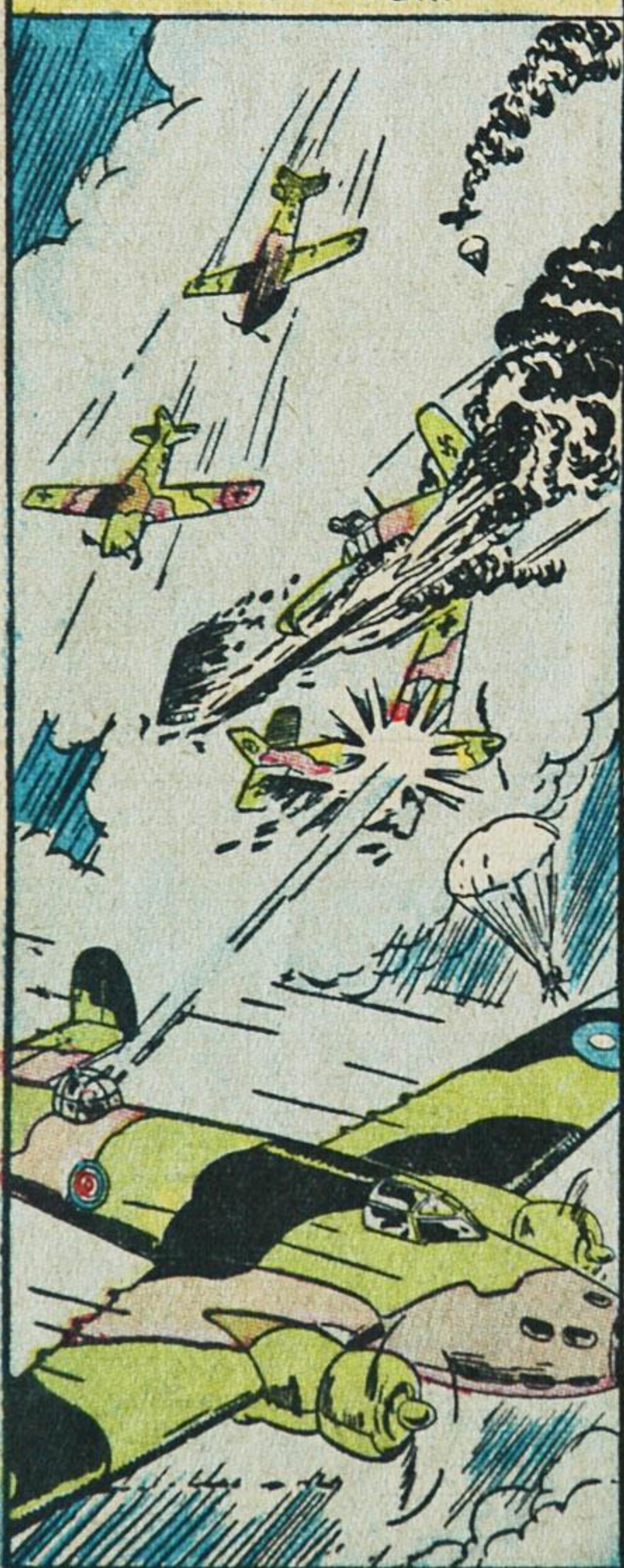
HITLER ORDERS THE NAZI PLANES TO RACE MADLY FOR THE ENGLISH FLIGHT!

DOUBLE DOT ORDER! MAKE IT TWO HUNDERD BLANES!

YAH, FUEHRER!



A VICIOUS DOG-FIGHT COMMENCES AS THE R.A.F. SMASHES INTO THE NAZI FORMATION!



WHILE BELOW...

AH! THREE -- FOUR -- FIVE MORE BLANES

SHOT DOWN! GOOT! HEY! ... VAIT! DEY'RE OURS! BAH!

PLEASE, ADOLPH! A LOOK -- NEIN?



THE BRITISH MASTER THE AIR AND SUDDENLY THE BOMBERS' BELLIES OPEN AND A POTENT WEAPON FLOWS OUT IN A CASCADING STREAM -- COMIC BOOKS!





WHILE BACK IN NEW YORK--

--AND THE WHOLE GERMAN EMPIRE IS LAUGHING THE FUEHRER INTO SHAME! IT'S AMAZING AND UNBELIEVABLE WHAT COMIC BOOK PROPAGANDA CAN DO!



---IN THE PUBLISHER'S OFFICE---

WELL, WE'VE DONE IT, CARL! TORCH'S PLAN WORKED TO PERFECTION!

AND ALL OF GERMANY'S IN AN UPROAR! I HEAR SABOTAGE IS RAMPANT AND RESISTANCE AGAINST THE NAZI RULE IS STIFFENING OVER THE LAND!

...WHAT COMIC PROPAGANDA CAN DO!



SO LONG, BOSS -- I'VE GOT TO MEET BILL EVERETT -- **TORCH** AND **TORO** ... SEE YOU LATER!

RIGHT, CARL!



AT THE CORNER DRUG STORE...

HIYA, BILL! HAVE YOU SEEN **TORCH** AND **TORO**?

HIYA, CHUM! THEY PHONED AND WILL BE HERE LATER! -- HAVE A SODA?



LOOKS LIKE YOUR PLAN WAS A SMASHING SUCCESS!

YOU BET! (GULP)



A MINUTE LATER...

OOOOOHH! MY HEAD! UGGHH!

CARL! WHAT HAPPENED?



JUST THEN **TORCH** AND **TORO** STEP IN...

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH CARL?

CARL FELL OVER IN A DEAD FAINT!

LOOKS LIKE A DELIBERATE ATTEMPT, FROM THE LIVID COLOR OF HIS FACE!

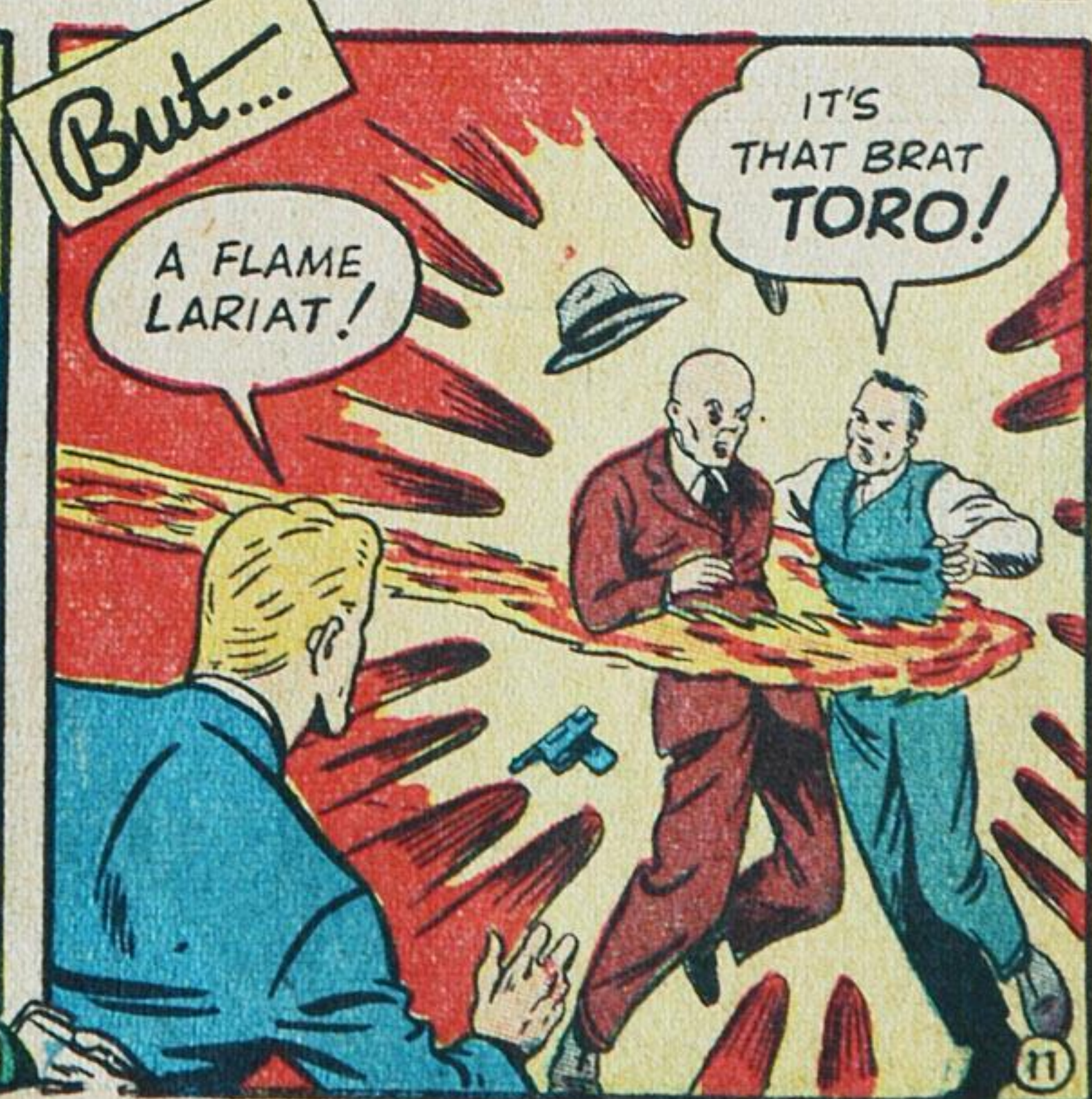
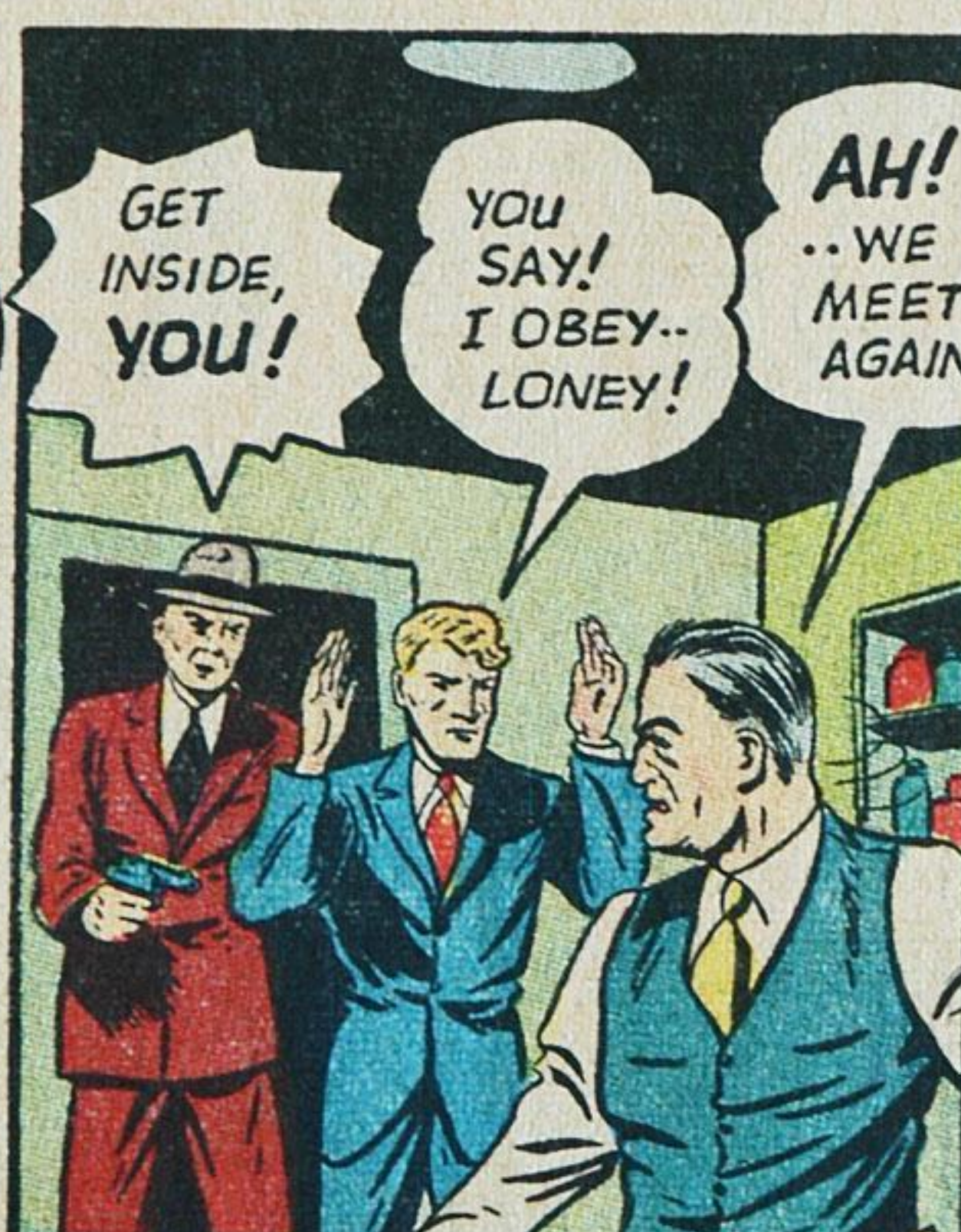


GET AN AMBULANCE, TOO!

I-I--CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT!

I'LL PHONE!







SO THE **TORCH** HAS A SECRET?

●

BOY! WE'RE ALL WAITING FOR THE BIG NEWS!

HUMAN TORCH NEVERS DISAPPOINTS!

●

WHILE YOU WAIT FOR THE NEXT ISSUE OF **MARVEL** COMICS, WHY NOT GET A COPY OF THE **HUMAN TORCH** QUARTERLY...

10¢ AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND ... EVERYWHERE!

O.K. AXIS, HERE WE COME!



**HOLD
EVERYTHING!**

AMERICA'S 3 GREATEST
HEROES ARE ON THEIR WAY
TO FIGHT CRIME AND THE
AXIS FIENDS!

DON'T MISS ONE
ACTION-PACKED PAGE
OF AMERICA'S MOST
POPULAR MAGAZINE
WITH THESE GREAT
FIGHTERS...

**CAPTAIN AMERICA
HUMAN TORCH
SUB MARINER**

AND AS ADDED THRILL-
FEATURES... 24 PAGES OF-

**THE DESTROYER AND
THE WHIZZER!**

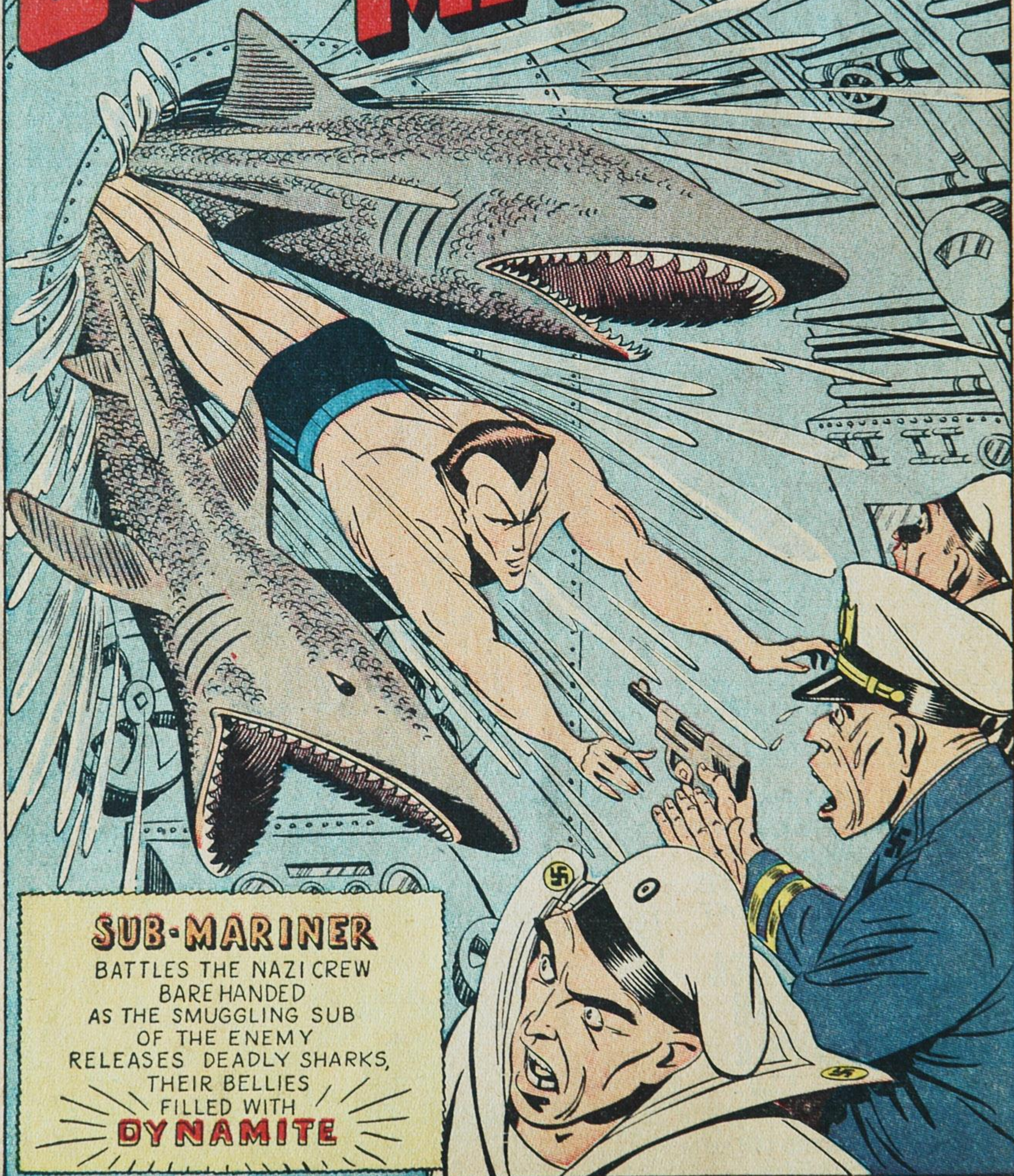


**WATCH
FOR
THIS
SENSATIONAL
ISSUE!**

**ON
SALE
SOON!**

SUB-MARINER

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SUB-MARINER

BATTLES THE NAZI CREW
BARE HANDED
AS THE SMUGGLING SUB
OF THE ENEMY
RELEASES DEADLY SHARKS,
THEIR BELLIES
FILLED WITH
DYNAMITE

ON A COASTAL STRIP OF LABRADOR THAT ABUTS THE ATLANTIC OCEAN, SUB-MARINER, IN DOCK-HAND'S CLOTHES, TEACHES SOME NATIVE BOYS THE FINER POINTS OF SWIMMING.



THE SURGING WAVES SUDDENLY PUSH ONE OF THE BOYS OUT TO SEA!



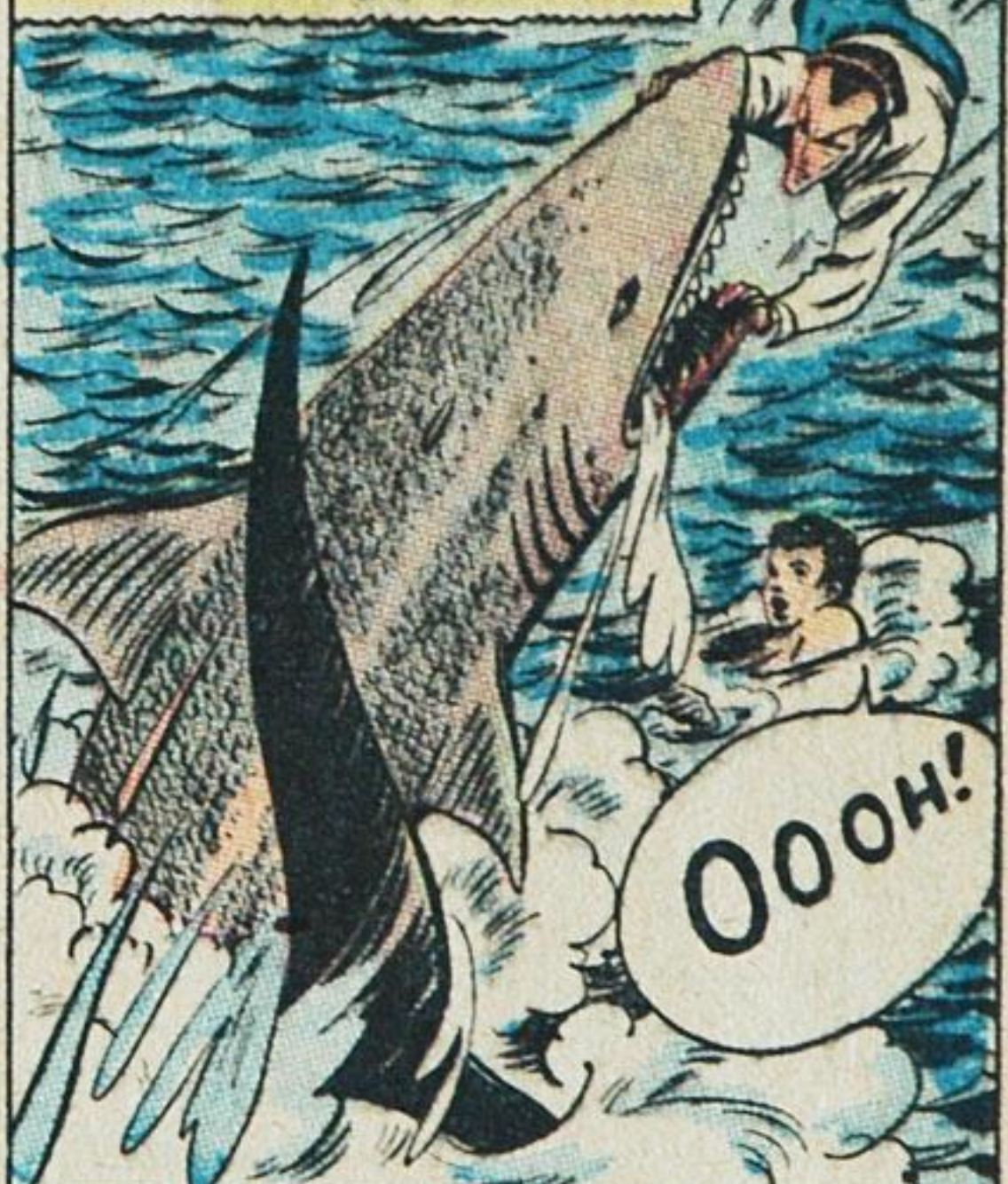
HE SCREAMS AS HE SEES A LARGE SHARK APPROACHING



BUT SUB-MARINER HEARS DIVES OFF THE DOCK AND RACES THROUGH THE CHOPPY WATER WITH LIGHTNING SPEED!



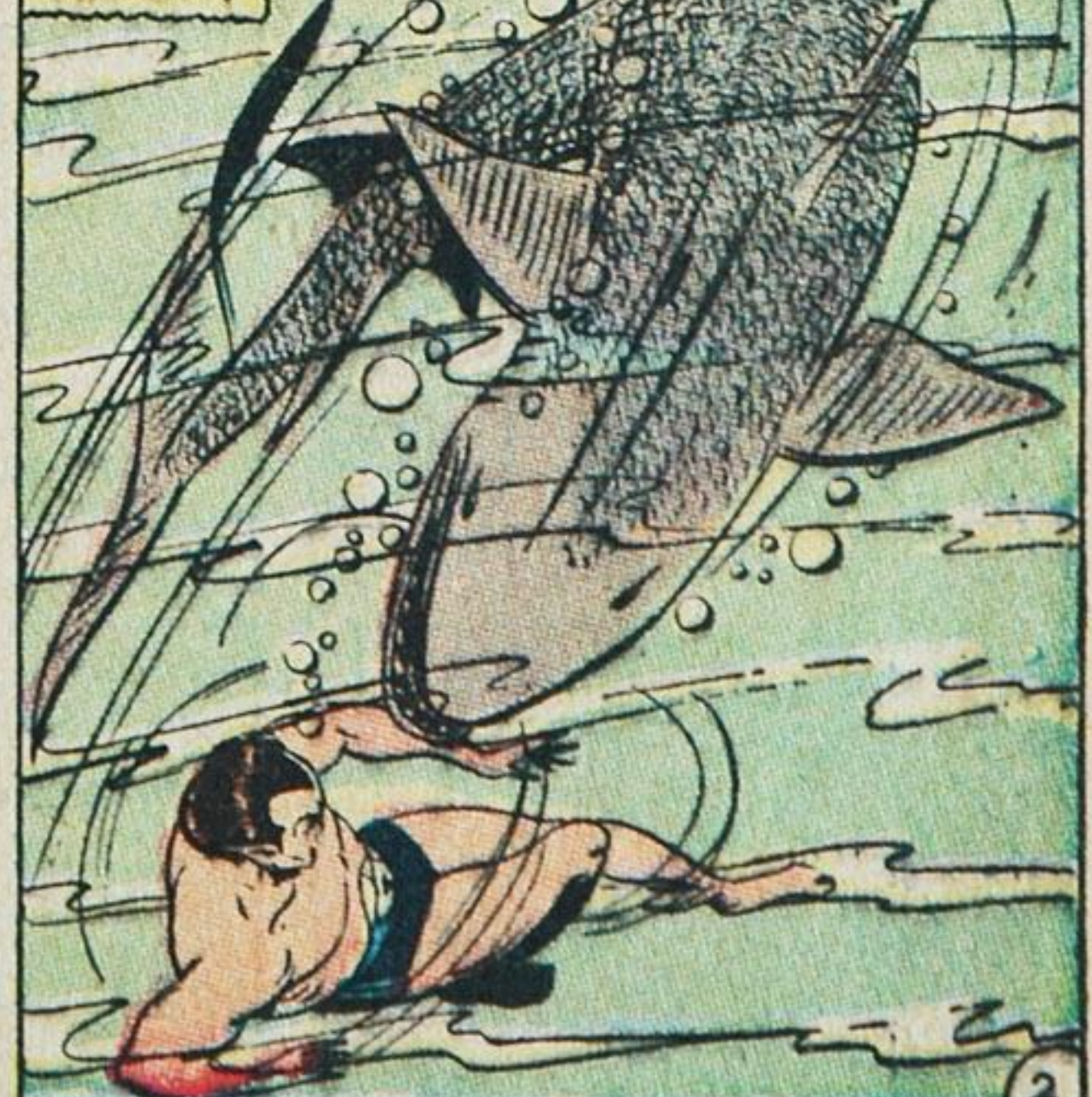
IN THE NICK OF TIME, SUB-MARINER LEAPS AT THE HUGE SHARK!



AND THE TERRIFIED BOY SWIMS BACK TO SHORE!

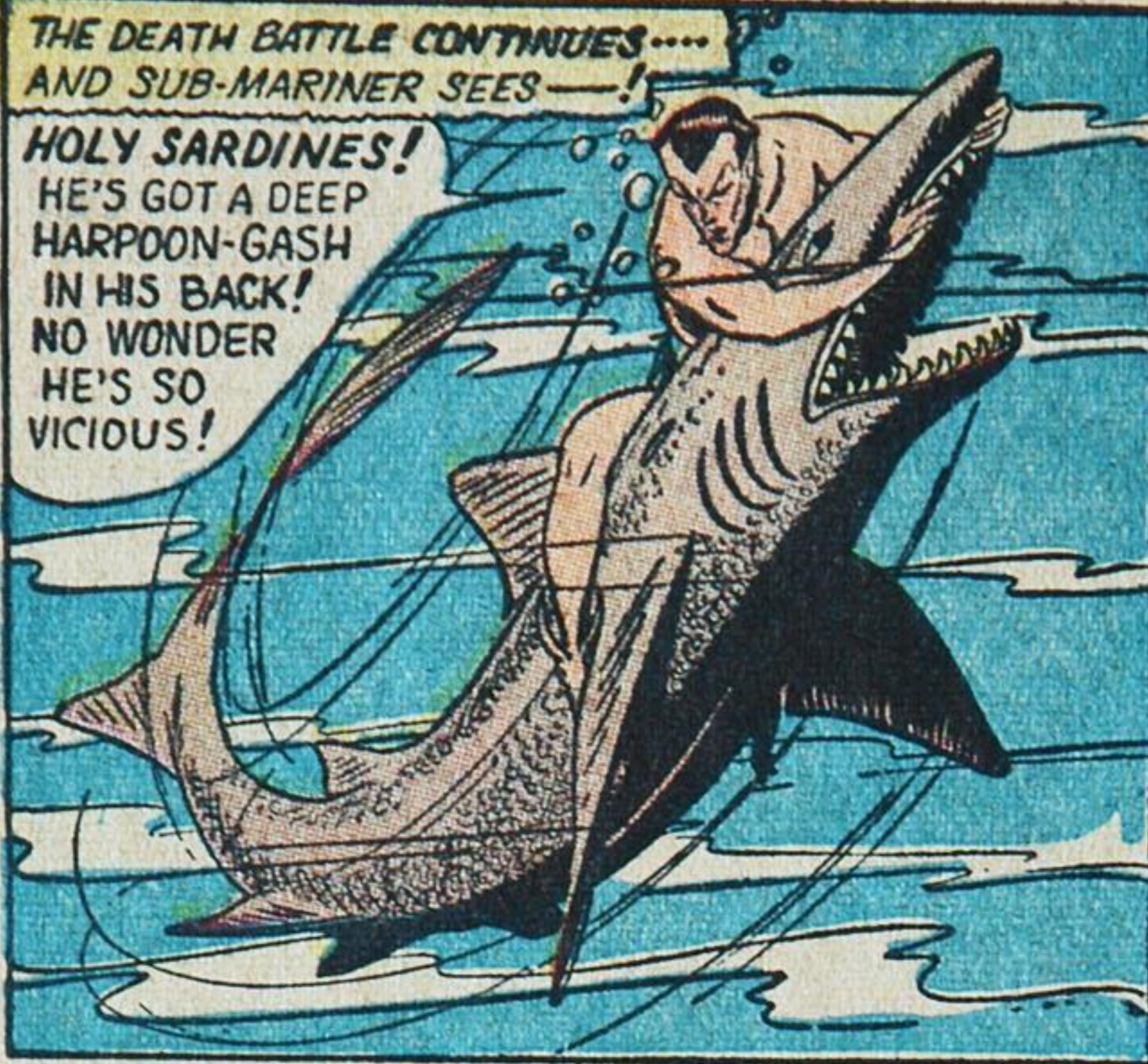


THE MAN-EATING SHARK SUDDENLY DRAGS SUB-MARINER UNDER WATER!



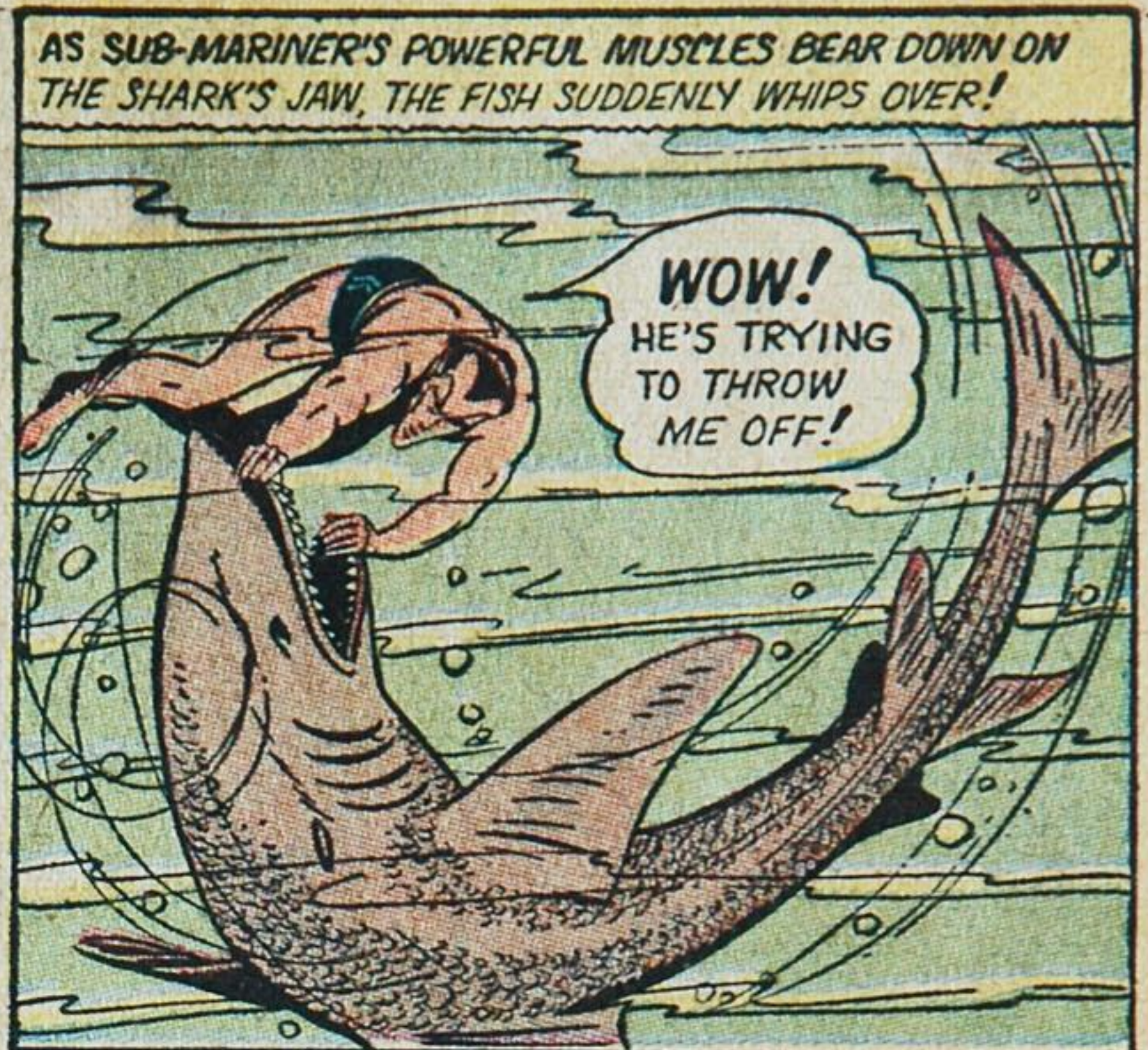
THE DEATH BATTLE CONTINUES....
AND SUB-MARINER SEES—!

HOLY SARDINES!
HE'S GOT A DEEP
HARPOON-GASH
IN HIS BACK!
NO WONDER
HE'S SO
VICIOUS!



AS SUB-MARINER'S POWERFUL MUSCLES BEAR DOWN ON
THE SHARK'S JAW, THE FISH SUDDENLY WHIPS OVER!

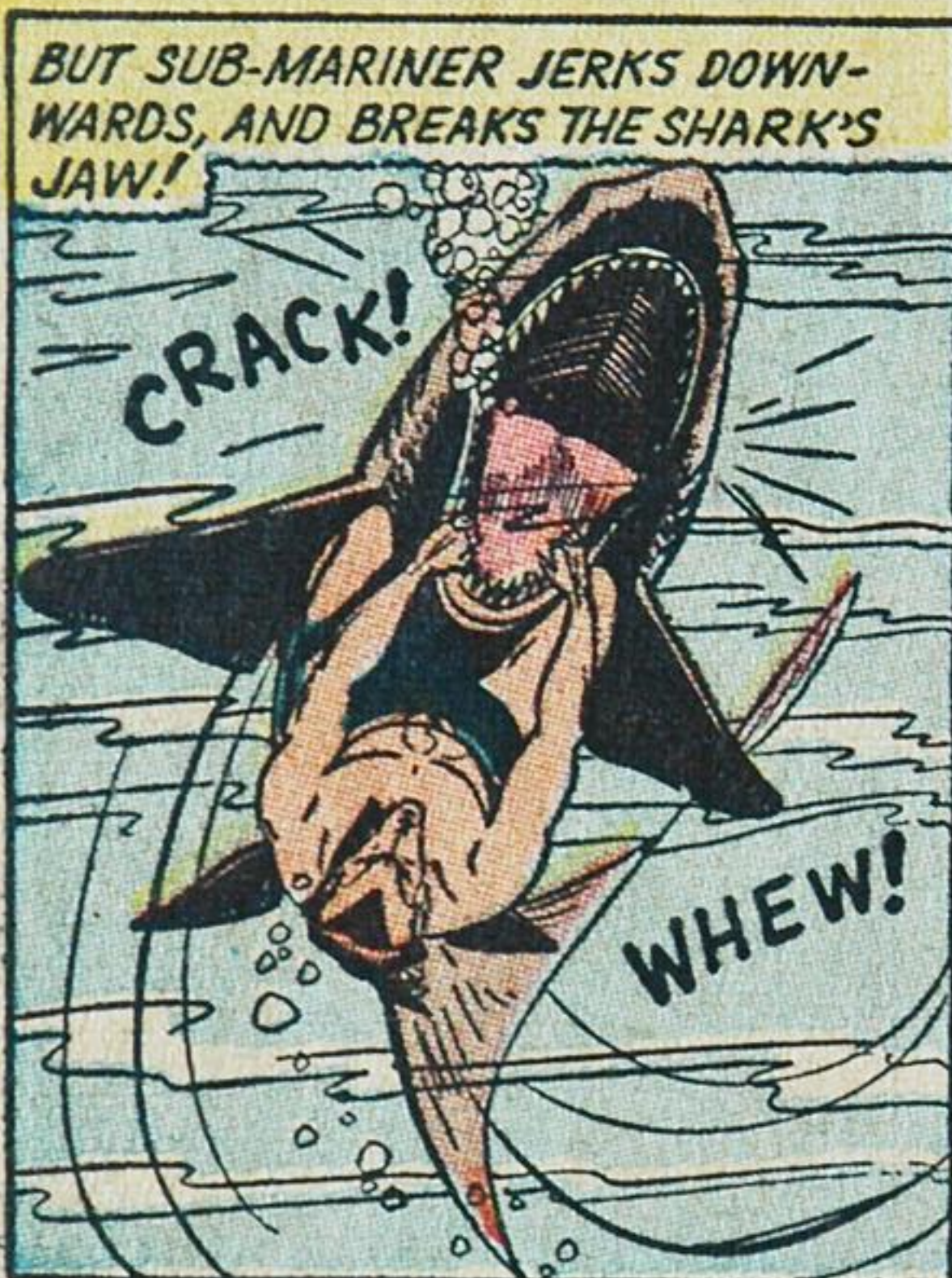
WOW!
HE'S TRYING
TO THROW
ME OFF!



BUT SUB-MARINER JERKS DOWN-
WARDS, AND BREAKS THE SHARK'S
JAW!

CRACK!

WHEW!



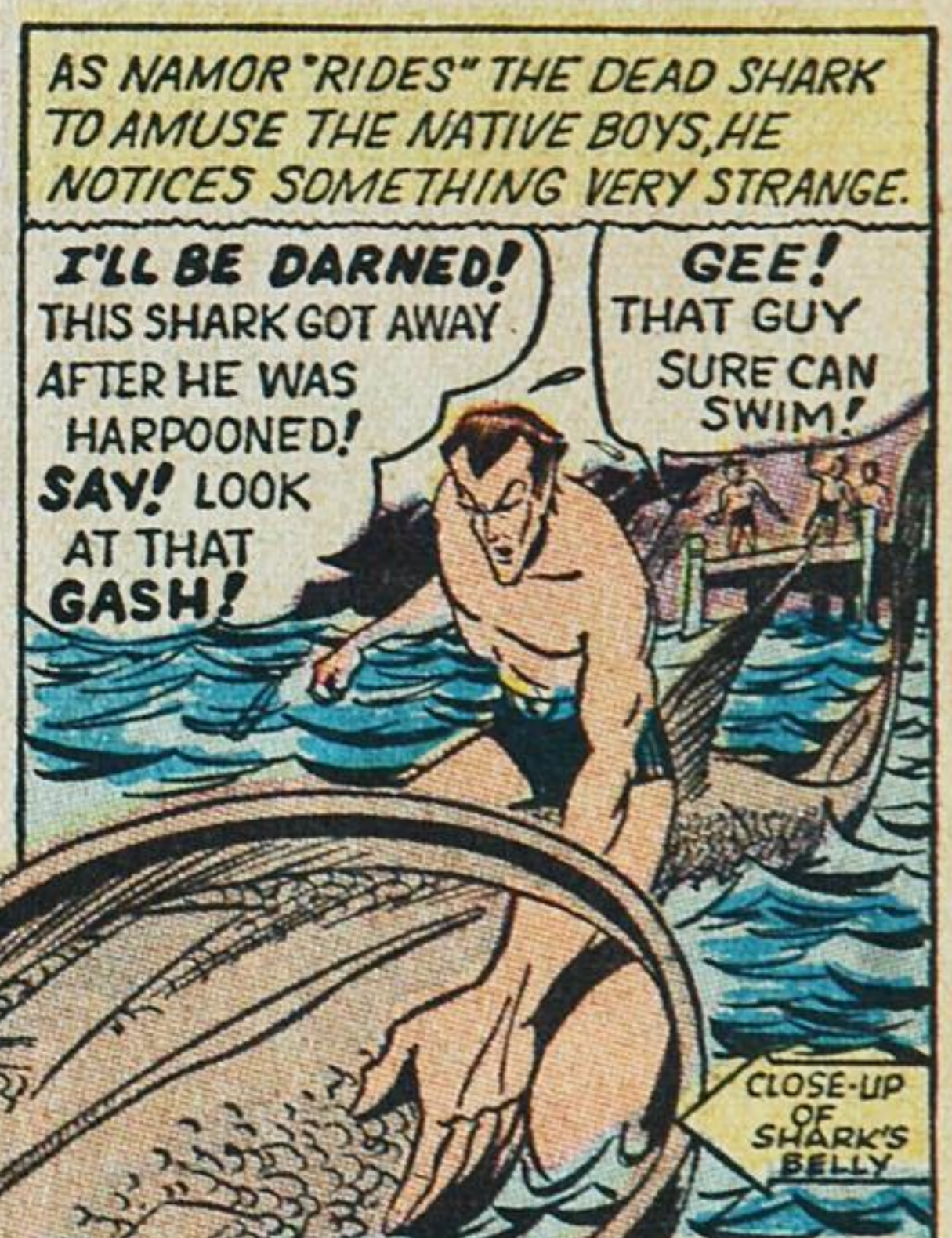
THIS SHARK MUST HAVE
ESCAPED FROM SOME
FISHERMEN IN THE
NEIGHBORHOOD.
GUESS I'LL TAKE
HIM BACK TO
THE KIDS!



AS NAMOR "RIDES" THE DEAD SHARK
TO AMUSE THE NATIVE BOYS, HE
NOTICES SOMETHING VERY STRANGE.

I'LL BE DARNED!
THIS SHARK GOT AWAY
AFTER HE WAS
HARPOONED!
SAY! LOOK
AT THAT
GASH!

GEE!
THAT GUY
SURE CAN
SWIM!



CLOSE-UP
OF
SHARK'S
BELLY

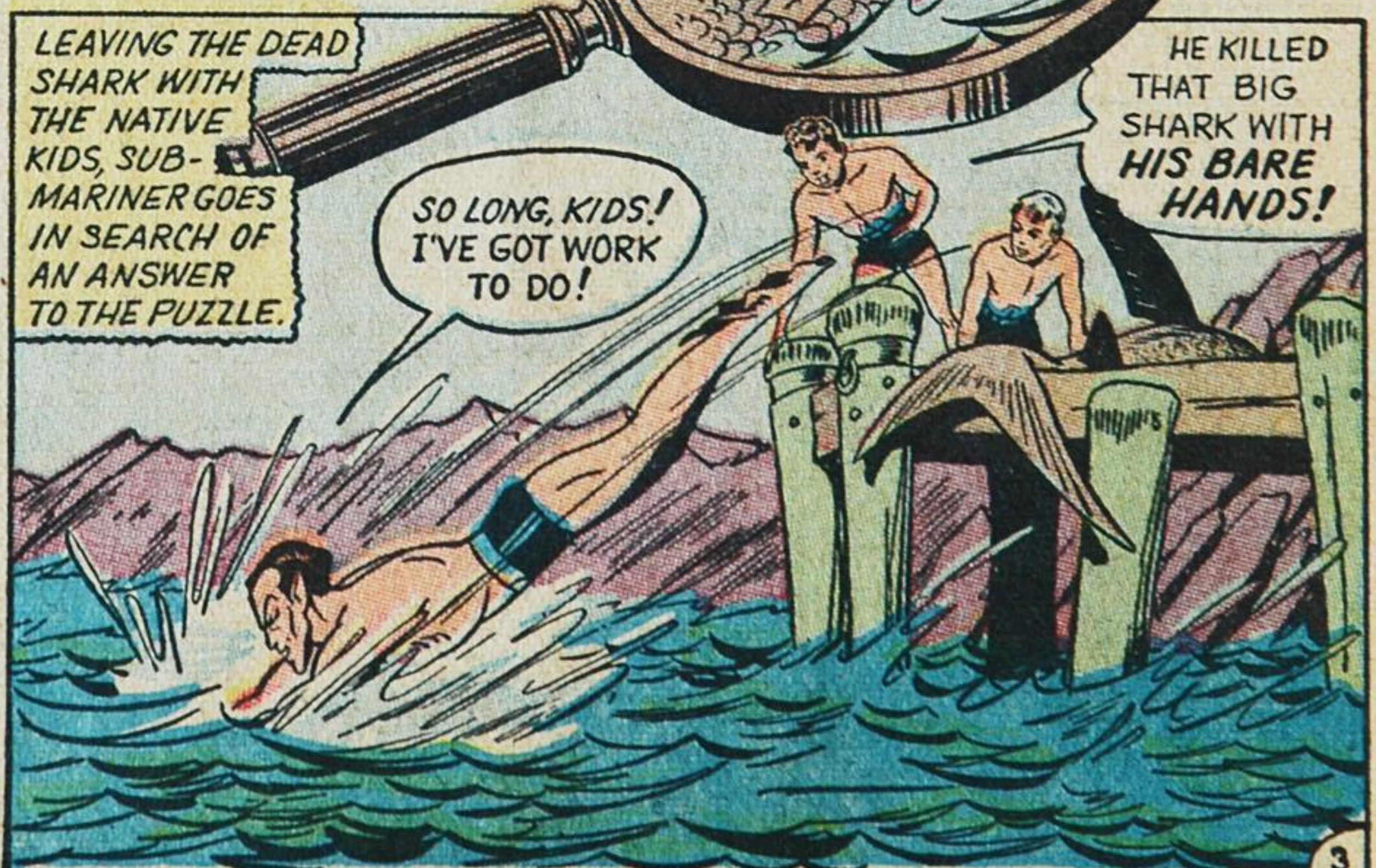
WHY SHOULD ANY FISHERMAN
SLIT THE BODY OF A SHARK?
NO ONE BUYS SHARKS CUT
THAT WAY! H-M-M-M!
I'M GOING TO LOOK
INTO THIS!



LEAVING THE DEAD
SHARK WITH
THE NATIVE
KIDS, SUB-
MARINER GOES
IN SEARCH OF
AN ANSWER
TO THE PUZZLE.

SO LONG, KIDS!
I'VE GOT WORK
TO DO!

HE KILLED
THAT BIG
SHARK WITH
HIS BARE
HANDS!



HIS MUSCULAR ARMS CUTTING THROUGH THE FRIGID WATERS WITH AMAZING SPEED, SUB-MARINER SEEKS THE NEAREST SHARK FISHERMEN.

PLENTY OF SHARK GROUNDS HERE! GUESS I'LL TAKE A LOOK ON THE SURFACE.



WOW!

THERE'S A SHARK NOW!



SUDDENLY, NAMOR SEES A NAZI SUB-MARINE RISE TO THE SURFACE...

A SUB! H-MM! GUESS I'LL SEE WHAT HAPPENS!



AS NAMOR WATCHES, A CREW MANS A HARPOON-CANNON.

ACH! A NIZE BIG SHARK! READY-AIM-



WHAT! ARE THOSE NAZIS USING SUBMARINES TO CATCH SHARKS?



THE HARPOON SPEEDS TRUE TO ITS TARGET!

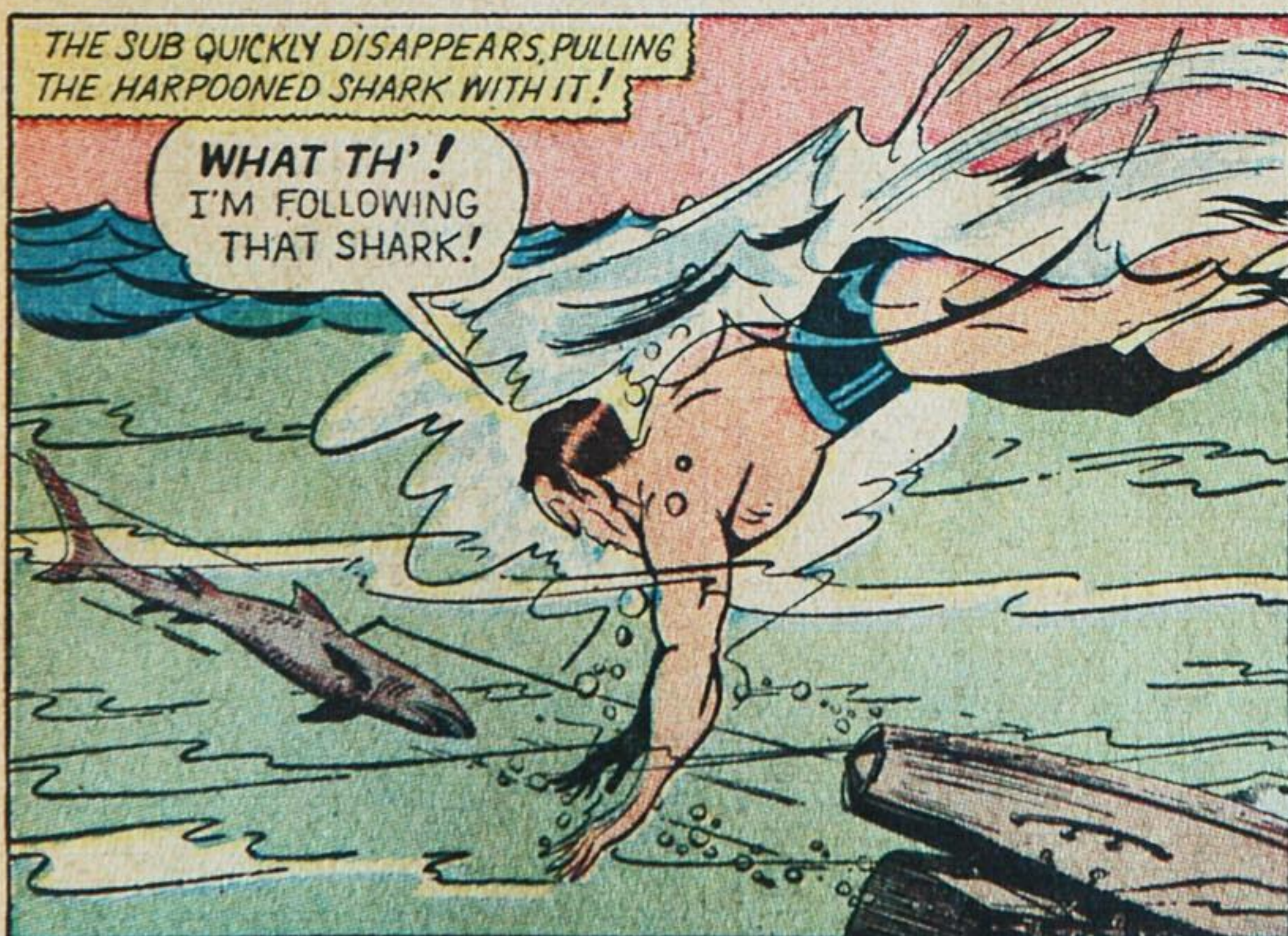
FIRE! GOOT!

THUD!



THE SUB QUICKLY DISAPPEARS, PULLING THE HARPOONED SHARK WITH IT!

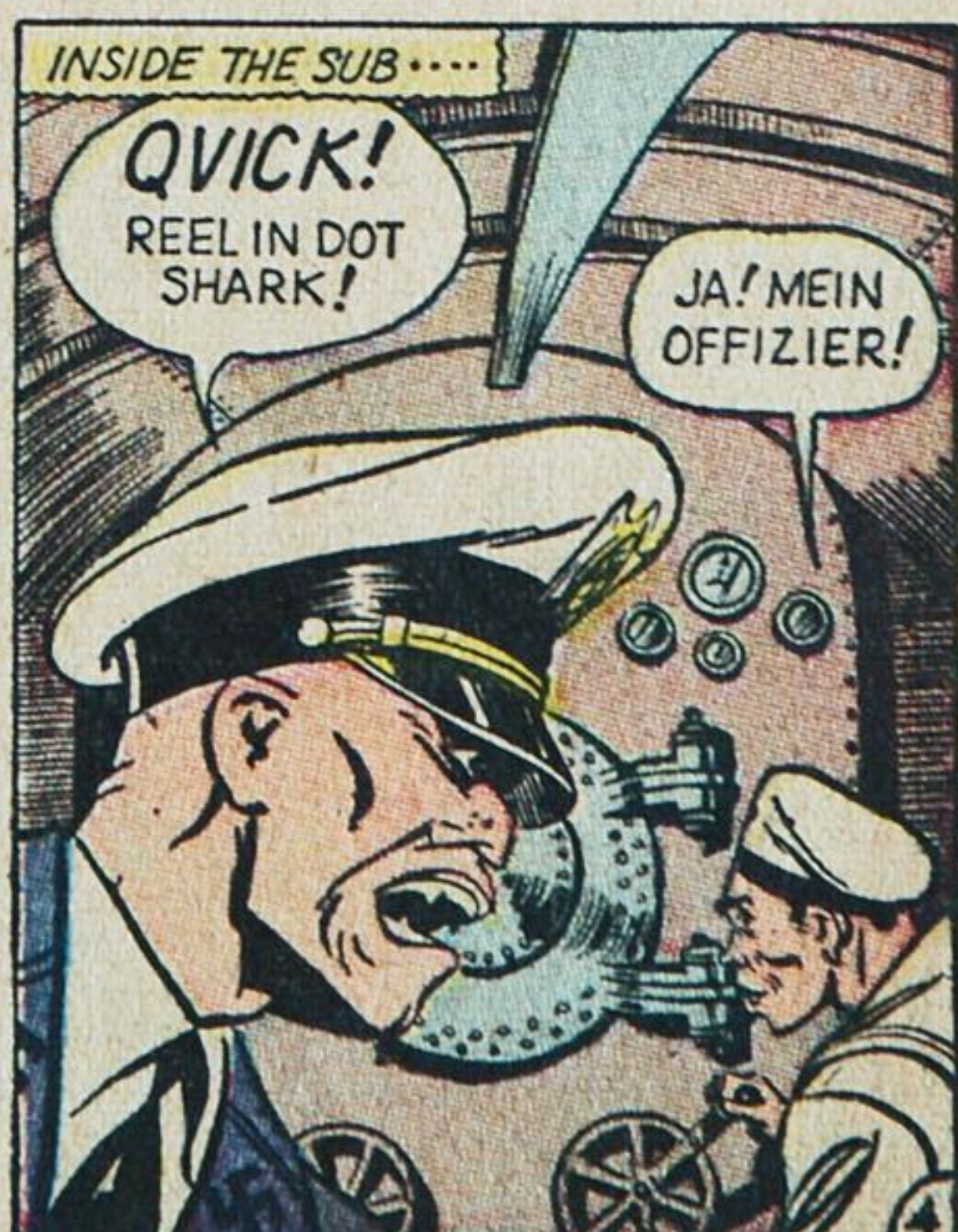
WHAT TH'! I'M FOLLOWING THAT SHARK!



INSIDE THE SUB....

QVICK! REEL IN DOT SHARK!

JA! MEIN OFFIZIER!



FROM THE OUTSIDE, UNDERWATER, THE SUB-MARINER IS AMAZED TO SEE THE SHARK BEING PULLED TOWARD THE SUBMARINE!

DO THEY JUST ATTACH THE SHARK, OR—



A VALVE DOOR OPENS, AND THE SHARK IS SWIFTLY PULLED IN THROUGH A SUCTION TUBE.

SO THAT'S HOW THEY PULL IN THE SHARKS!



THOSE NAZIS WON'T EAT THE SHARK—WHAT DO THEY DO WITH IT?... MUST TIE UP SOMEHOW WITH THE SLIT IN THE SHARK'S BELLY!



SUDDENLY....

I HEAR ENGINES OVERHEAD—MAYBE A FISHING-BOAT!! NOW—

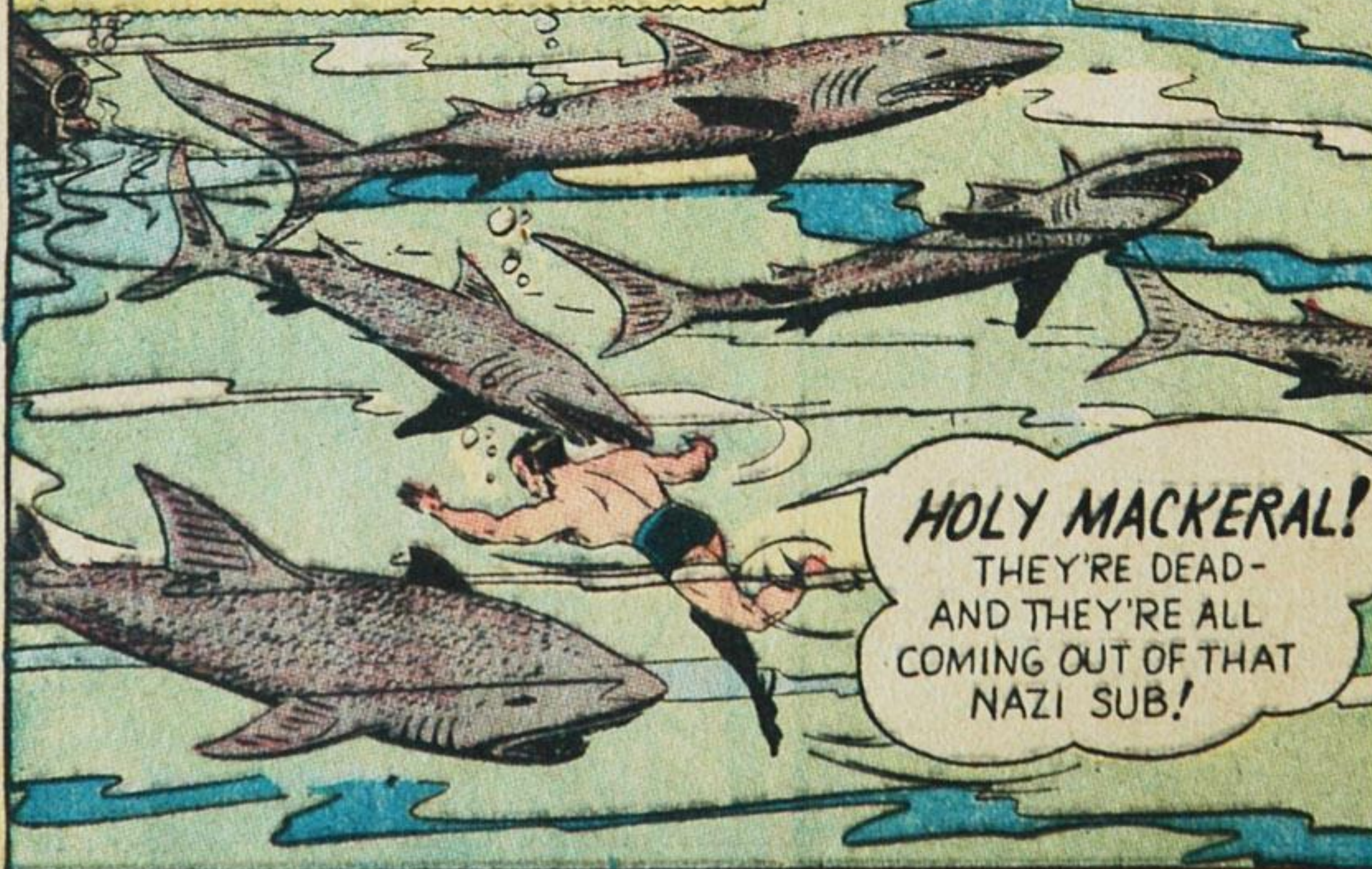


JUST AS SUB-MARINER SWIMS TO THE SURFACE TO INVESTIGATE, A HORDE OF SHARKS CHARGES AT HIM!

SHARKS! A BUNCH OF THEM! WOW!

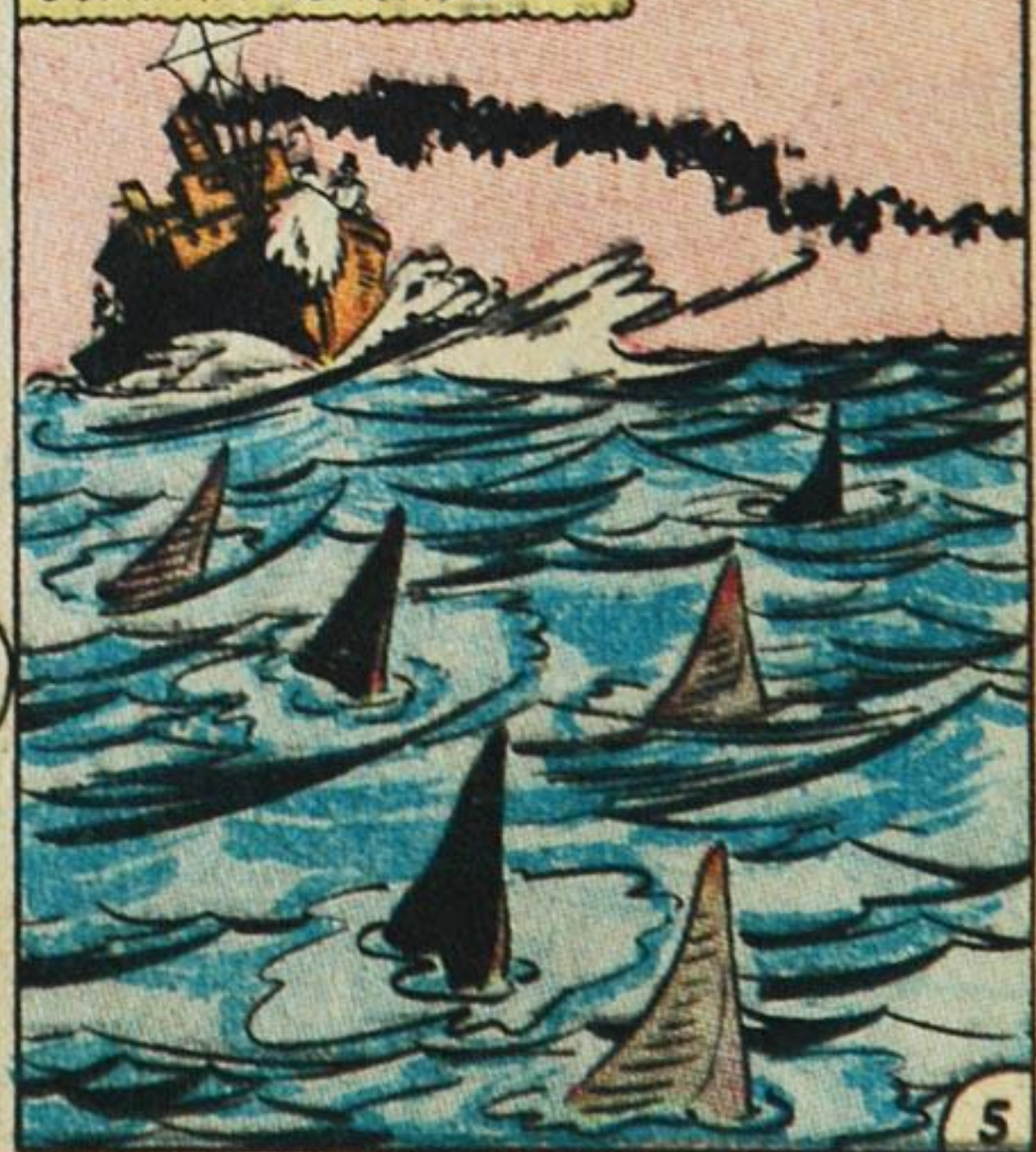


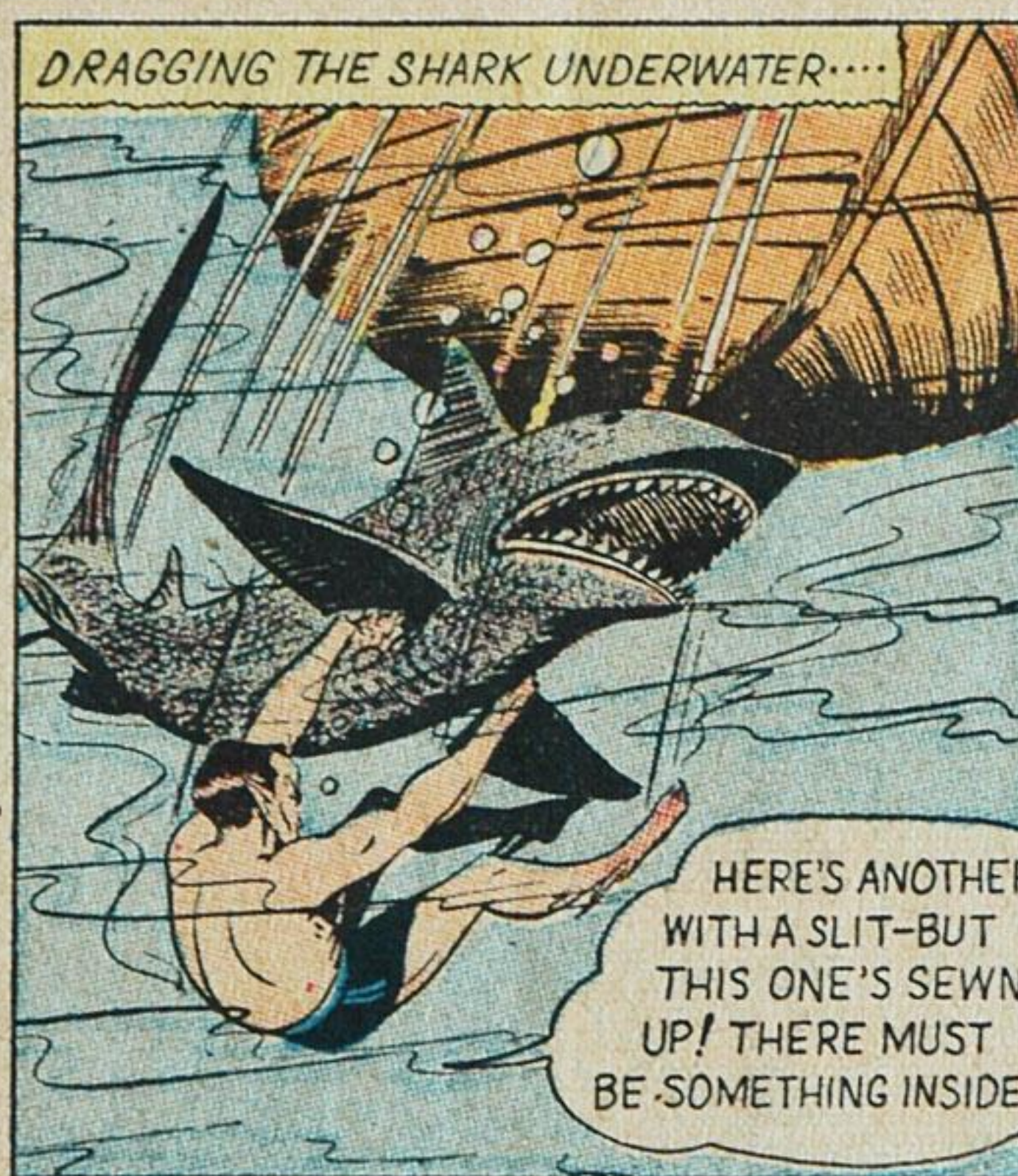
SUB-MARINER TURNS, READY TO FIGHT FOR HIS LIFE—WHEN HE NOTICES THE SHARKS ARE ACTING STRANGELY.

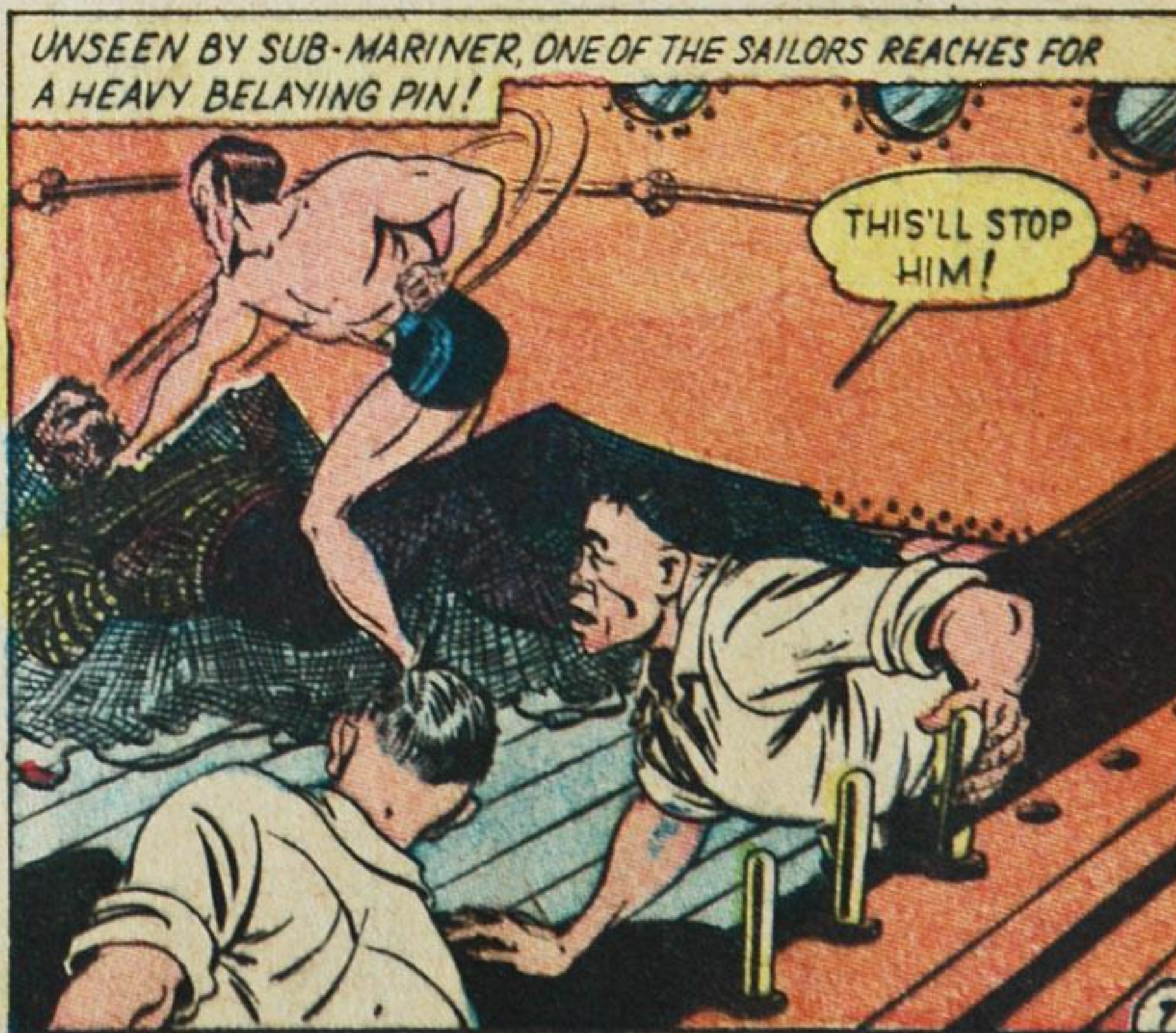


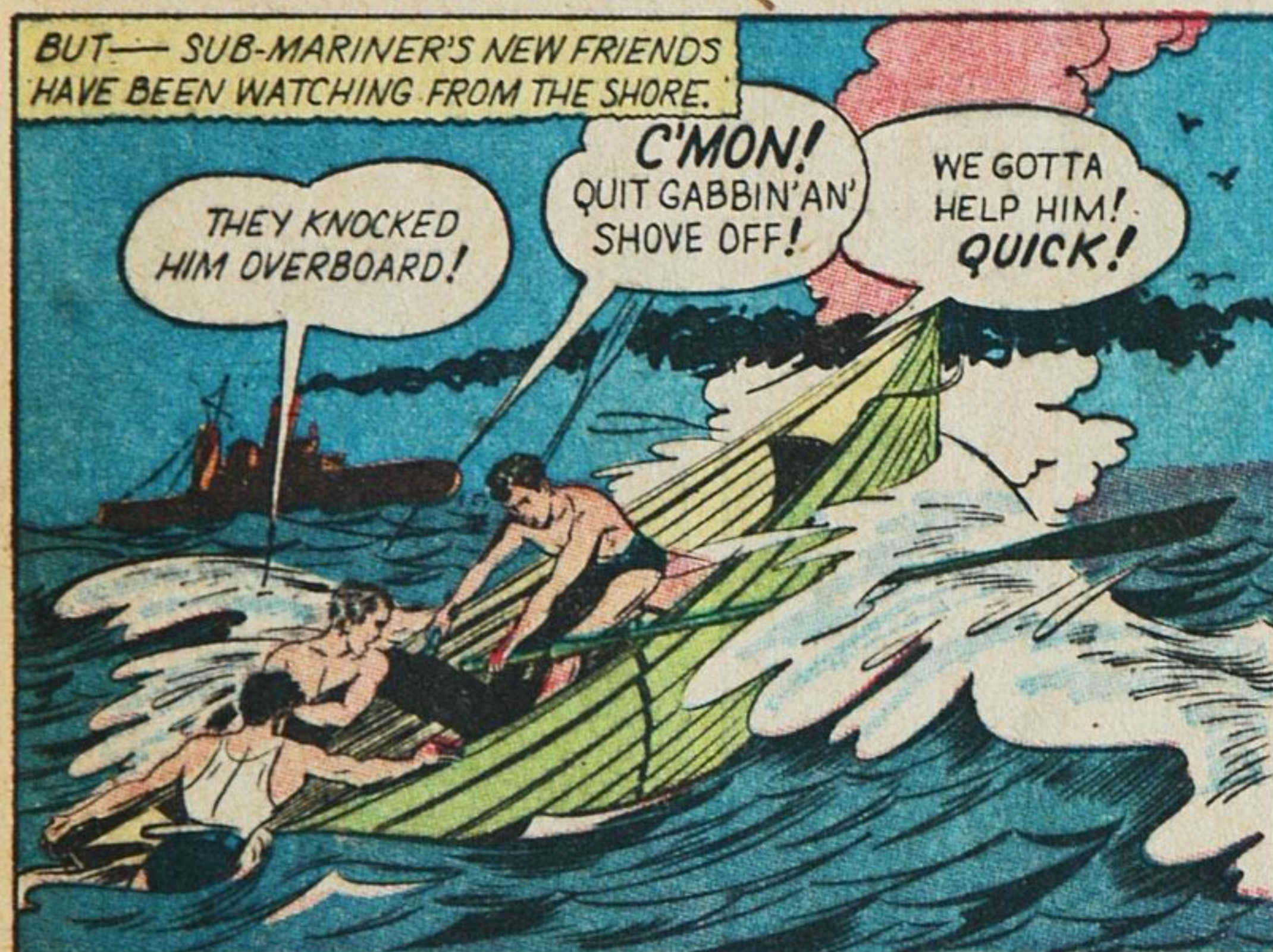
HOLY MACKERAL! THEY'RE DEAD—AND THEY'RE ALL COMING OUT OF THAT NAZI SUB!

THE DEAD SHARKS FLOAT ON THE SURFACE OF THE WATER, AS THE FISHING BOAT APPROACHES....









MEANWHILE... THE FISHING BOAT DOCKS, AND A NAZI SPY, MASQUERADING AS A FISH BUYER, COMES ON BOARD.



JA, HERR GRIZZLY PETE!
YOU HEV A GOOT LOAD
UF SHARKS FOR
ME TO BUY?

YOU BET, MISTER KLUTZ!
NICE FULL BELLIES,
TOO!

GOOT! DEN YOU VILL SELL
DER SHARKS VOR FIVE
HUNDRED DOLLARS
EACH, JA!



BUT, SILENT AS NIGHT, SUB-
MARINER HAS CREPT UP
THE SIDE OF THE SHIP.

SO HE SELLS THE SHARKS
TO A NAZI FISH PEDDLER!
WELL, I'LL BREAK UP
THEIR LITTLE
SCHEME!
THE DOGS!



SWIFTLY, HE PICKS UP THE NEAREST
SHARK....



THIS ONE IS
FILLED WITH
PLENTY OF
T.N.T.
OR I MISS
MY GUESS!

NOW I'LL GIVE THOSE LICE A
TASTE OF THEIR OWN
MEDICINE!... I HOPE
THESE ARE FULLY
LOADED!



WITH BREATH-TAKING SPEED AND POWER,
SUB-MARINER HURLS THE EXPLOSIVE-FILLED
SHARK DIRECTLY AT THE NAZI AND GRIZZLY PETE!



YOU
AGAIN!

YOU CAN HAVE THIS
SHARK FOR
NOTHING,
MR. NAZI!

VOT!

LOOK OUT-
RUN!

AN INSTANT LATER, THERE IS A
DEAFENING EXPLOSION!



THE EXPLOSION IS HEARD BY A U.S. COAST GUARD PATROL BOAT, AND - A SHORT TIME LATER - GUARDSMEN BOARD THE FISHING BOAT TO INVESTIGATE.

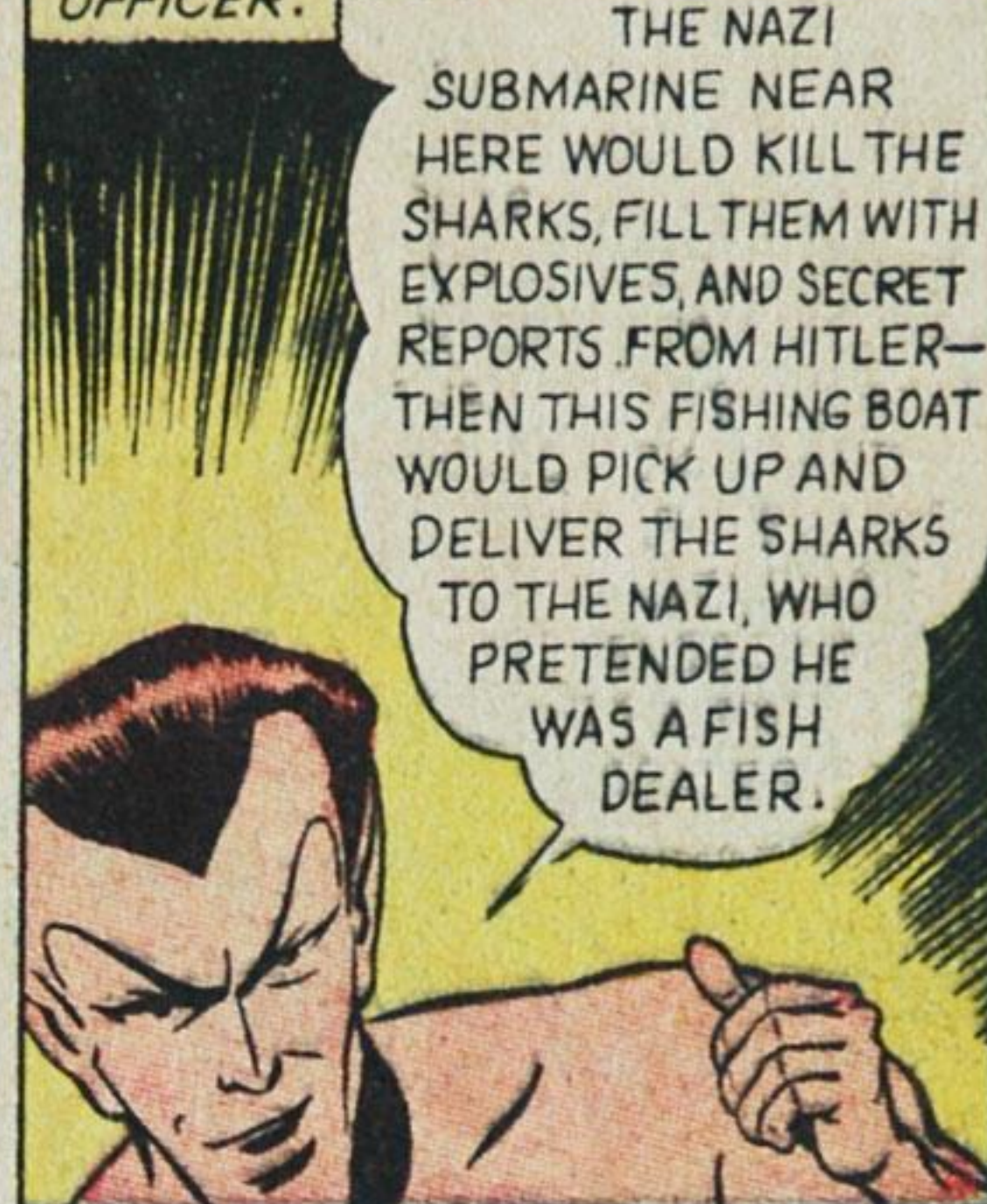


WHA-! THE SUB-MARINER!

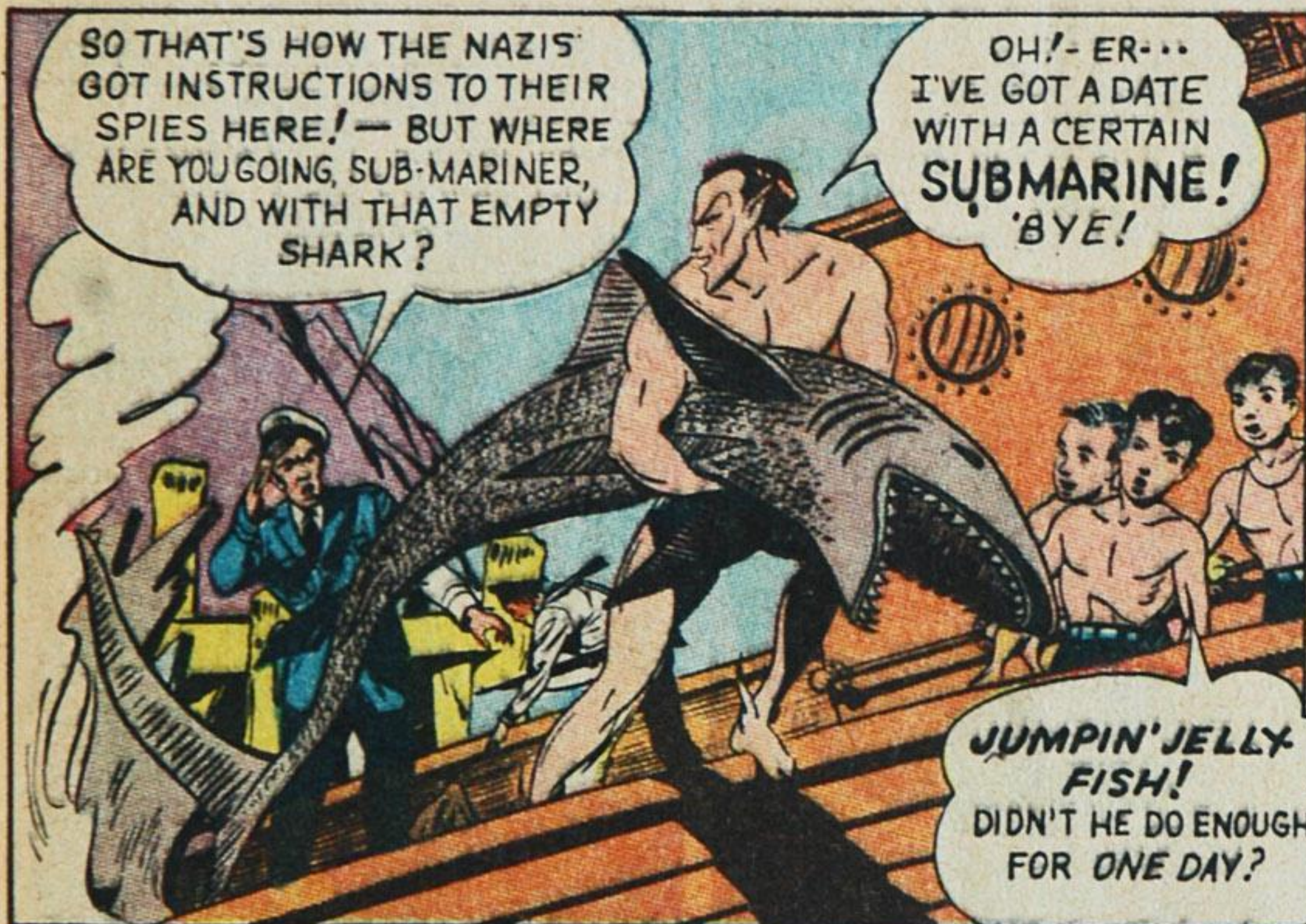
YES, THEY'RE ALL DEAD, AND GOOD RIDDANCE, TOO! I KNEW THAT EXPLOSION WOULD BRING YOU HERE QUICKLY.

GEE! HE KILLED THE WHOLE GANG!

SUB-MARINER EXPOSES THE ENTIRE PLOT TO THE COAST GUARD OFFICER.



THE NAZI SUBMARINE NEAR HERE WOULD KILL THE SHARKS, FILL THEM WITH EXPLOSIVES, AND SECRET REPORTS FROM HITLER - THEN THIS FISHING BOAT WOULD PICK UP AND DELIVER THE SHARKS TO THE NAZI, WHO PRETENDED HE WAS A FISH DEALER.



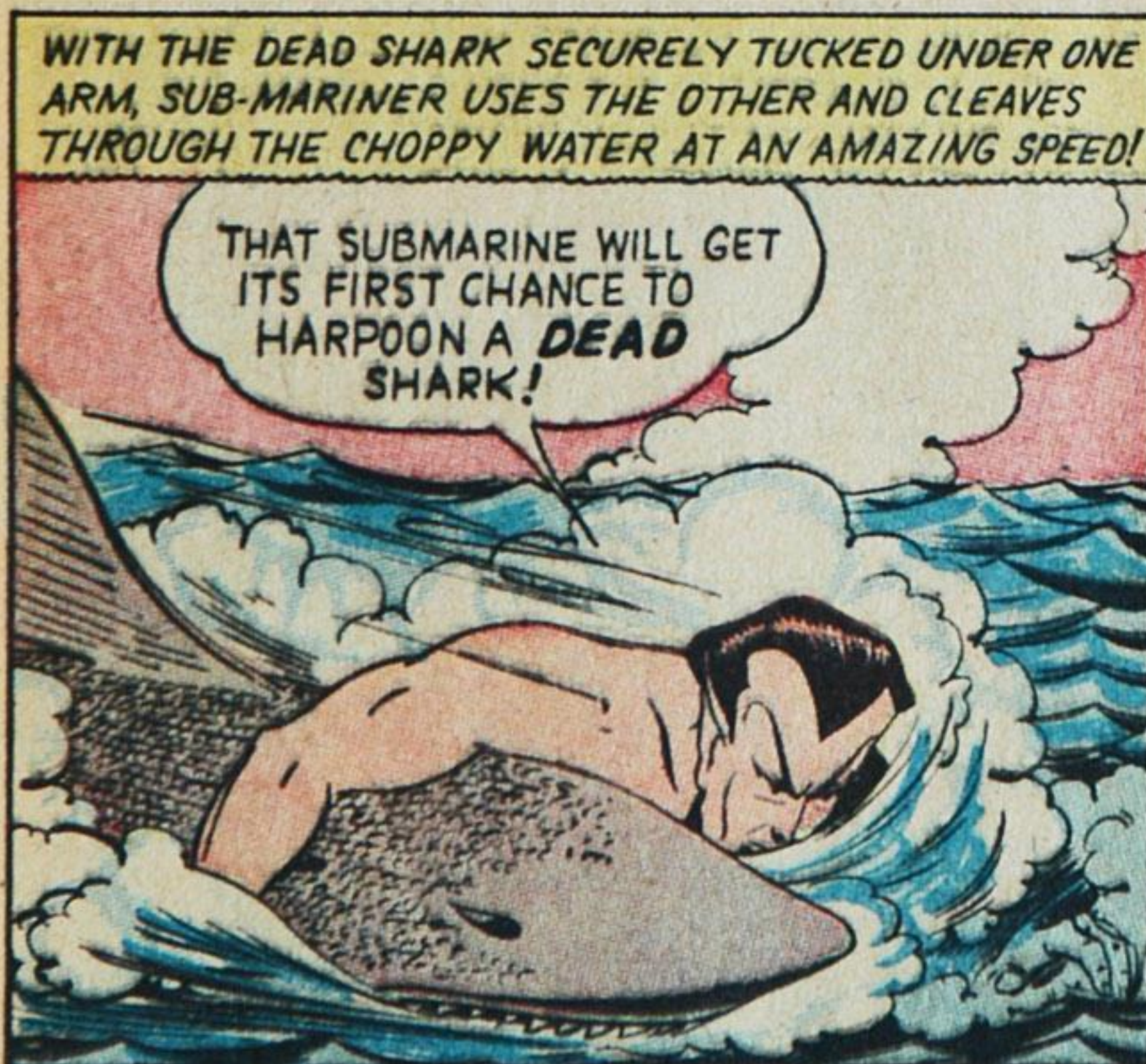
SO THAT'S HOW THE NAZIS GOT INSTRUCTIONS TO THEIR SPIES HERE! - BUT WHERE ARE YOU GOING, SUB-MARINER, AND WITH THAT EMPTY SHARK?

OH! - ER... I'VE GOT A DATE WITH A CERTAIN SUBMARINE! 'BYE!

JUMPIN' JELLY FISH! DIDN'T HE DO ENOUGH FOR ONE DAY?

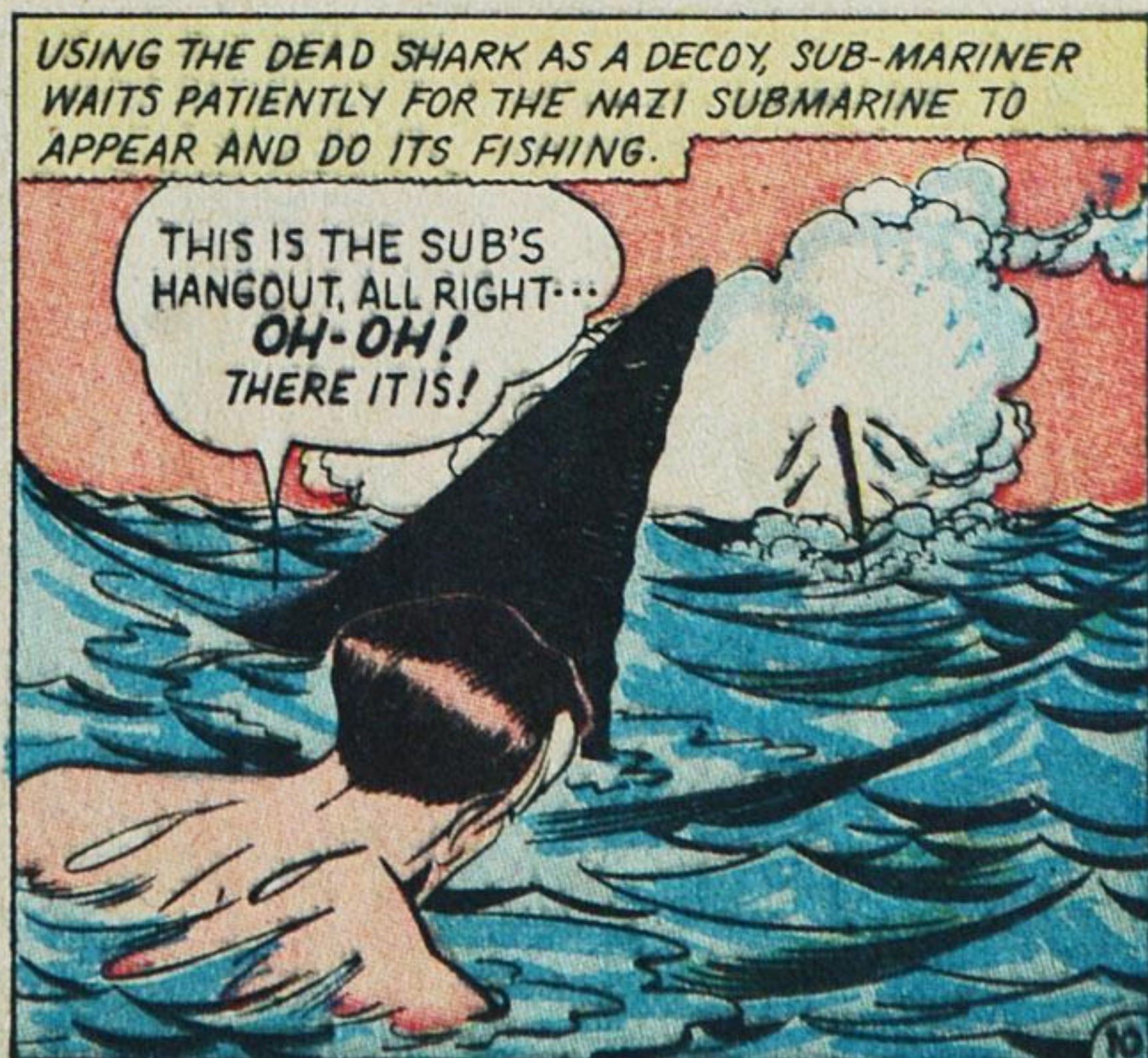


NOW TO GET THE NAZI SUBMARINE THAT GOES SHARK FISHING!



WITH THE DEAD SHARK SECURELY TUCKED UNDER ONE ARM, SUB-MARINER USES THE OTHER AND CLEAVES THROUGH THE CHOPPY WATER AT AN AMAZING SPEED!

THAT SUBMARINE WILL GET ITS FIRST CHANCE TO HARPOON A DEAD SHARK!



USING THE DEAD SHARK AS A DECOY, SUB-MARINER WAITS PATIENTLY FOR THE NAZI SUBMARINE TO APPEAR AND DO ITS FISHING.

THIS IS THE SUB'S HANGOUT, ALL RIGHT... OH-OH! THERE IT IS!

THE NAZI SUBMARINE QUICKLY RISES TO THE SURFACE, AND IT'S GUN CREW FIRES THE HARPOON CANNON AT THE DEAD SHARK.



WITH LIGHTNING-QUICK STROKES, SUB-MARINER SWIMS TOWARD THE MARROONED SHARK'S TAIL!



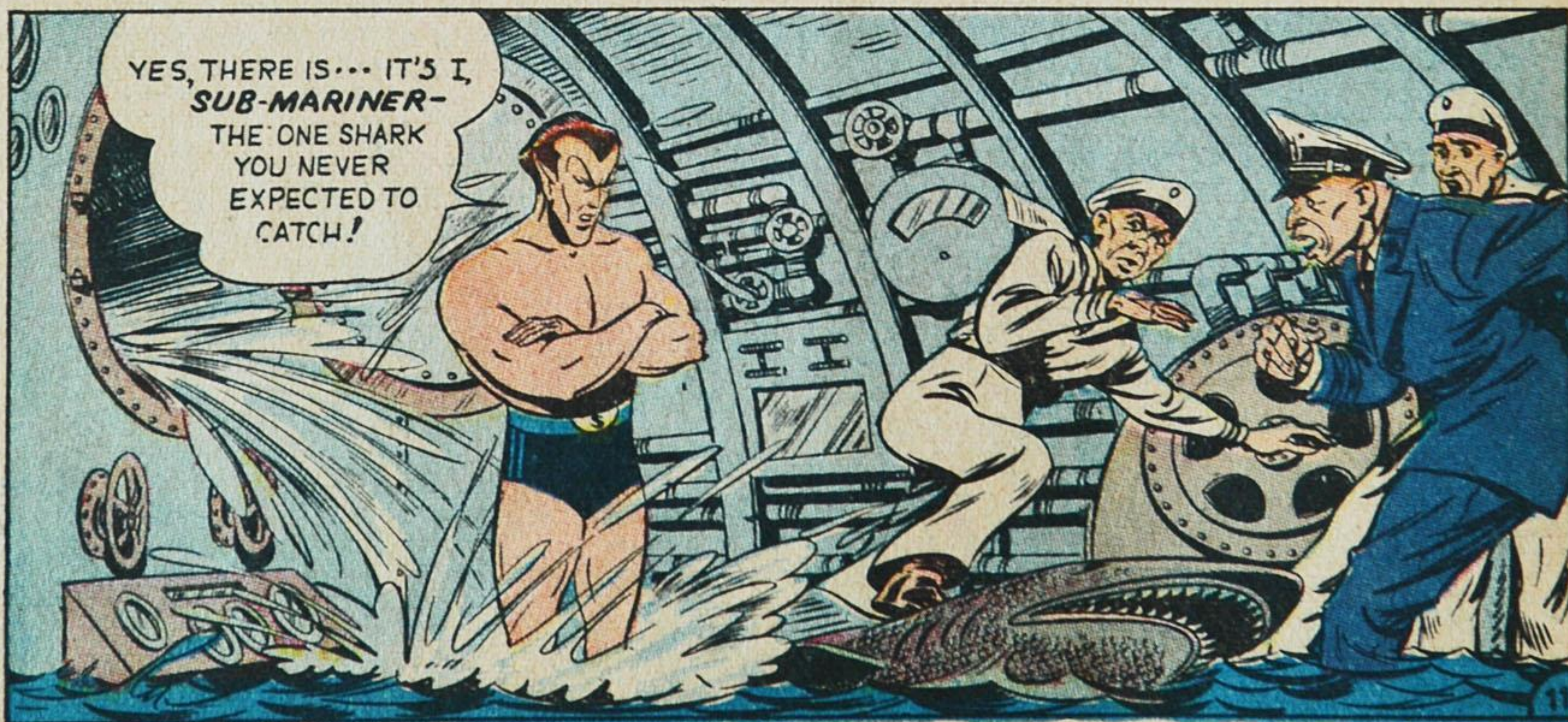
SUB-MARINER HANGS ONTO THE SHARK'S TAIL AS THE SUBMARINE 'REELS' IN!



SUDDENLY THE SUB'S SUCTION-VALVE DOOR OPENS....



AS THE SHARK IS 'REELED' INTO THE NAZI SUBMARINE.



WITH SEETHING, WHITE-HOT FURY, SUB-MARINER CHARGES INTO THE NAZI "FISHERMEN," AND MERCILESSLY POUNDS THEM WITH HIS FLAILING IRON FISTS... AS WATER FROM THE OPEN HATCH FILLS THE NAZI SUBMARINE.



SUB-MARINER DASHES OVER TO THE CONTROLS, AND PULLS A LEVER.



AS THE WATER-FILLED SUB COMES TO THE SURFACE, SUB-MARINER EMERGES WITH ONE OF THE T-N-T FILLED SHARKS.



A SAFE DISTANCE FROM THE NAZI SUB, THE SUB-MARINER PUTS HIS PLAN TO WORK...



THE POWERFUL EXPLOSIVES IN THE SHARK'S BELLY DO AS MUCH DAMAGE AS A DEADLY TORPEDO!



SUB-MARINER RETURNS TO THE NEAR-BY SHORE, WHERE HIS YOUNG ADMIRERS HAIL HIM AS A HERO... HAVING HAD "RINGSIDE SEATS" ON THE HIGH ROCKS!



HIYA, KIDS! SOME SWIMMER IS RIGHT!

Sub-Mariner
SURE IS A SHARK
ON LAND AND SEA!
SEE
HIS LATEST
ADVENTURE
IN HIS OWN

Sub-Mariner
MAGAZINE

60 PAGES
OF TERRIFIC ACTION
ALL NEW AND SPEEDY!
10¢

THE

VISION

IN A VALLEY FAR FROM CIVILIZATION,
A SINISTER GIANT FIGURE CLUTCHES
A BEAUTIFUL CAPTIVE... AND CARRIES
HER TO HIS MOUNTAIN CAVE!
BUT OUT OF THE SWIRLING SMOKE
FROM HIS FIRE COMES:
THE VISION!



The
**BEAST
OF
CACTUS
CANYON**



CUT!
PRINT THAT,
MYRON!



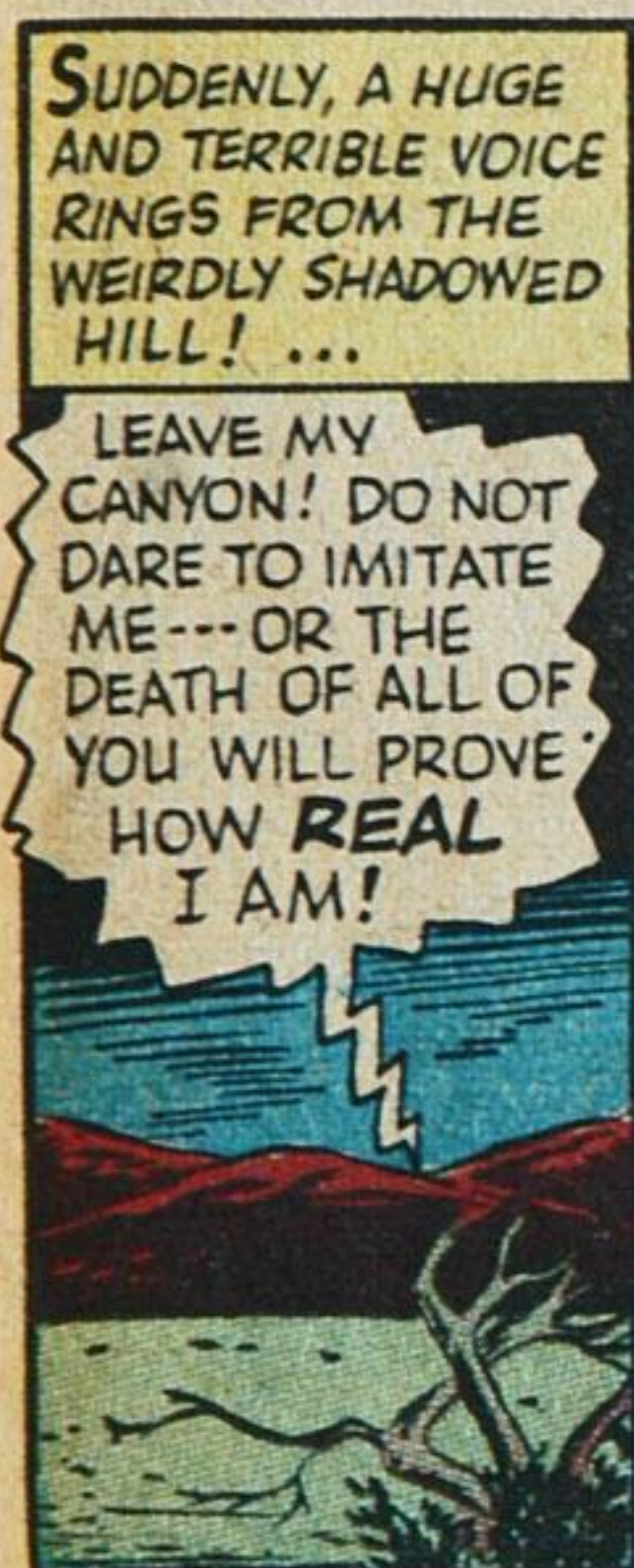
BUT THIS DREADFUL SCENE IS ONLY HOLLYWOOD MAKE-BELIEVE! **MARVEL MOVIES** IS FILMING THE EERIE SAGA OF THE LEGENDARY **BEAST OF CACTUS CANYON**.

US NATIVES TOLD YOU WHAT THE BEAST LOOKS LIKE... BUT WE DIDN'T THINK YOU'D MOCK HIM. YOU BETTER LEAVE BEFORE HE TAKES REVENGE!

SKIP IT, OLD TIMER!

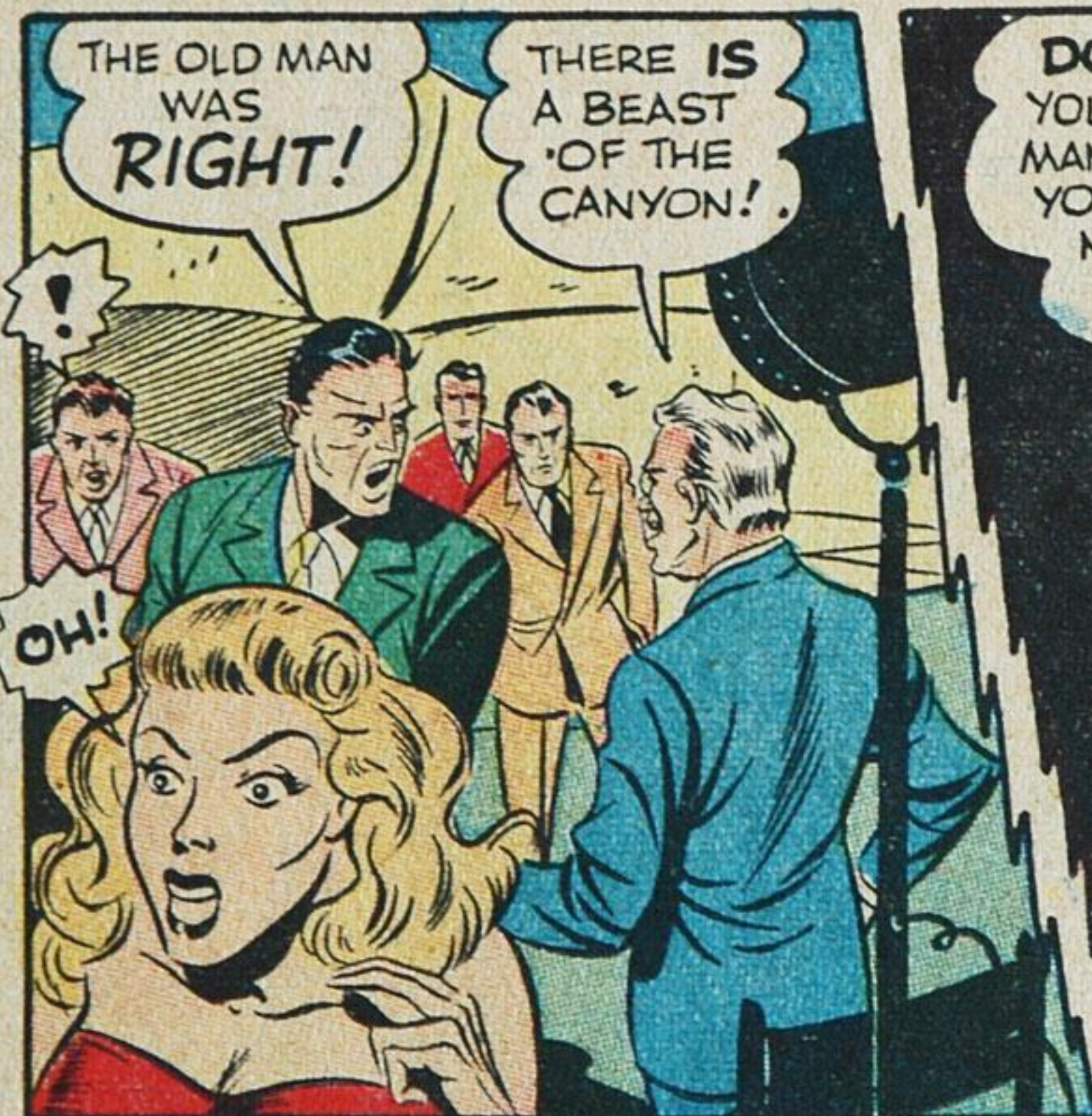
THIS IS THE BEST PART I EVER HAD!... WHAT DO YOU THINK?

GIVE UP A SMASH HIT BECAUSE OF SOME SUPERSTITION? NEVER! THERE'S NO BEAST! HA! HA!



SUDDENLY, A HUGE AND TERRIBLE VOICE RINGS FROM THE WEIRDLY SHADOWED HILL! ...

LEAVE MY CANYON! DO NOT DARE TO IMITATE ME---OR THE DEATH OF ALL OF YOU WILL PROVE HOW **REAL** I AM!



THE OLD MAN WAS **RIGHT!**

THERE IS A BEAST OF THE CANYON!

OH!



DON'T BE FOOLS! YOU'RE LETTING THE OLD MAN'S NONSENSE SCARE YOU! THE BEAST IS NOTHING BUT A **LEGEND!**



BUT LATER... THAT NIGHT... THE HIDEOUS MONSTER SHOWS HIMSELF ... THEN !...

I HAVE GIVEN YOU MY WARNING! IF YOU STAY IN MY CANYON, YOU **DIE!** ... **ALL OF YOU!**

GOOD LORD!

EEE!



THE FRIGHTFUL BEAST VANISHES INTO THE NIGHT, LEAVING A SHAKEN TROUPE ...

I DON'T LIKE THIS!

I DON'T, EITHER! BUT WE'VE GOT TO **FINISH** THE PICTURE... IT'LL TAKE ONLY A WEEK OR SO---

THE NEXT NIGHT... AS THE WEARY MOVIE-MAKERS GATHER AROUND THE CAMP FIRE -- THEY SEE...!



AAAGNN!
I KILL! KILL!
KILL!

THE BRUTE'S EYES SETTLE ON THE GIRL, AND HE SNATCHES HER UP!



HELP!
EEEEEE!

KILL!

KILL!
KILL!

Suddenly...
FROM THE BILLLOWING
SMOKE OF THE CAMP
FIRE APPEARS THE
VISION!

PUT
HER
DOWN!

THE FEARLESS CRIME-FIGHTER
FROM THE SMOKE DIMENSION
HURLS HIMSELF AT THE BEAST!

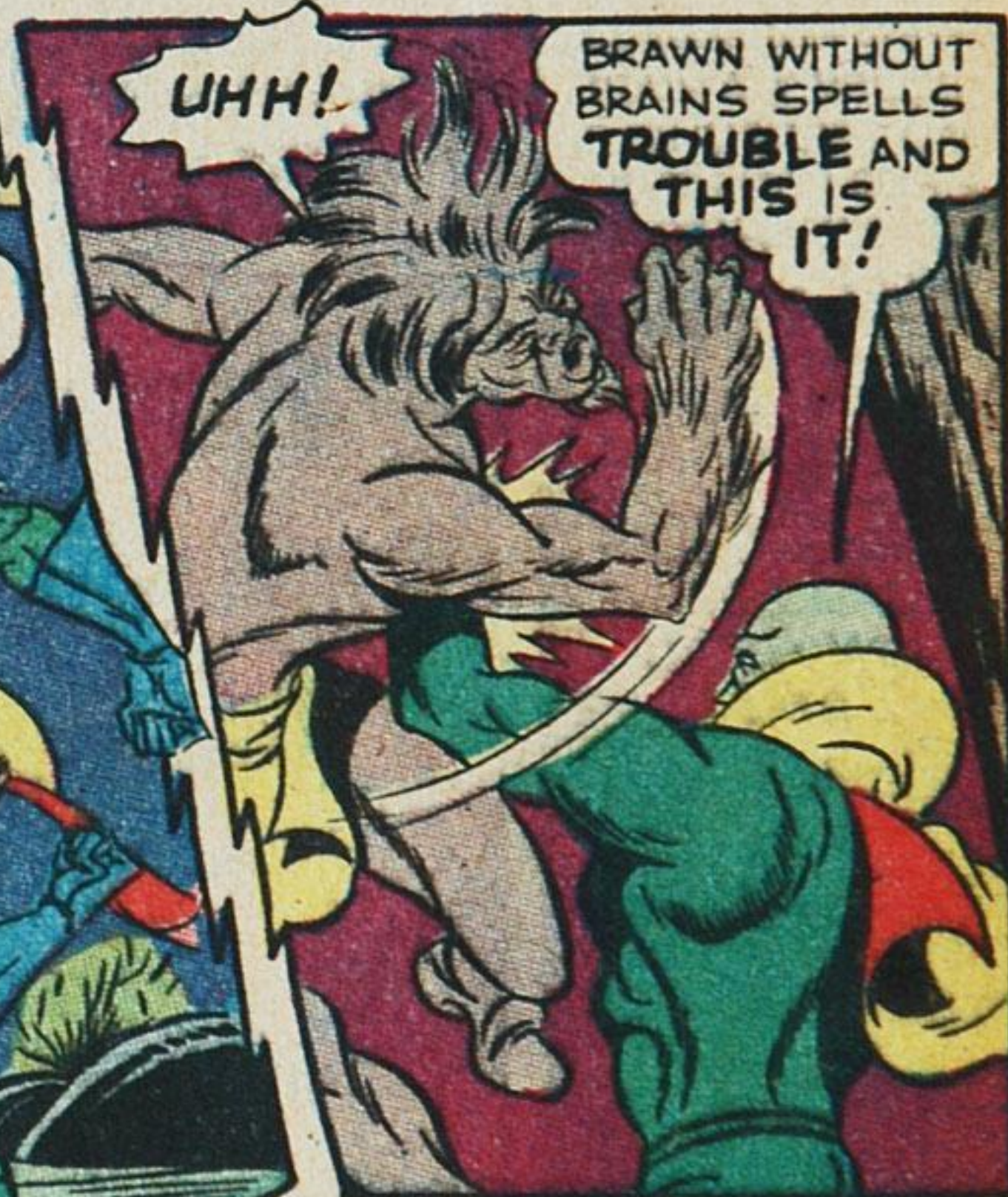
THIS OUGHT TO
IMPROVE YOUR LOOKS --
IF ANYTHING WOULD!

AGGNN!



UHH!

BRAWN WITHOUT
BRAINS SPELLS
TROUBLE AND
THIS IS
IT!



BUT THE VISION TRIPS OVER
THE UNCONSCIOUS GIRL... AS THE
BEAST DASHES FOR THE DENSE,
NEARBY WOODS!

COME
HERE!
YOU
HAIRY
HALF-
MAN!

AGNNN!
ENOUGH!
ENOUGH!



YOU'RE GOING TO BE
HAMBURGER WHEN I GET
THROUGH WITH YOU!



BEFORE THE PETRIFIED TROUPE CAN MOVE, THE HIDEOUS MONSTER VANISHES INTO THE DIM, OMINOUS FOREST! VISION HELPS THE GIRL!

NOT MUCH OF A **BEAST!** I EXPECTED HIM TO PUT UP A MUCH BIGGER FIGHT!

I CAN GET HIM LATER! YOU OKAY?

YES, THANKS!

THAT'S WHAT I WAS THINKING! THIS IS A TRICK -- AND ONLY **ONE** PERSON COULD BE RESPONSIBLE!

YES! **DON DARE!** WHERE IS HE?

HE'S USING HIS **BEAST** COSTUME TO SCARE US! THE DIRTY--!

YES! WE'RE NOT SCARING SO EASILY! LET'S SEARCH HIS TENT! **COME ON, MEN!**

IN THE TENT OF THE MISSING ACTOR, THE TROUPE MAKES A STARTLING DISCOVERY!

DON'S GONE! AND SO IS HIS **BEAST** COSTUME! HE'S THE **ONE**, ALL RIGHT!

HMM! **WHY** WOULD HE DO SUCH A THING? --MUST HAVE A **REASON!**

A SUDDEN INTERRUPTION MAKES THEM WHIRL---

I'M THE **ONE** WHO DID **WHAT?**

DON!

?

YOU--**YOU** PUT ON YOUR COSTUME AND GRABBED **HELENE!** YOU'RE TRYING TO SCARE US **AWAY!** WHY?

BUT I **DIDN'T!** I WAS IN **DICK'S** TENT ALL **EVENING!**

THAT'S **RIGHT!** WHEN WE HEARD ALL THE NOISE, WE CAME OUT TO SEE WHAT THE TROUBLE WAS!

...YOU **SEE?**

Suddenly...

WHAT'S THAT? SOUNDS LIKE A **FIGHT** AT THE OTHER END OF THE CAMP.

THE **VISION'S** KEEN EARS PICK UP THE SOUND OF A TERRIFIC STRUGGLE! ④

THE VISION RACES AT TOP SPEED TO INVESTIGATE -- AND FINDS -----

WHAT TH...!
TWO BEASTS!



WORSE THAN I THOUGHT! I'VE GOT TO **STOP** THIS BEFORE SOMEONE GETS **KILLED!**

AGNN!



BUT... BEFORE THE VISION CAN LAUNCH HIMSELF INTO THE DEADLY COMBAT... ONE OF THE "BEASTS" IS CRUSHED AGAINST A HUGE TREE ---



HE'S **DEAD!**
-- IT'S **MYRON!**

SO! MYRON WAS USING THE BEAST COSTUME TO FRIGHTEN US!

YES! YES! WHO'S THE OTHER BEAST!

THAT'S WHAT **I'M** GOING TO FIND OUT!

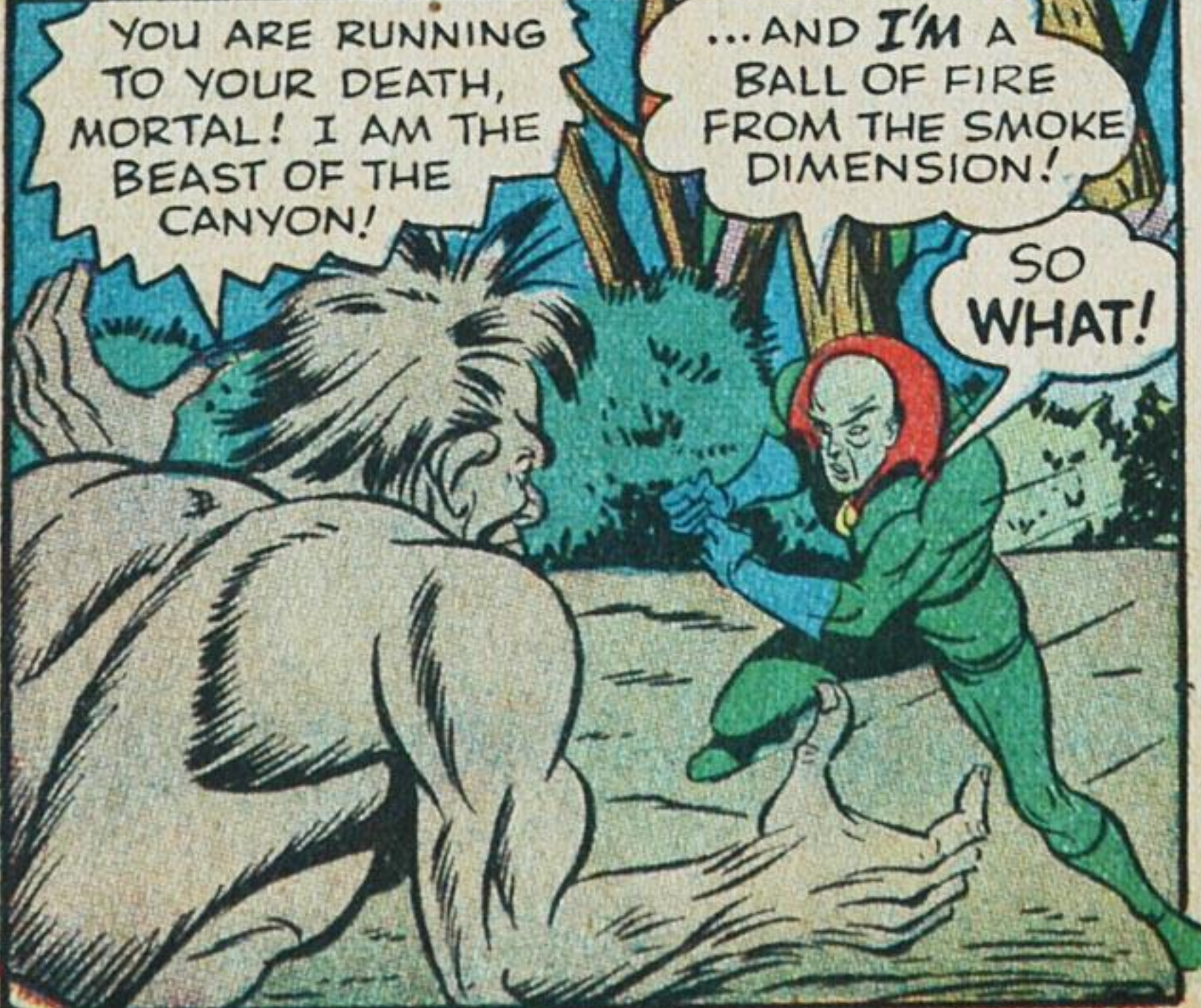


LIKE A COMET WITH FISTS, THE VISION STREAKS IN TO GIVE COMBAT!

YOU ARE RUNNING TO YOUR DEATH, MORTAL! I AM THE BEAST OF THE CANYON!

...AND **I'M** A BALL OF FIRE FROM THE SMOKE DIMENSION!

SO WHAT!



BUT THIS IS NO HUMAN OPPONENT THE VISION IS FACING! HE FINDS HIMSELF LOCKED IN A MURDEROUS BEARHUG!

YOUR DEATH WILL BE A WARNING TO THE OTHERS! NO ONE CAN INVADE MY CANYON AND LIVE!



TRAINED IN THE SUPER-JU-JUTSU OF THE SMOKE DIMENSION, THE **VISION** TWISTS BACK -- AND -----

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!

GRRUMPH-H!

...SWINGS THE BEAST BY ITS TAIL!

HERE'S WHERE YOU MEET YOUR END!

AT FULL SPEED -- THE **VISION** LET'S GO --- CRASHING THE BEAST INTO A BOULDER -- BUT...

THE TERRIBLE BEAST JUMPS ERECT AND CHARGES BACK INTO THE FRAY!

FOOL! YOU CAN'T INJURE THE BEAST!

AGNN!

BING

THE **VISION**, MIGHTY BATTLER OF EVIL, LIES STUNNED, UNABLE TO MOVE, WHILE THE MONSTER RUSHES IN FOR THE **KILL**!

HAVE TO DO **SOMETHING** --FAST--OR IT'S THE END OF THE **VISION**! --THIS POINTED SAPLING!--

I FEEL WEAK, BUT THIS IS MY ONLY CHANCE!

KILL! KILL!

HE'LL NEVER MAKE IT! THE **BEAST**'LL KILL HIM! OH-H-H!

HE DOESN'T HAVE A CHANCE!

BUT, STRUGGLING DESPERATELY FOR HIS LIFE, THE VISION YANKS THE SAPLING FREE -- JUST IN TIME! AND THE BEAST IMPALES HIMSELF ON IT IN HIS MAD RUSH!

AGHNNN! FOOL'S RUSH IN!

SO THE BEAST OF THE CANYON WAS REAL, AFTER ALL!

YES! BUT WHY WAS THE BEAST TRYING TO DRIVE YOU AWAY? I WANT TO FIND OUT!

THE VISION LEADS THEM TO THE SLAIN CAMERAMAN'S TENT, WHERE A THOROUGH SEARCH YIELDS AN ASTONISHING DISCOVERY ----

HERE'S THE ANSWER! STREAKS ON THESE SEALED SENSITIVE FILMS SHOW A RADIUM DEPOSIT IN THE CANYON! MYRON WANTED TO SCARE YOU OFF SO HE COULD GRAB THE WEALTH FOR HIMSELF!

BUT HE DIDN'T COUNT ON THE EXISTENCE OF THE REAL BEAST OR THE APPEARANCE OF THE VISION! I SEE!

YOU'VE GOT TO TAKE PART OF THE FORTUNE!

YES, YOU'VE EARNED IT!

QUITE!

YOU OVERLOOK THE FACT THAT THIS IS GOVERNMENT LAND -- AND THE RADIUM IS NOW GOVERNMENT PROPERTY! IF MYRON HAD CONSIDERED THAT, HE WOULD BE ALIVE RIGHT NOW!

A GALLANT WAVE, AND THE VISION VANISHES IN THE FIRE SMOKE TO AWAIT ANOTHER CRY FOR AID!

IT PAYS TO REMEMBER YOUR GOVERNMENT IN TIMES LIKE THESE!

I WONDER -- WAS HE JUST A VISION?

IF HE WAS, HE SURE PACKED A SOLID PUNCH! WHAT A MAN?

THE VISION RETURNS IN THE NEXT MARVEL COMICS

The Curse of TUT KEN AMEN

"**H**E WHO VIOLATES MY TOMB WILL DIE!" So read the ancient tablet set in the brown stone above the sand-swept doorway of the age-old crypt. Pete Venner regarded it soberly then turned to the little old man at his side. "Well, Prof., this is *it*! We spent a lot of time searching for the old boy's grave, but . . . now I don't *like* the idea of going *much further*!"

Professor Hamilton grinned a little. "Don't tell me that, young feller! You're as anxious as *I* am to break through! Get the natives and we'll start working. What lays before us is *history*, my boy, the history of Egypt long dead, and the written word of it is in the *hand* of the mummy of *Tut Ken Amen*! Let's go!"

Pete ran up the loose incline to the level of the desert. His eyes swept the camp site, but not a living creature moved among the tents that were idly flapping in the hot breeze. For a moment his breath caught in his throat. True, there was a curse on the persons who opened the tomb, but it was pure *nonsense*, any educated person knew *that*!

Ever since the directions on the time-worn papyrus led the party to this desolate spot they worked under a continual strain. The natives were a superstitious bunch, ready to flee at the slightest thing. And this was it. The day before, the brown-skinned men dug through the sand until the flat sands of the desert held a wound twenty feet deep, and it was *then* that the shovel of one

of them hit the stone door that had held behind it centuries of mysteries!

Like ants they had poured out of the excavation! One look at that inscription was all they needed. He and Hamilton went down at once, and decided to wait for a new day before going any further . . . And now, the instant they were out of sight, the workers took to the hills in the distance.

Pete leaned over the hole and called to the professor. "We're out of luck, Professor, the boys are gone. From here on *we're on our own*!"

"I should have expected that, but it's too late now. Grab a pick ax and we'll do the honors ourselves." Pete gathered up the tool and slid down the slope. Professor Hamilton took the pick and together they tore into the stone. Hours passed; the sun rose high in the heavens. Great beads of perspiration stood out on their foreheads as they battered without stop at the last barrier to their long quest.

Then, a mighty stroke of Pete's ax tore through the stone and completely dislodged it! Quick as cats they leaped back from the tons of stone that rained down. "Wow," Pete said, "That was close! The curse almost came *true*!"

"And that wasn't accidental, either," Hamilton added. "That sealed doorway was constructed to come down on the person who tried to dig his way in! It's not a *curse* we have to be afraid of, but the *tricks* a smart king dreamed

up to kill anyone who dared to go after his secrets! From now on we'll be on our toes!"

AHEAD OF THEM the black hole of the tomb loomed ominously, a dank foreboding place of death. The pair could smell the foul air that was seeping out of the cavity, and before entering, strapped on odd-looking masks. To breathe this air might mean death, and the end was too near to take chances. With flashlights in hand, Pete nodded to the professor, and together they stepped over the debris and into the inky blackness of the tomb.

At once they were in another world. Outside was desert and a blistering sun . . . here they walked amid the trappings of ancient kings, deep in the cool bowels of the earth! Their lamps threw light over things that had been in darkness for thousands of years. Eagerly, they explored the odd furnishings, then . . . Pete stopped dead in his tracks. There on the floor before him was a grotesque heap of human bones!

His light shook. Hamilton ran over to see what the matter was, and nodded at the grim sight. "Slaves," he muttered softly. "Killed to prevent them from divulging the burial ground." Pete shuddered. The professor tapped him on the arm. "I found a doorway, follow me." They walked between the mouldy wooden chairs to a small opening in the wall. It had been hidden behind a portrait, but the professor had uncovered it. •



By MICKEY SPILLANE



Not a sound marred the deathly silence. They walked into another room of huge proportions. At one end was a throne, empty, and they walked toward it. In front was a table, set as if for a feast, but those that sat about the table were the crumpled shells of what once were men. Pete gasped. "More of them!" The professor went over to inspect them, poking at them with his flashlight.

"They were part of the funeral procession. The last noble act of their king was to give them poisoned food. In all probability there was but one man who left here alive . . . the king's advisor!" For a few moments they stared at the ghastly scene, then the professor spoke. "I can't make this out."

"What do you mean?"

"This room seems to be the last one. Some place around here is a hidden door, but I can't see it. Let's give it a try, anyway. You take the other side and I'll take this. Tap those walls carefully!" In the bright light of the flashes, Pete and the Professor circled the room, tapping every inch of the wall. They knew that the mummy was here somewhere, the job was finding it! But, their search was to no avail.

After an hour had passed each came to the blind end in front of the throne. Then it happened! With a squeak of dried wood and the rumbling of ancient mechanism the floor gave way beneath them, plunging them into Stygian darkness! They landed in a heap on the stone floor, many feet below the level above, their breaths wooshed out of them. Pete scrambled to his feet quickly, snapped on his light, and helped the professor up.

"Well, Pete, we're done for! This was the trap I meant to look out for. I should have known better than to stand in front of the throne. By the time we get out of this, if we do get out . . . the sand will have filled in the entrance. We've been trapped,

very nicely . . . and by a dead man!"

"THE HECK WE ARE!" Pete growled fiercely. "There's no dead man living that can get the better of me! Come on, let's look around!"

The place was stone-walled. Not even a beetle moved about on the cold floor. The sides were vertical, smooth as glass. There was no chance of climbing those walls. Unlike the rooms above, this one was bare of furnishings. Apparently it was but a pit to trap the unwary! But then . . . Pete's sharp eyes noticed a strange thing. There in the floor were two identical marks, as if made by a ladder that had borne a great weight.

He motioned to Hamilton. "Look here, Professor, do you make the same thing out of this that I do?" The professor gasped.

"Ye gods, ladder marks! The mummy room must be off this!" Immediately they got to work, and in a moment, by sheer chance, they hit it! A slight indentation marked the secret doorway. Running his fingers over the stone, the Professor touched a concealed spring and a door swung wide. There before their widened eyes, resting on a stone slab, was a sarcophagus of the dead king. This they were sure of, for it was inlaid with precious stones in a royal purple setting!

Only for a moment were they still, then with a little cry they jumped forward to inspect their treasure. The lid raised under their eager fingers and for the first time in many centuries, human eyes looked upon Tut Ken Amen! His body was wound tightly with what were once white strips of cloth, and in the stiffened hands was a sheaf of papers. The written history of ancient Egypt!

Suddenly the two grew rigid . . . although their find was one of the world's greatest . . . it was useless, for they were as good as dead!

Dead, did we say? Not so, for, already Pete's agile mind was planning a way out. For a moment he talked earnestly to Professor Hamilton, then they got busy. Lifting the shriveled body from its resting place, they laid it gently on the floor. Then, getting a good hold, they dragged the mummy case from the slab, letting it thump to the ground.

It was a hard task, and time passed swiftly, but with their lives at stake, neither paid any attention to its passage. At any moment the chemicals in their masks might give out, allowing the poisonous air to filter into their lungs. Through the open doorway they dragged the huge case, and set it up against the wall. Then the cover was hauled into position. Standing on top of the bottom of the case, Pete lifted the lid so that it stood on top. The way was clear, but the slightest misstep would spoil every bit of their efforts, for it was balanced precariously.

Pete helped the professor up, bracing their crude ladder. Using the designs on the casket as hand-holds, Hamilton reached the top. Then, stretching himself to the utmost, he grasped the floor edge above and pulled himself to safety. Pete followed at once, climbing very carefully. When he was within reach, the Professor grabbed his arms and yanked. They had defeated the curse!

Quickly they made their way to the opening, and stood breathing the fresh air and enjoying the sunlight without speaking for a full five minutes. The sun was low over the horizon, and coming up. They had been in the tomb a whole night! Pete turned and grinned at Hamilton. "Kind of thought we wouldn't make it there for a while. What now?"

"Let's go get something to eat. I'm starved," the professor said. "We'll come back later and get the old boy out. I don't think he'll run away in the meantime!"

THE END

the PATRIOT

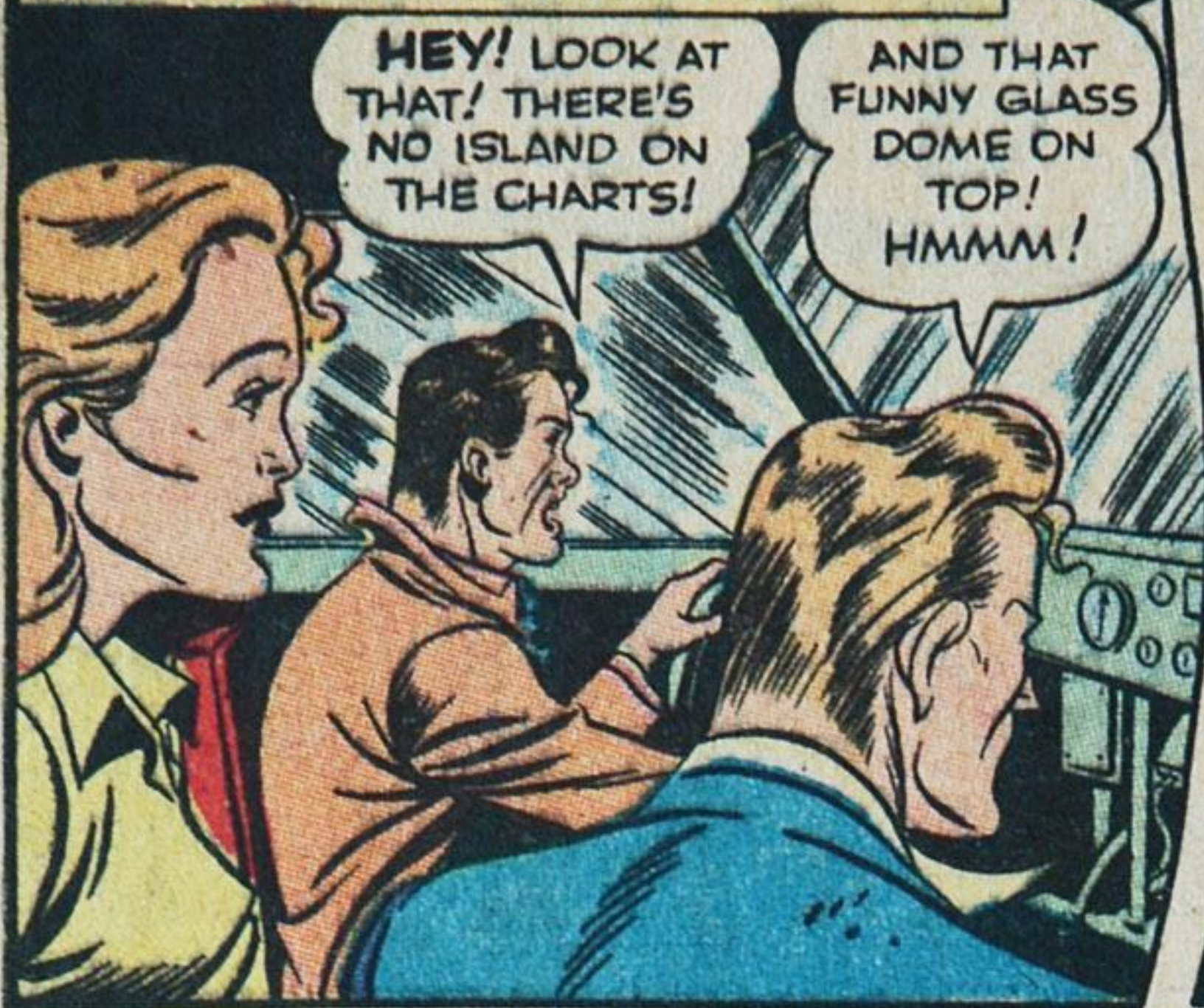
**EXPOSED!
...THE
JAP INVADERS!**

WHAT ARE THESE
STRANGE CREATURES
WHICH STRIKE
TERROR INTO THE
MINDS OF
THE ALLIES?

The PATRIOT
HAS FOUND
THE ANSWER!
... READ ON!



HIGH OVER THE PACIFIC ON THEIR WAY TO AUSTRALIA TO COVER THE JAP INVASION ATTEMPT, JEFF, CASEY AND MARY SEE A STRANGE SIGHT BELOW



THEN... A BEAM OF VIOLET LIGHT STABS UP AT THE PLANE... THE MOTORS STOP!



MORE OF THE STRANGE MEN
OPEN THE HUGE GATE....

SAY!...
WHAT
GIVES
HERE!

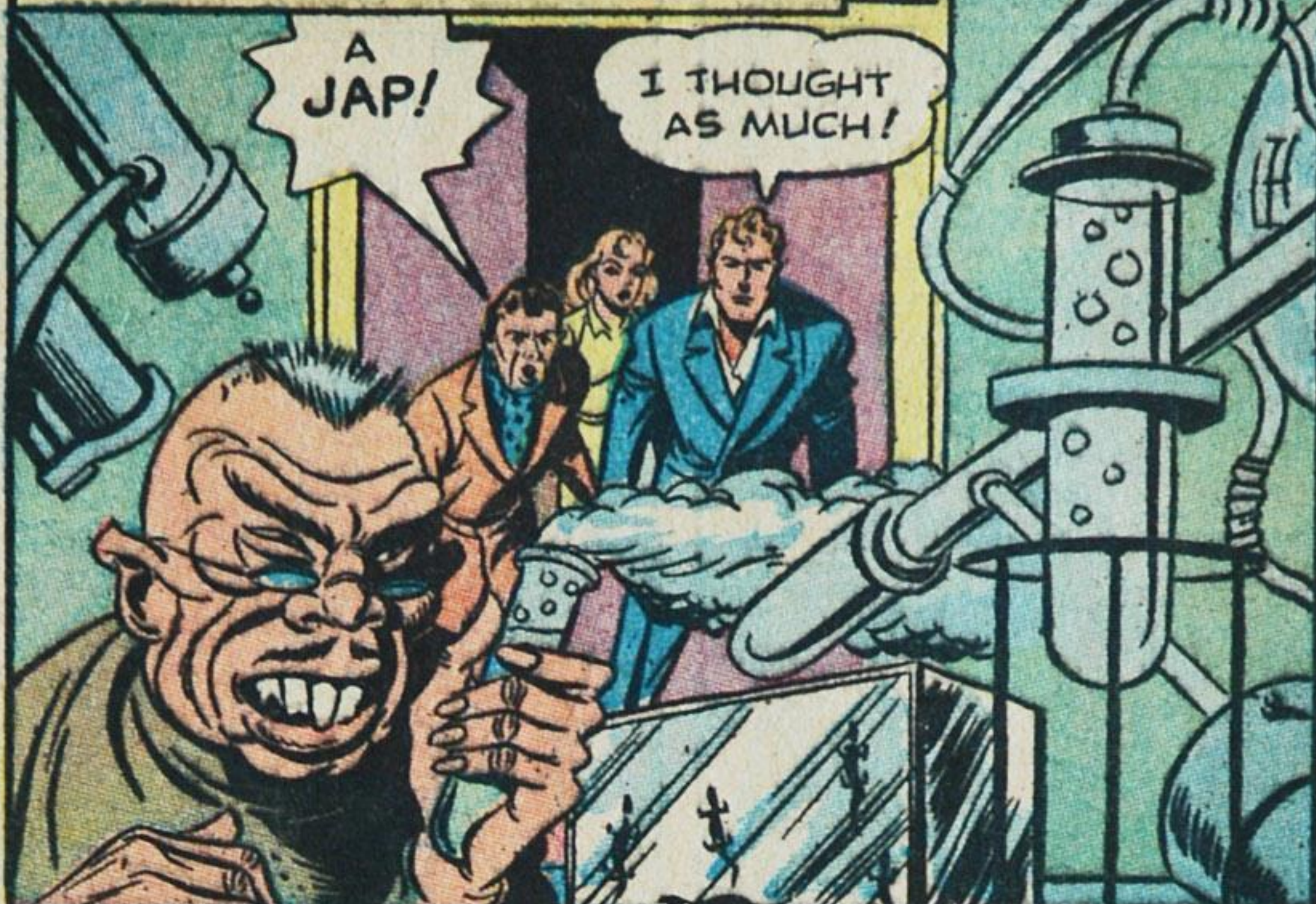
UUG!
GROWF!



INSIDE... A MAZE OF EQUIPMENT
MEETS THEIR EYES, AND AMID IT...

A
JAP!

I THOUGHT
AS MUCH!



QUICKLY, THE SHAGGY MEN BIND
THEM AND THEY ARE STRAPPED
TO OPERATING TABLES!!

SO! -- IT PLEASES
ME TO TELL YOU THAT
YOU WILL DIE LIKE ALL
WHITES! BUT FIRST YOU
WILL WITNESS HOW I
SHALL ACCOMPLISH IT!

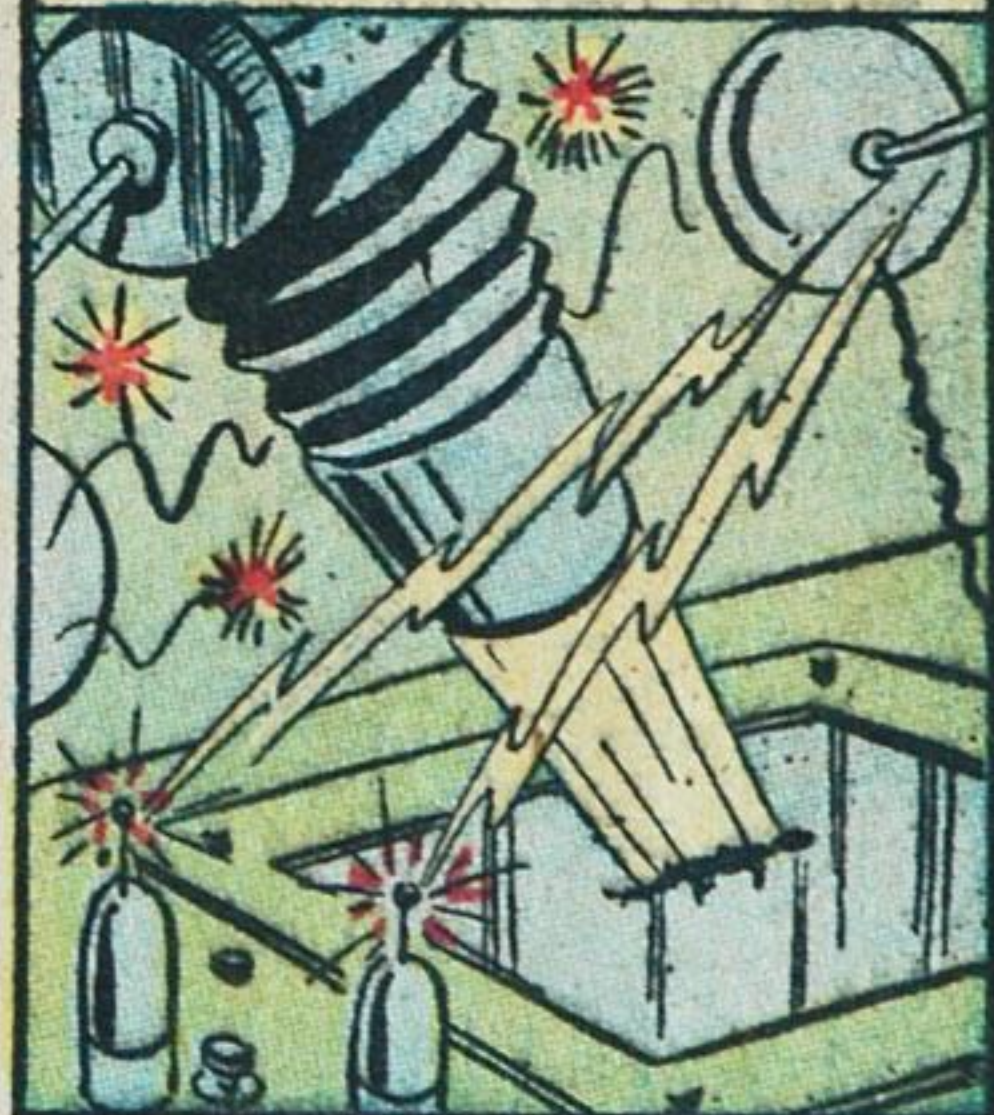


TAKING A LIZARD FROM A
CAGE, THE JAR PLACES HIM
ON A TABLE UNDER A
QUEER LAMP!

WATCH CLOSELY...
YOU ARE ABOUT TO
SEE THE MAKING OF
A MAN!...



.....THEN MANIPULATES
THE DIALS OF THE APPARA-
TUS! CRACKLING SPARKS
DART ABOUT...



..... AND A TRANSFORMATION TAKES PLACE!
THE LIZARD GROWS BIGGER, AND CHANGES SHAPE...



UNTIL IT BECOMES ONE
OF THE APE MEN!

YOU SEE, EH? WITH MEN
SUCH AS THESE, THE
RISING SUN WILL DOMINATE
THE WORLD! NOW,
WATCH FURTHER!



BUT THE JAP GOES FURTHER AND AT THE BASE OF THE CREATURE'S SKULL INSERTS A SMALL METAL PLATE...



PICKING UP A SMALL "MIKE," THE JAP SPEAKS, AND THE APE MAN RUSHES TO CASEY. THEN....



THE JAP THROWS THE MAIN SWITCH AND GIVES A STARTLING ORDER!...



SEVERAL HOURS ELAPSE --- THEN



QUICKLY, THE JAP GRABS CASEY!

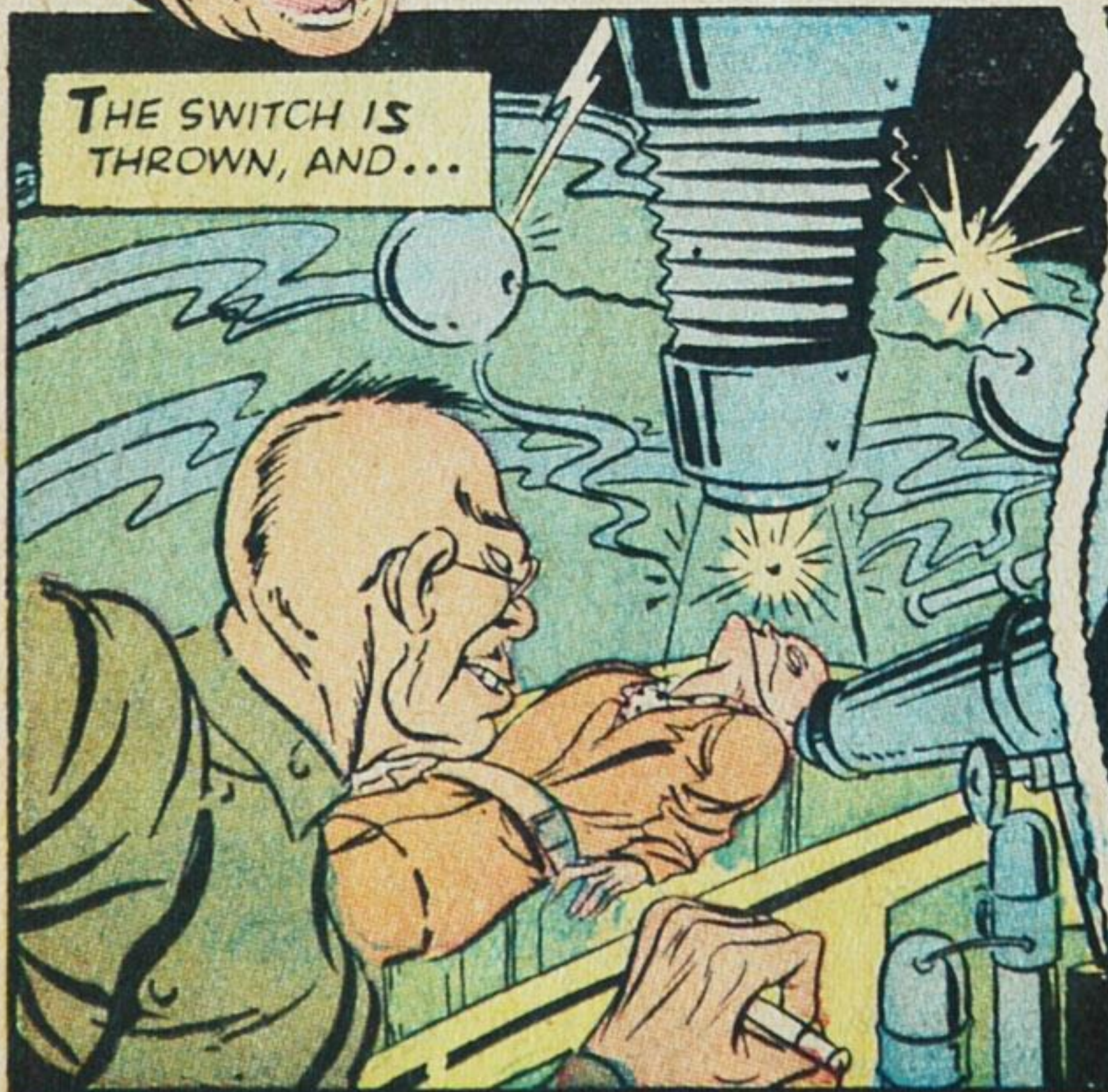


NOW I'LL MAKE A LIZARD FROM THE MAN! INTERESTING, NO?

DON'T! NOT TO CASEY! TAKE ME!



THE SWITCH IS THROWN, AND...



SLOWLY THE TRANSFORMATION TAKES PLACE... **J**EFF STRUGGLES FUTILELY...

STOP IT! I'LL BREAK YOUR DIRTY NECK!

NOT YET, MY FRIEND!



... AND HIS BONDS SNAP UNDER THE TERRIFIC STRAIN!

THERE!
THAT DOES IT!
NOW,
MR. JAP!



JEFF HURLS HIMSELF AT THE MAD SCIENTIST...

YOU
FILTHY
MONGREL!

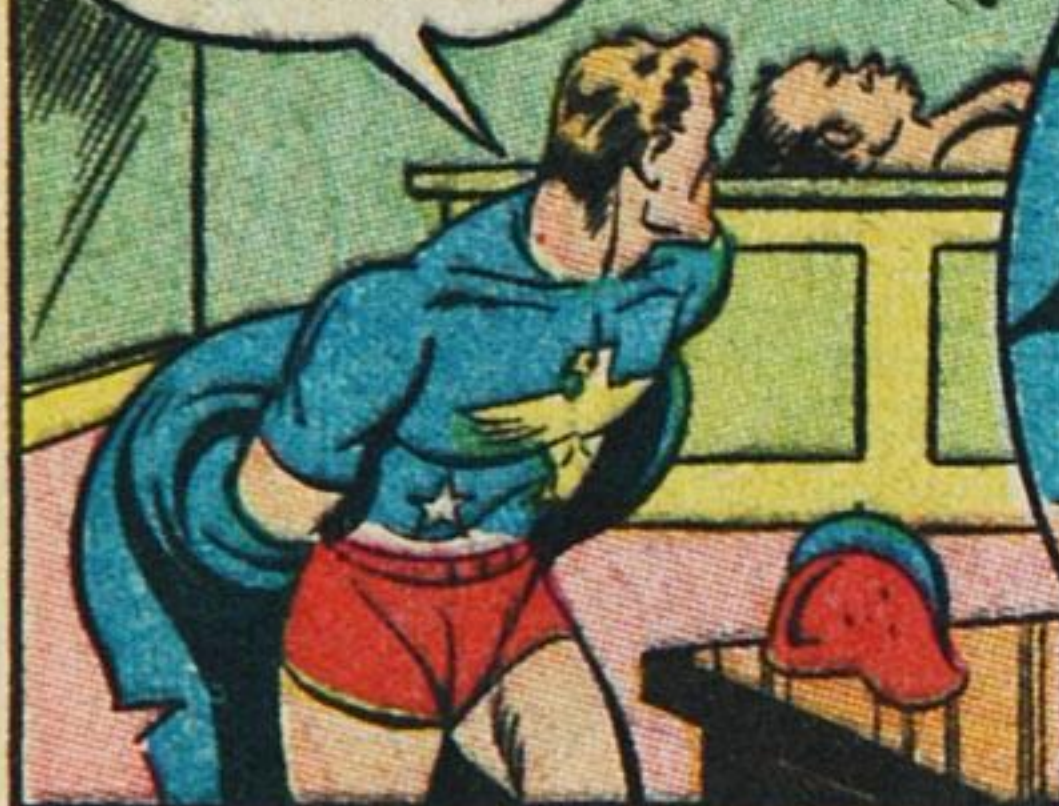
WHAT!



YOU'LL
GET MORE
OF THIS
LATER!

QUICKLY, JEFF CHANGES INTO HIS PATRIOT UNIFORM...

I'VE GOT TO
BRING CASEY BACK,
SOMEHOW, AND GET
IN TOUCH WITH THE
ARMY IN
AUSTRALIA!



IMMEDIATELY, JEFF GOES TO WORK WITH THE RADIO EQUIPMENT...

NOW TO
BRING CASEY
BACK TO WHERE
HE BELONGS!



IN THE WEIRD GLOW, CASEY GRADUALLY RETURNS TO NORMAL.

THANK GOODNESS!
NOW TO GET SOME
INFORMATION OUT OF
THE JAP! IF HE
DOESN'T TALK--

OH-H!



REMOVING CASEY'S INERT FORM, JEFF GRABS THE SQUIRMING JAP AND PLACES HIM ON THE SLAB...

PAL, YOU'RE
GOING FOR A LONG
RIDE UNLESS YOU
CALL OFF THOSE MEN
OF YOURS!

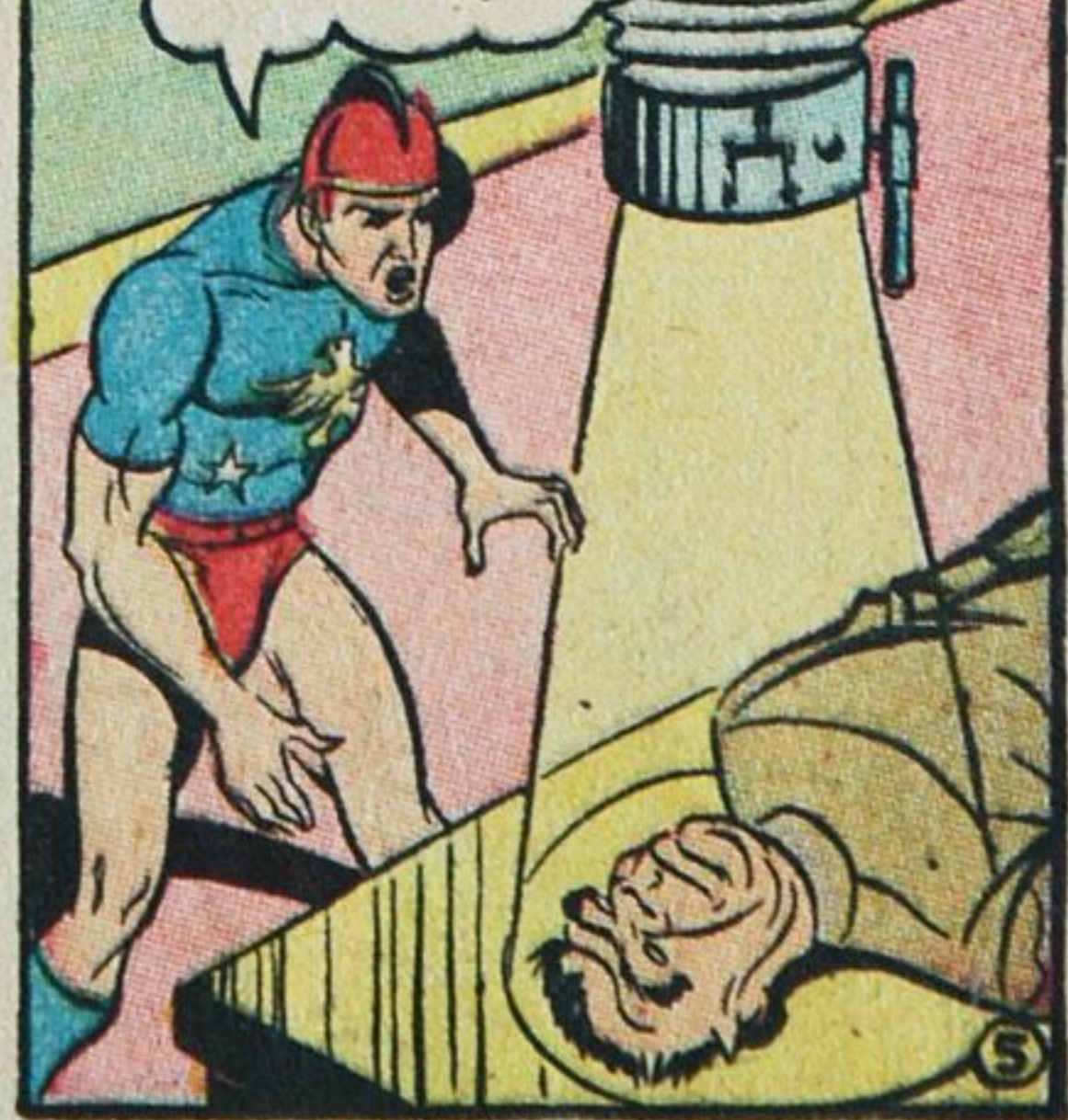
NO! YOU
CAN'T DO
THIS TO
ME!



BUT, AS CASEY REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS, HIS ARM HITS THE SWITCH AND -----



YE GODS!
THERE HE GOES!
NOW I'LL NEVER STOP
THAT INVASION ---
UNLESS --YES, I'LL
DO THAT!



LUCK IS WITH THE PATRIOT!
AUSTRALIA REPLIES!

HELLO!
THIS IS THE
PATRIOT
--WHAT'S
HAPPENING?

TERRIBLE
THINGS!
APE MEN
HAVE LANDED
AND ARE WIPING
OUT OUR
TROOPS!

THEN JEFF TURNS THE CONTROL DIALS TO ABSOLUTE POWER.
RADIO ENERGY SURGES ACROSS THE SKY -- WHAT WILL HAPPEN? -- **LOOK!**

GOOD!
PICK UP OUR
POSITION AND
SEND A PLANE
FOR US!

BUT WAIT!
WHAT'S THIS?
THE APE MEN
ARE TURNING
INTO --
LIZARDS!

THE ENORMOUS OUTPUT SENDS THE INVADERS BACK -- AND SUDDENLY THEIR TINY HEADS BLOW OFF!

ELATED
AT THE
OUTCOME,
JEFF
CHANGES
HIS
CLOTHES,
JUST AS
CASEY
AND
MARY
COME
TO...

HOLY SMOKE!
I'D BETTER HURRY!
THAT ARMY PLANE
WILL BE HERE
SOON!

WHAT
HAPPENED?



SAY -- WHAT
WENT ON HERE,
ANYWAY?

NOT MUCH,
MARY! I'LL
TELL YOU
LATER. LET'S
GET OUT OF
HERE!

BUT... AS THE TRIO PASS THE TABLE,
A TINY LIZARD SQUIRMS TO THE
FLOOR --- THE CREATURE THAT
WAS A JAP!

EEK!
THAT
SLIMY
THING!

SLIMY
IS RIGHT!
BUT HE'LL
NEVER
BOTHER
YOU
AGAIN!

AGAIN?



JEFF MACE,
NEWSPAPERMAN
No. 1,
ALIAS
THE PATRIOT,
No. 1
AMERICAN --

WILL BE
BACK IN THE
NEXT ISSUE
OF

MARVEL
COMICS!



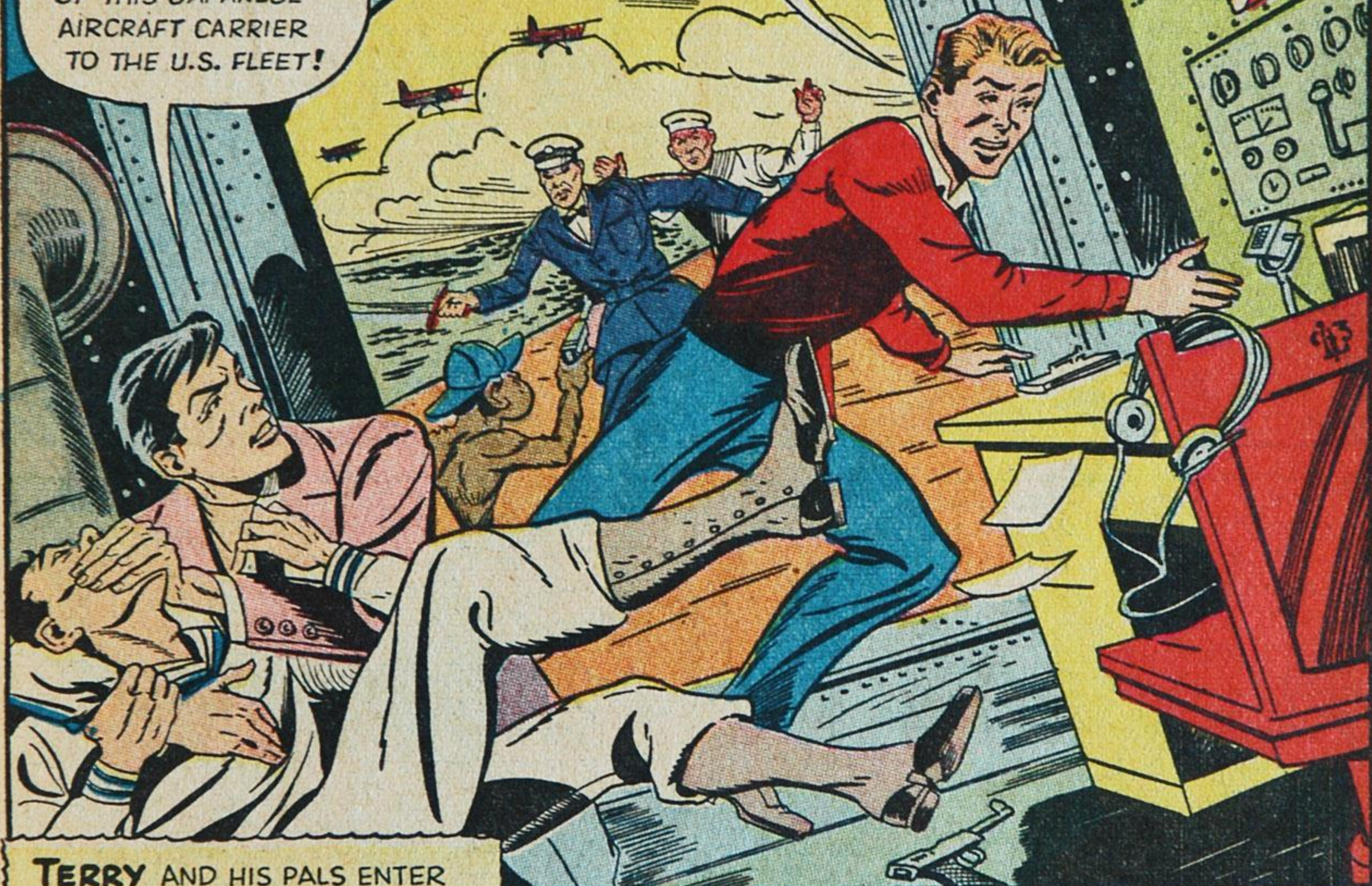
Terry Vance

THE SCHOOL BOY SLEUTH

DR. WATSON
MAKES
MONKEYS
OUT OF
THE
JAPS!

QUICK, TERRY!
RADIO THE POSITION
OF THIS JAPANESE
AIRCRAFT CARRIER
TO THE U.S. FLEET!

YOU BET,
DEADLINE!



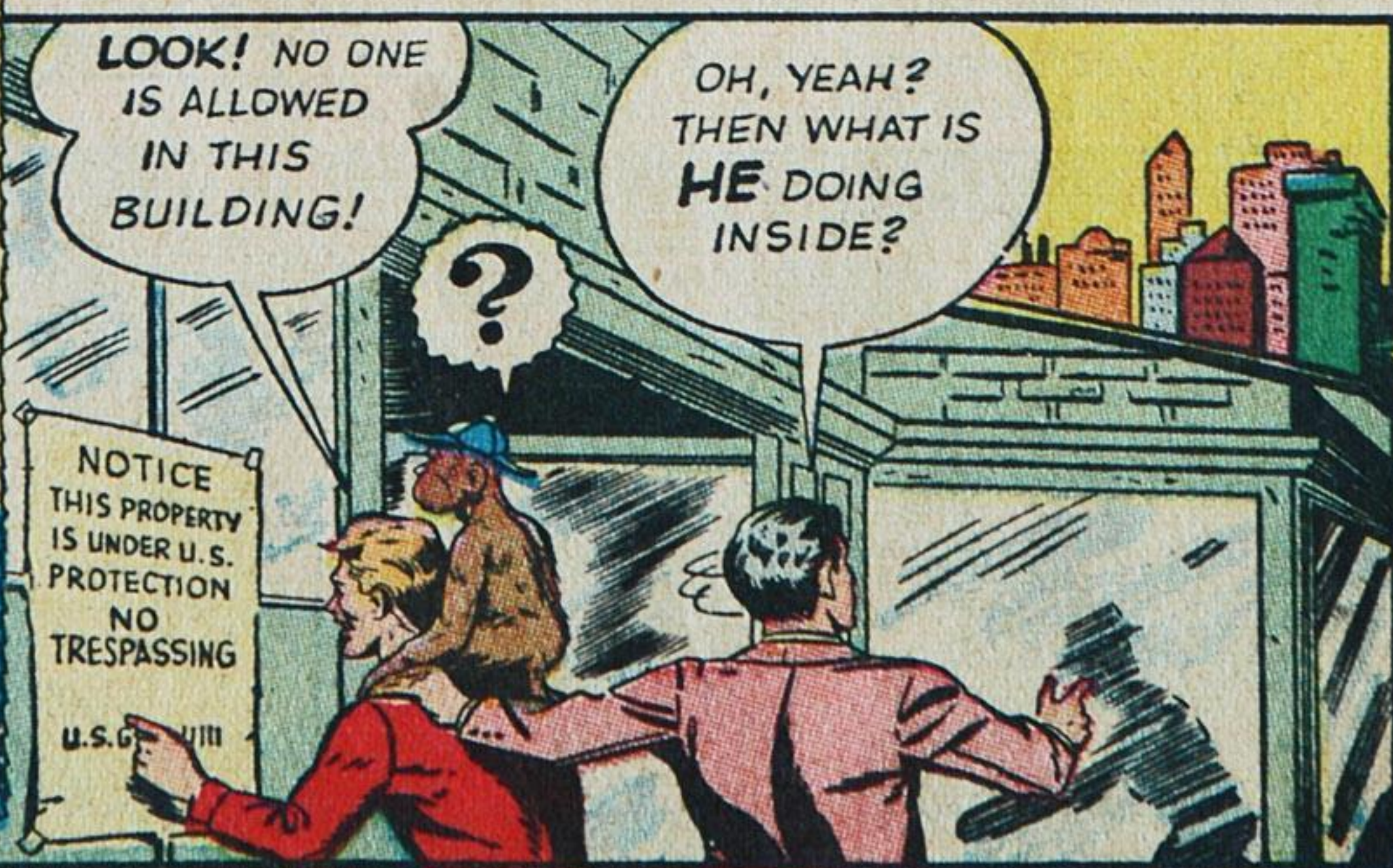
TERRY AND HIS PALS ENTER
UPON THEIR GREATEST
ADVENTURE WHEN THEY TRY
TO STOP THE JAP AIRCRAFT-
CARRIER FROM LAUNCHING
HER **BROOD OF BOMBERS!**

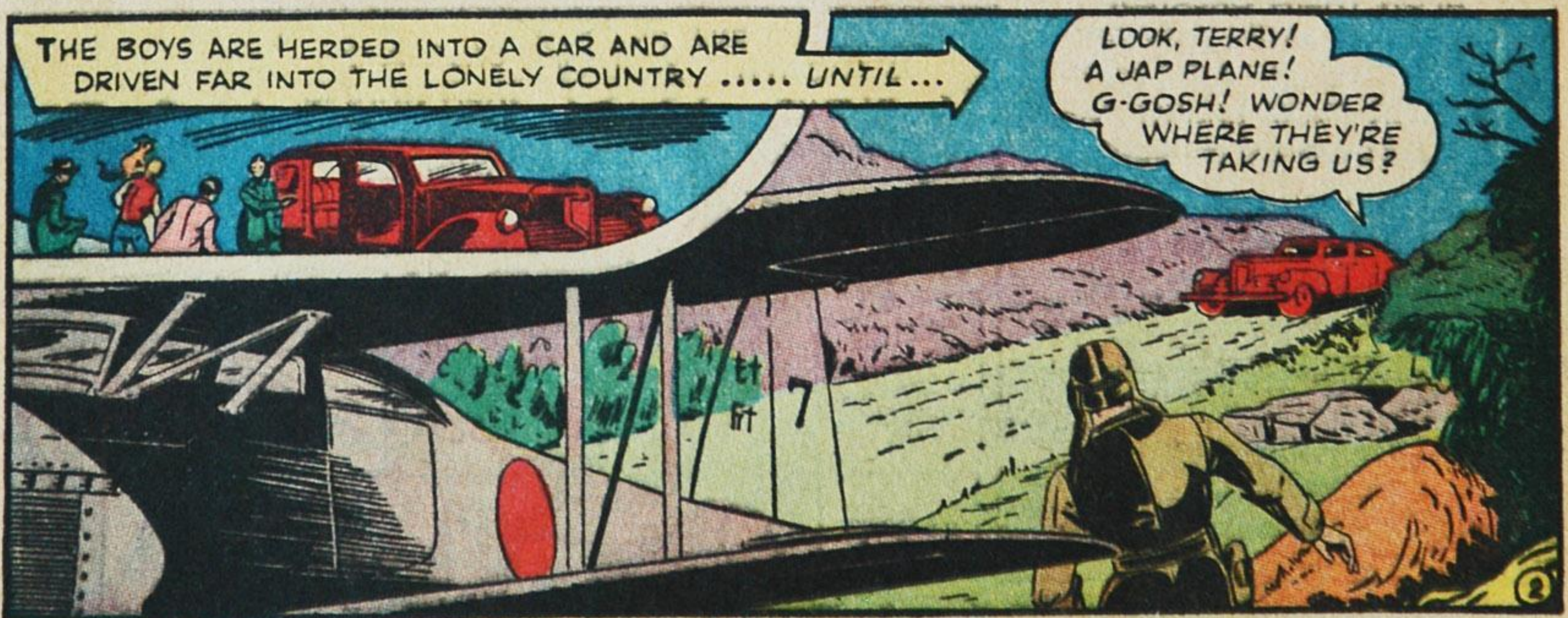
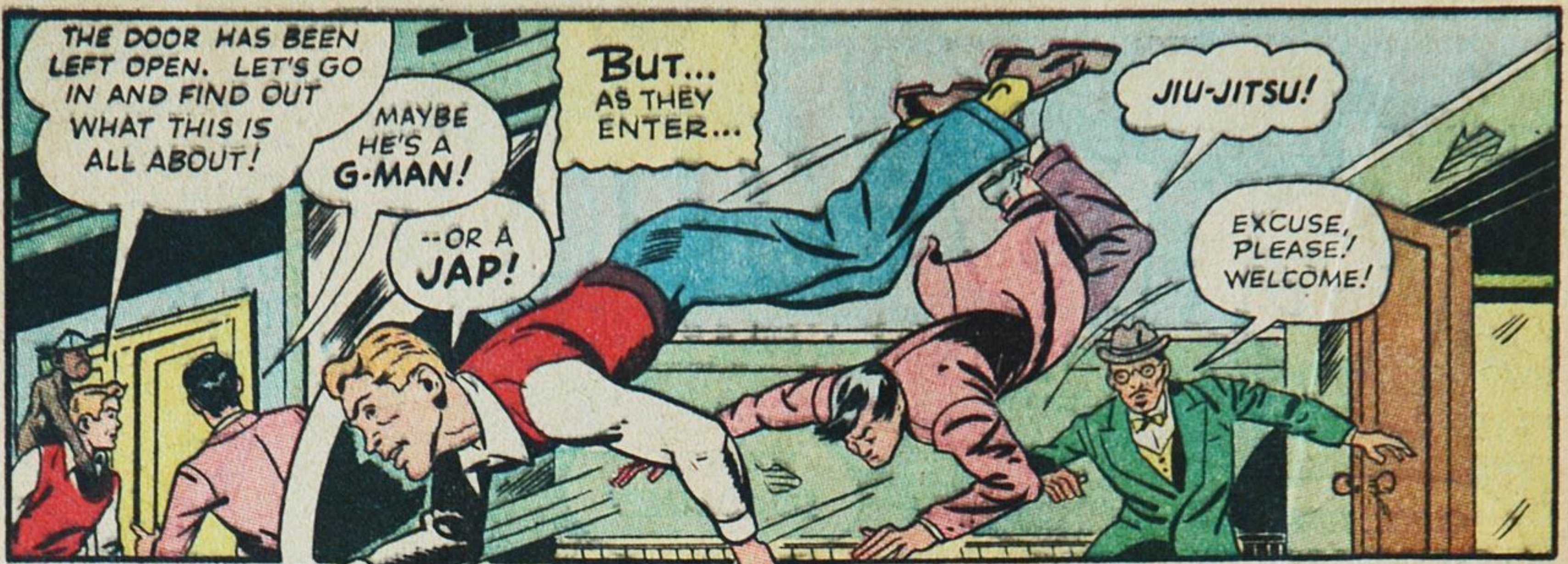
OUR STORY BEGINS IN THE
JAPANESE SECTION OF
SAN FRANCISCO...

LOOK! NO ONE
IS ALLOWED
IN THIS
BUILDING!

OH, YEAH?
THEN WHAT IS
HE DOING
INSIDE?

NOTICE
THIS PROPERTY
IS UNDER U.S.
PROTECTION
NO
TRESPASSING
U.S.G. 11111





SWIFTLY, TERRY, DR. WATSON AND DEADLINE ARE TRANSFERRED FROM THE CAR TO THE WAITING PLANE ...

WHERE TO, SIRE?

DESTINATION "Z" ... BUT SPEEDILY!

THROUGH THE NIGHT THEY FLY OVER THE DARK PACIFIC ---

THEN... THE BREAKING DAWN ---

HEY, DEADLINE! LOOK DOWN THERE! -- A JAP AIRCRAFT-CARRIER!

WOW!

WHAT'S THAT HANGING FROM ITS SIDE, TERRY?

IT LOOKS LIKE A SUB!

YOU'RE CORRECT! IT'S A ROBOT-CONTROLLED SUB ... LADEN WITH ENOUGH EXPLOSIVES TO BLOW SAN FRANCISCO HARBOR TO BITS!

IF HE'S HUMAN... I'M GLAD I AIN'T!

GENTLY, THE PLANE LANDS UPON THE DECK OF THE CARRIER ...

DO YOU MEAN THAT'S WHERE THAT SUB IS HEADED FOR?

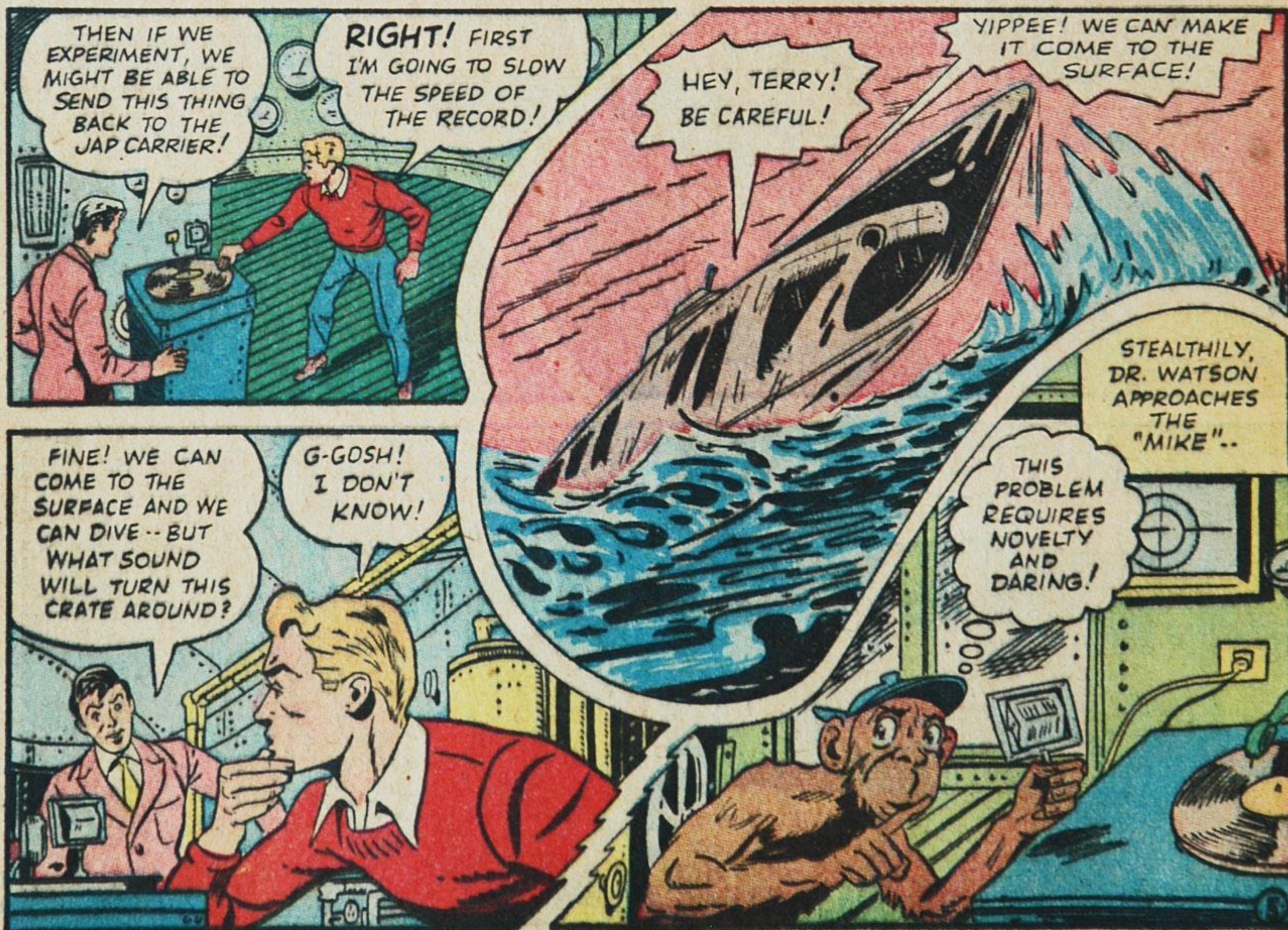
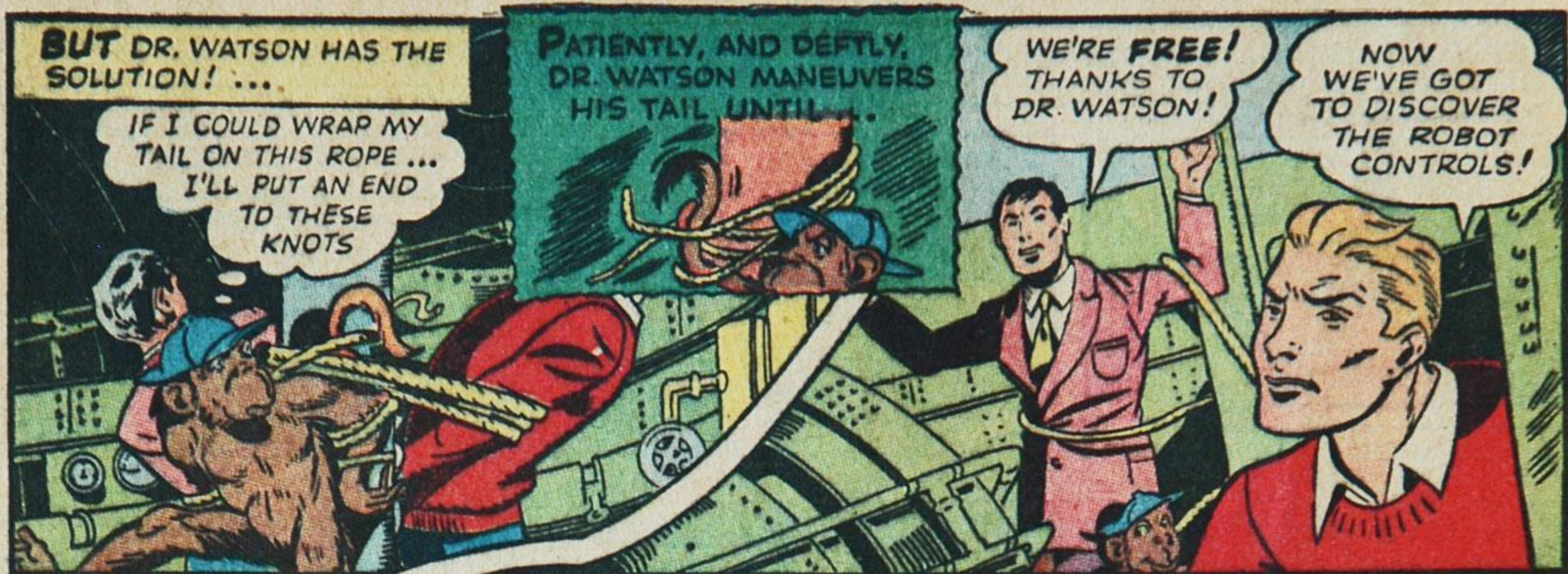
YOU'RE CATCHING ON, KIDDO!

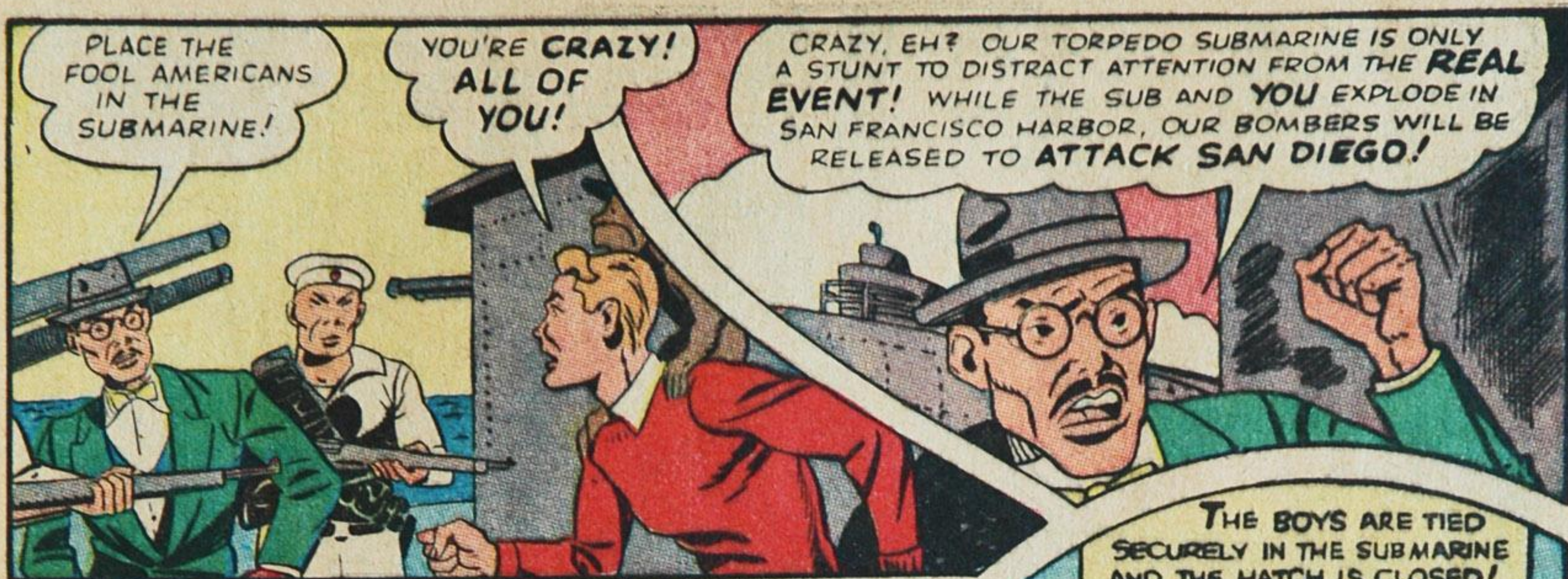
WELCOME, CAPTAIN NOKURU!

GREETINGS, ADMIRAL! I'VE BROUGHT THREE PASSENGERS FOR YOUR SUBMARINE?

SA-A-Y! HE MEANS US!

I WISH I WAS BACK WITH MY COUSIN IN THE BRONX ZOO!

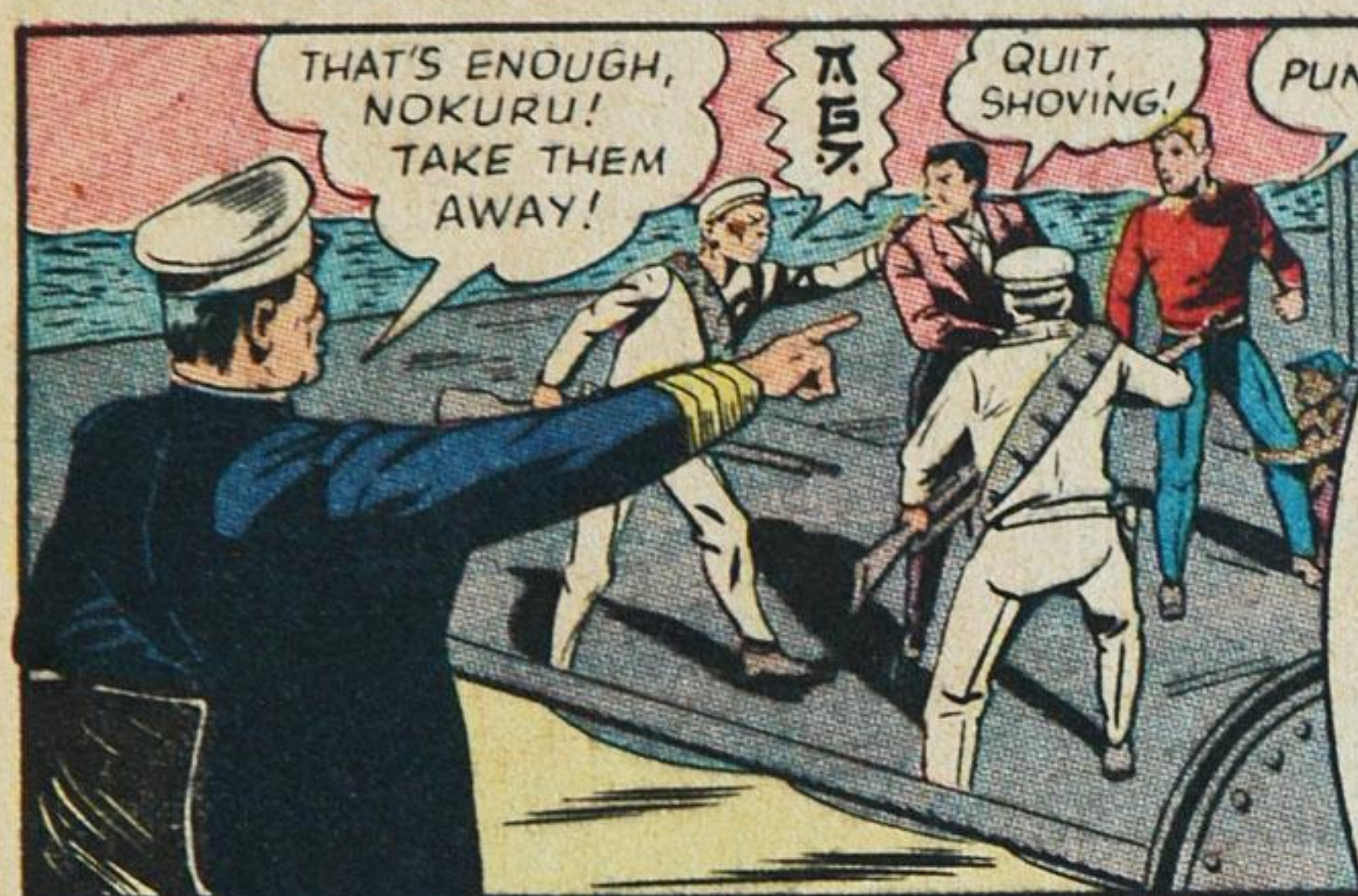




PLACE THE
FOOL AMERICANS
IN THE
SUBMARINE!

YOU'RE **CRAZY!**
ALL OF
YOU!

CRAZY, EH? OUR TORPEDO SUBMARINE IS ONLY
A STUNT TO DISTRACT ATTENTION FROM THE **REAL**
EVENT! WHILE THE SUB AND **YOU** EXPLODE IN
SAN FRANCISCO HARBOR, OUR BOMBERS WILL BE
RELEASED TO **ATTACK SAN DIEGO!**



THAT'S ENOUGH,
NOKURU!
TAKE THEM
AWAY!

YES!

QUIT,
SHOVING!

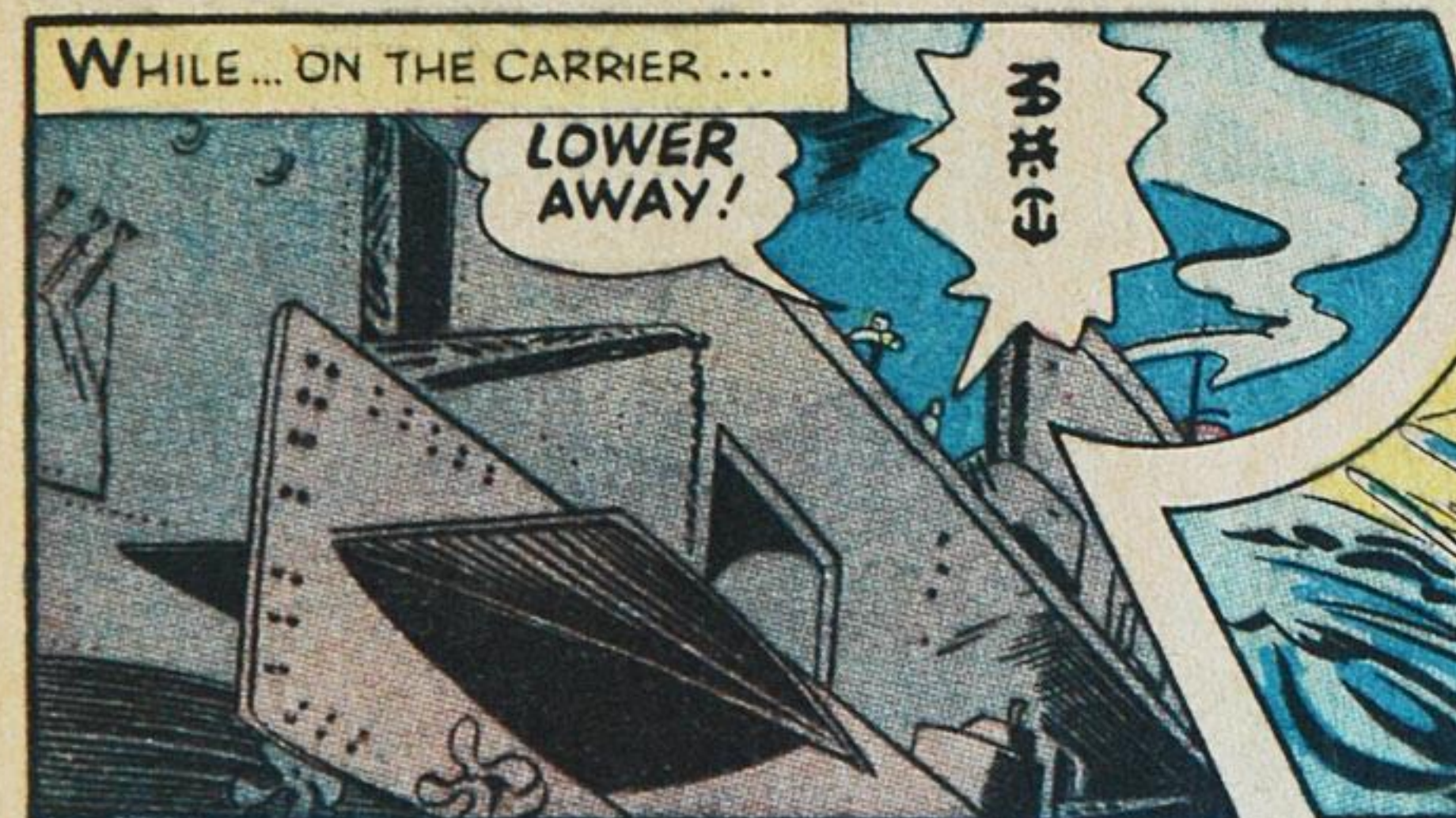
PUNKS!



THE BOYS ARE TIED
SECURELY IN THE SUBMARINE
AND THE HATCH IS CLOSED!

I'VE ALWAYS
WANTED TO RIDE
IN A SUB!

ME, TOO!
BUT NOT
THIS
WAY!



WHILE... ON THE CARRIER ...

**LOWER
AWAY!**

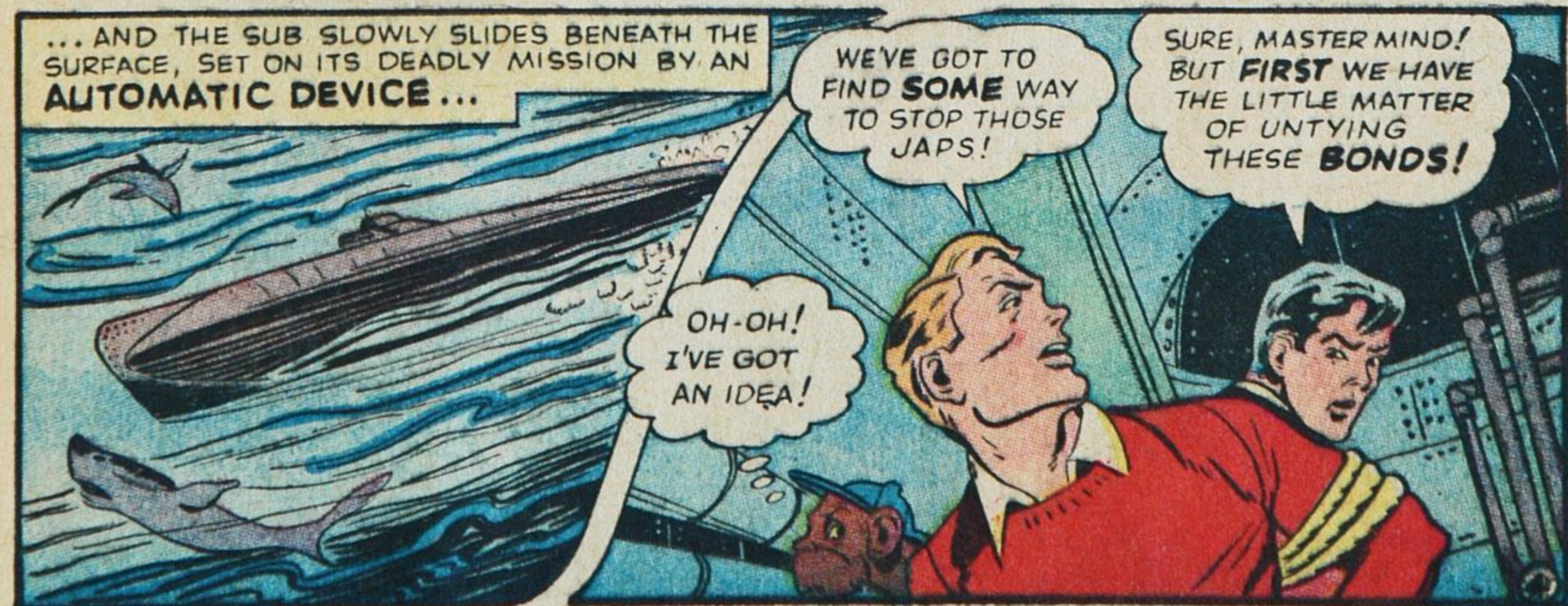
SHH!



WITH A SPLASH, THE TORPEDO-SUB
HITS THE WATER! ...

HERE WE GO,
TERRY!

HOLD ON,
DEADLINE!

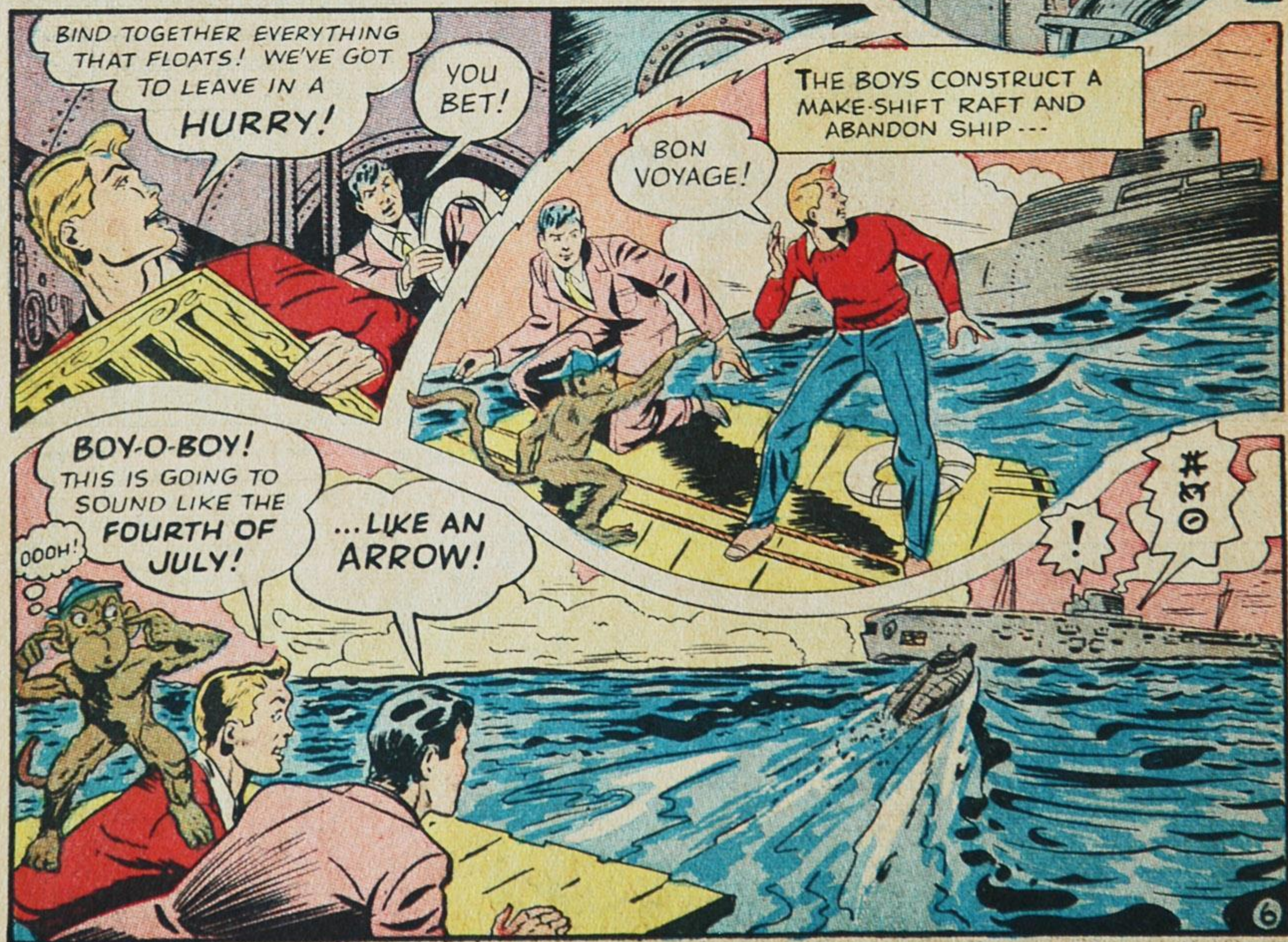
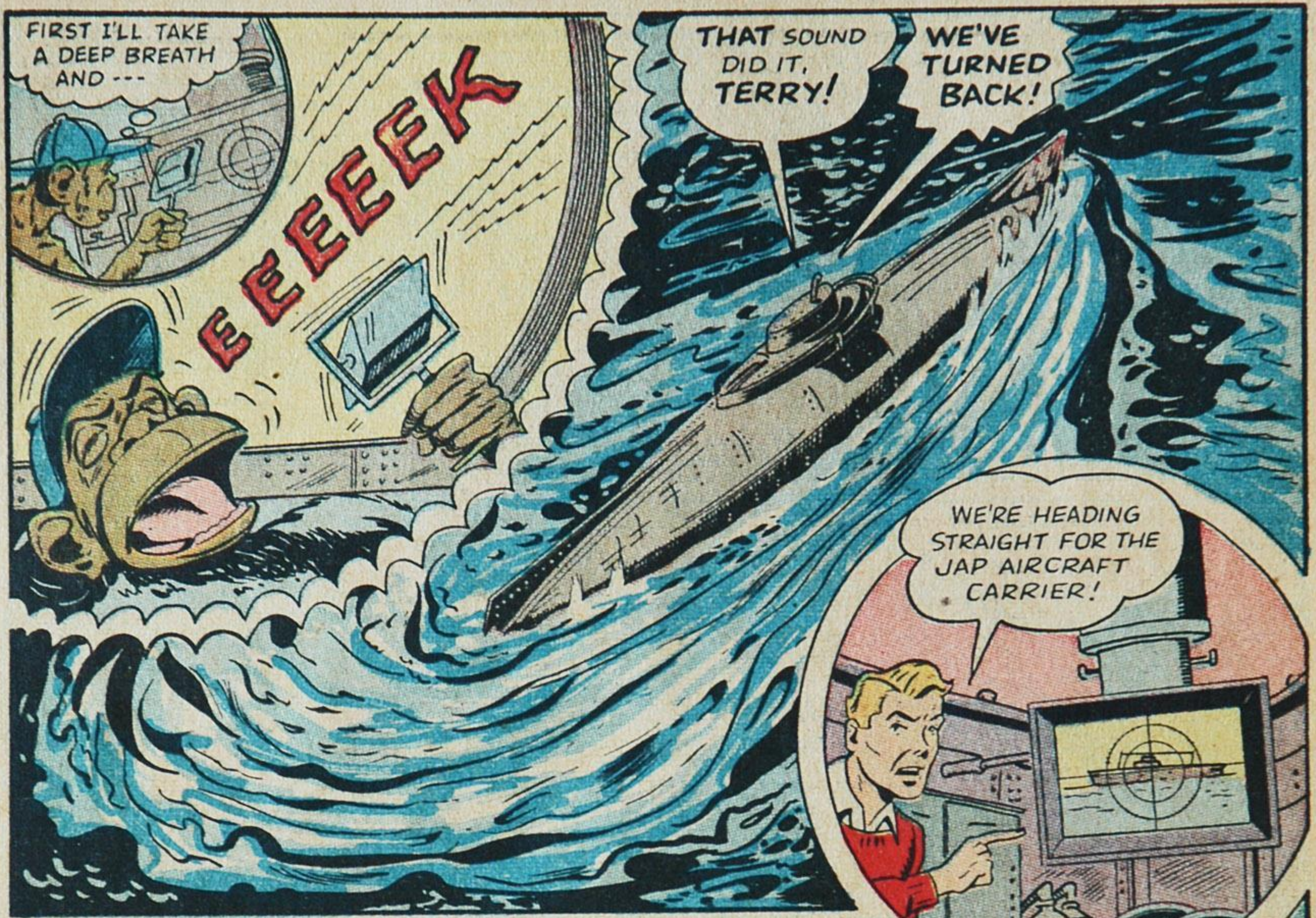


... AND THE SUB SLOWLY SLIDES BENEATH THE
SURFACE, SET ON ITS DEADLY MISSION BY AN
AUTOMATIC DEVICE ...

WE'VE GOT TO
FIND **SOME** WAY
TO STOP THOSE
JAPS!

SURE, MASTER MIND!
BUT **FIRST** WE HAVE
THE LITTLE MATTER
OF UNTYING
THESE **BONDS!**

OH-OH!
I'VE GOT
AN IDEA!



Meanwhile... ON THE JAP CARRIER...

WE'VE GOT TO
AVOID THAT
SUB! -- IT'S
FILLED WITH
EXPLOSIVES!

IT'S TOO LATE!
WE'LL ALL BE
KILLED!

WITH A SICKENING EXPLOSION,
THE SUB STRIKES!

BAM!

LOOK! -- A
SQUADRON
OF PLANES!

MAYBE THEY'RE
JAPS! WE'LL
SOON FIND
OUT!

MORE
TROUBLE?

IT'S ONE OF
OUR PLANES--
AND IT'S
COMING IN
FOR A
LANDING!

HOO-
RAY!

HI, KIDS!
HOP ON!

BOY!
WHAT A
PLANE!

Later... IN THE PLANE...

HOW DID YOU FELLOWS
FIND OUT ABOUT US
AND THE JAP CARRIER?

WE PICKED UP
NOKURU'S AGENT IN
SAN FRANCISCO AND
HE CONFESSED ALL...
WITH PERSUASION!

HA-
HA!

NOW, DEAR
READER... MAY I
HAVE WORD WITH
YOU?

PERHAPS ALL OF US CAN'T HELP OUR
GOVERNMENT BY SINKING JAP
AIRCRAFT CARRIERS--BUT WE CAN--
AND SHOULD HELP BY SAVING OLD TIN
AND PAPER FOR GOVERNMENT AGENCIES
AND BY BUYING ALL THE
STAMPS AND BONDS
WE CAN!

FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED
STATES
DEFENSE
BONDS
AND
STAMPS

...AND BE
ON HAND
NEXT MONTH
WHEN
**TERRY
VANCE**
GOES INTO
ACTION
AGAIN!

DoB OKSNER 7

JIMMY JUPITER

In His TUNNEL TO CHINA

JIMMEE-EE-E!
JIMMY JUPITER!
COME TO
LUNCH!

OH, DEAR!
WHERE IS
HE OFF TO,
NOW?

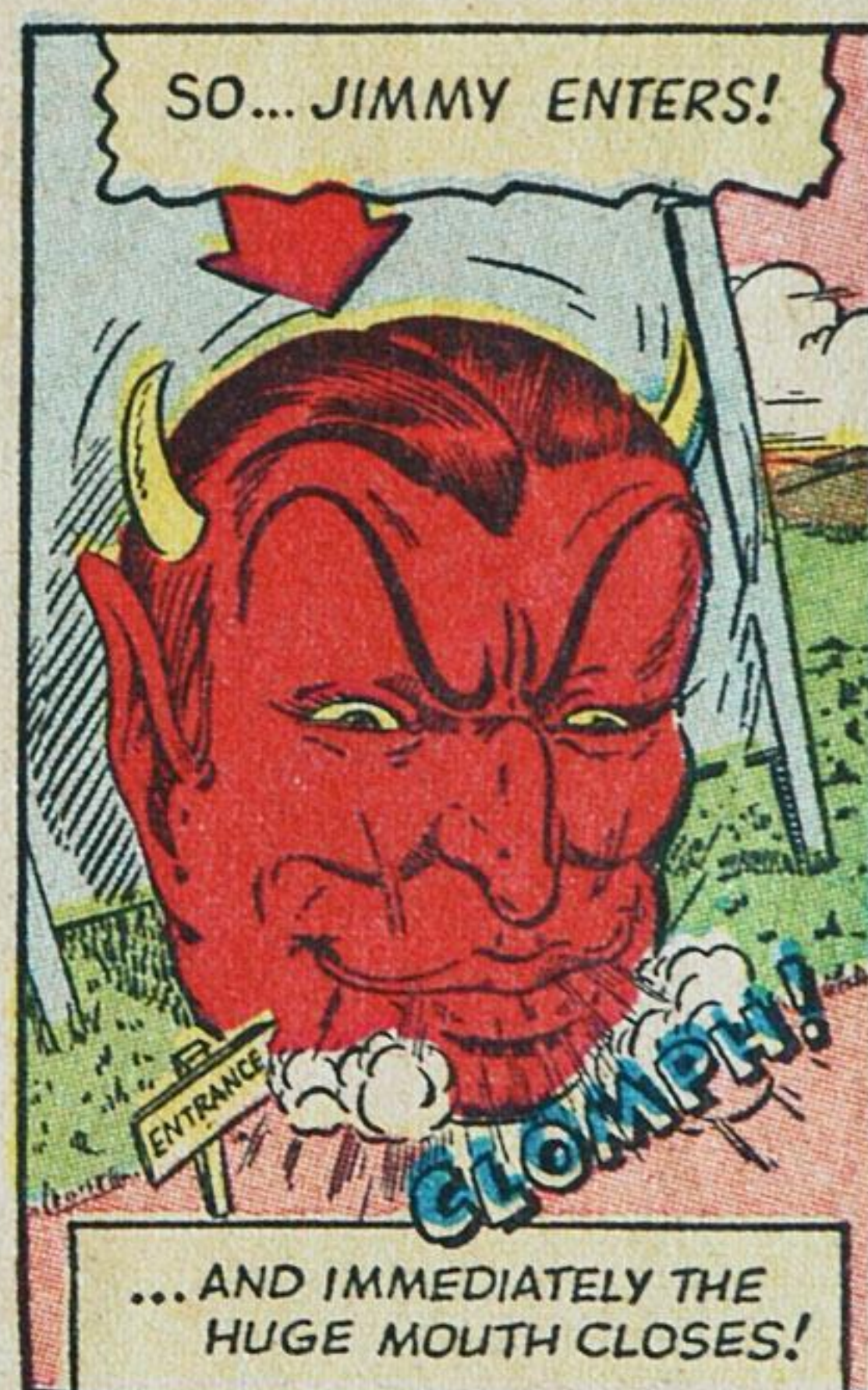
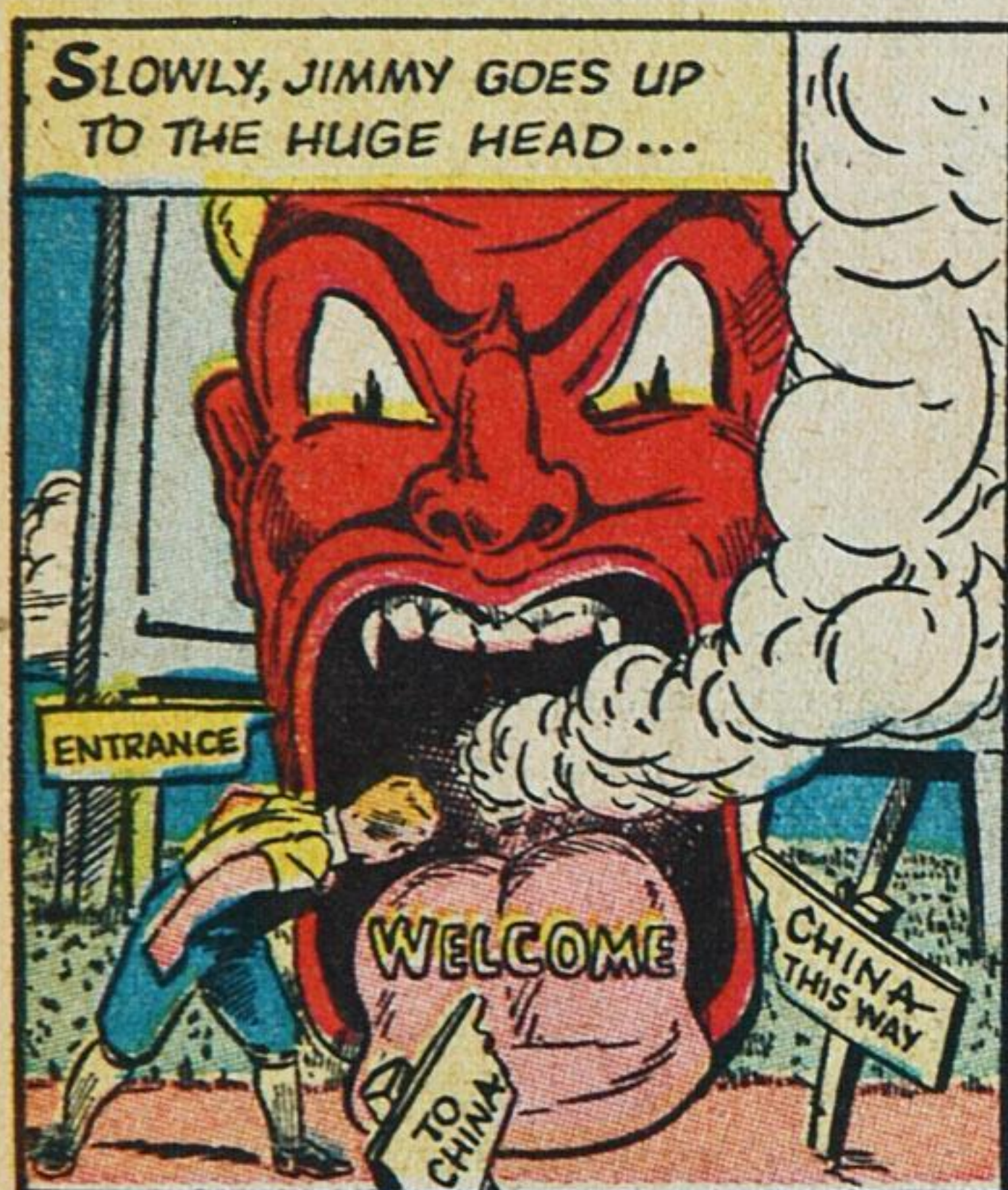
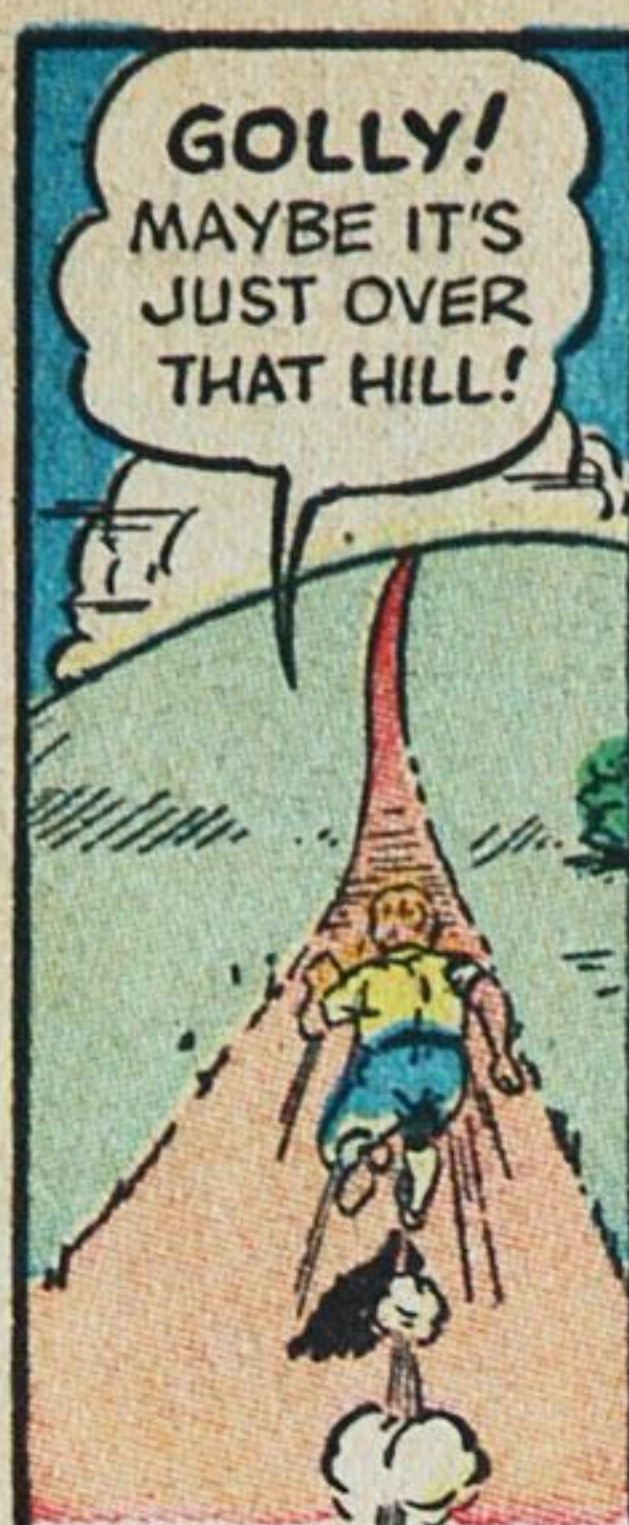
JIMMY'S MOTHER IS CALLING
HIM TO LUNCH... BUT JIMMY
IS IN **WONDERLAND**, WHERE
HE FELL WHEN THE BOTTOM
DROPPED OUT OF THE HOLE HE
WAS DIGGING TO **CHINA**!

OMIGOSH!
I... SUPPOSE
I HAVEN'T BEEN
A GOOD
BOY ???

GEE WHIZ!
I WONDER IF
I'LL EVER GET
TO CHINA!

GOSH!
WHAT DOES
THAT SIGN
SAY?

by
Robie



JIMMY IS SWALLOWED!
DOWN-DOWN HE GOES!...



TIMIDLY, JIMMY KNOCKS...

I DON'T GET IT... BUT SINCE I'VE COME THIS FAR...

COME IN!

HE OPENS THE GREAT DOOR AND A RUSH OF HOT AIR ALMOST BLOWS HIM OVER! BUT -- IN HE GOES!

INSIDE... JIMMY STOPS!...

GULP!

G-GEE!

FOR ... THERE STANDS SATAN!

WELL--WELL! JIMMY JUPITER! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

MMM...MHA! HA! HA! HA!

PERHAPS I CAN ARRANGE IT SO YOU CAN HAVE A GUIDE!

WERJIL! OH, WERJIL!

G-GEE ... THANKS!

WHAT IS IT, SATAN?

SHOW THIS BOY THE ROAD TO CHINA!

POUF!

YES, SIR!

GEE! I HOPE I'VE BEEN GOOD! I HOPE I'VE BEEN GOOD! ...I HOPE!

I--I'M LOOKING FOR THE WAY TO CHINA!

SO LONG, JIMMY! BE GOOD!

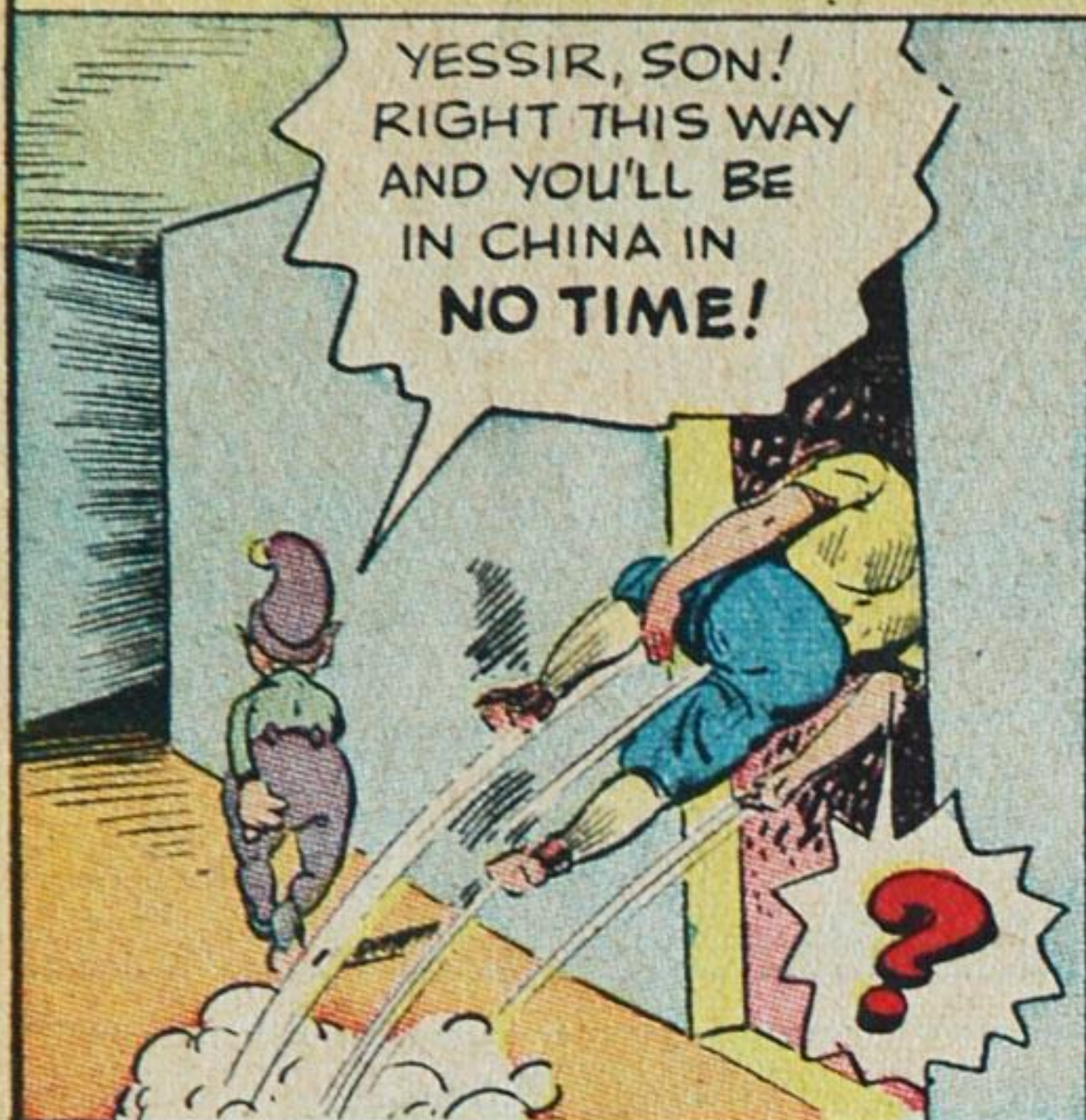
SO LONG!

COME ALONG, SON -- THIS WAY TO CHINA!

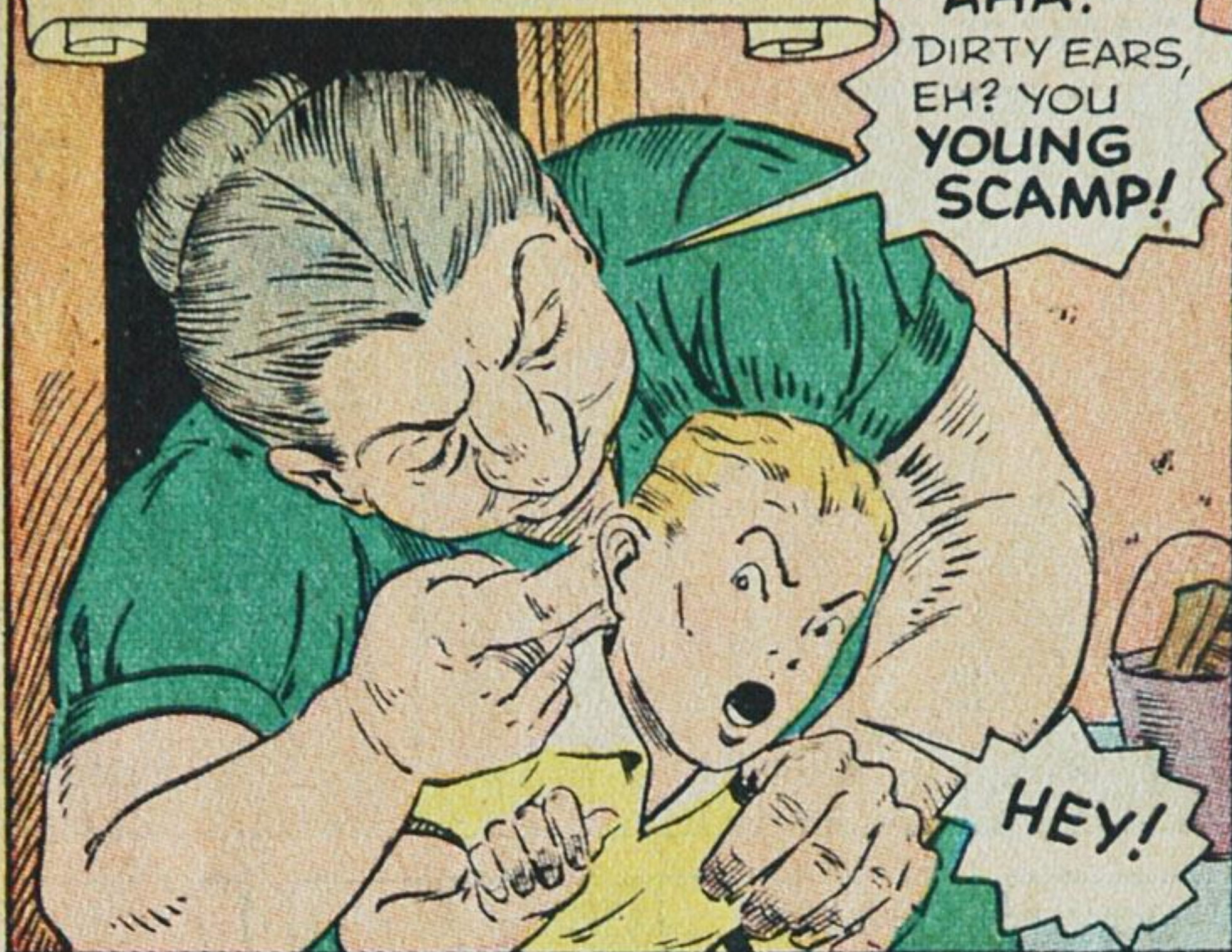
DON'T WORRY! I WILL!

SECTION XVIII BOYS

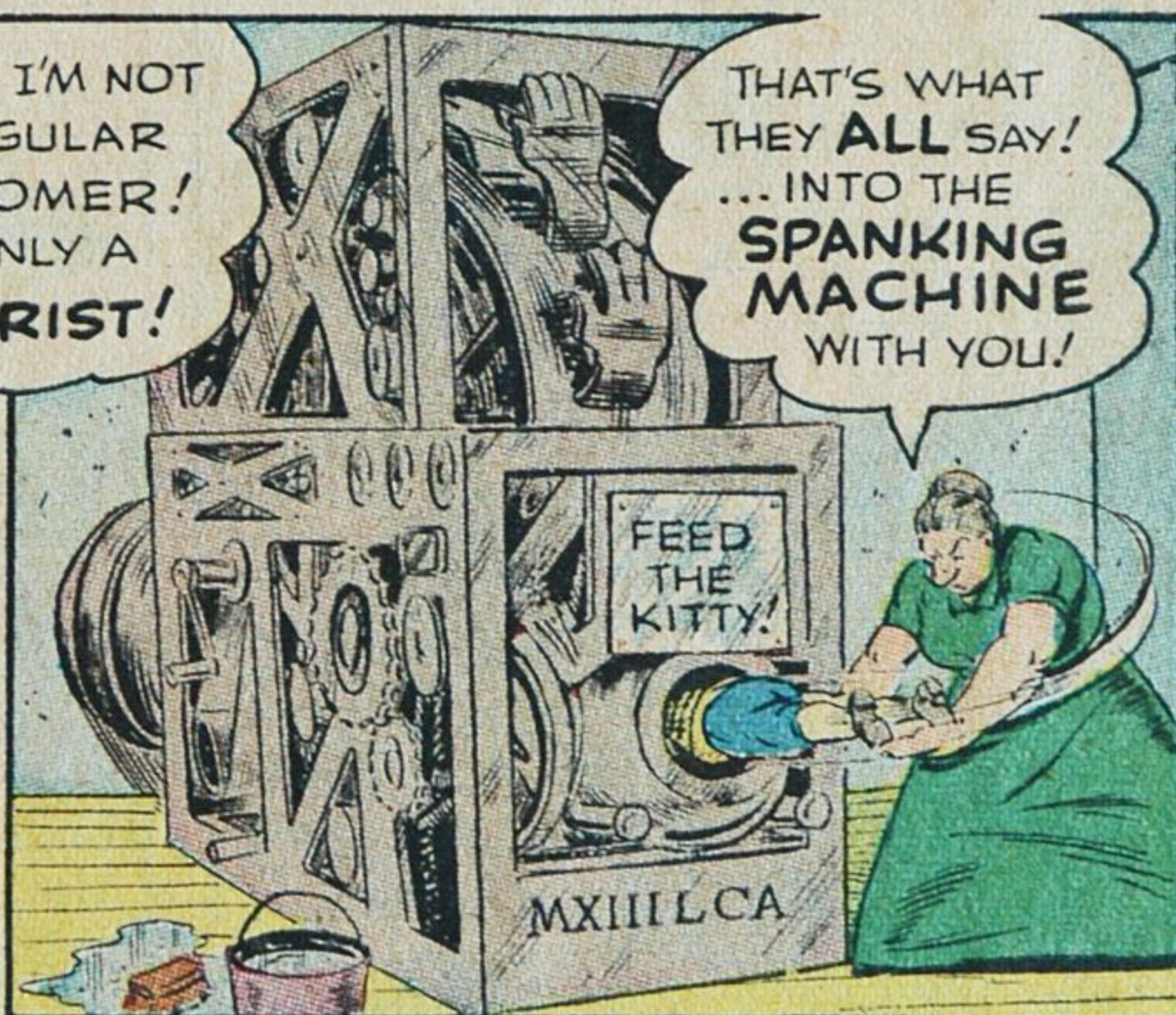
BUT, AS JIMMY FOLLOWS HIS HAPPY-LOOKING GUIDE DOWN A CORRIDOR, HE IS SUDDENLY YANKED THROUGH A DOOR!



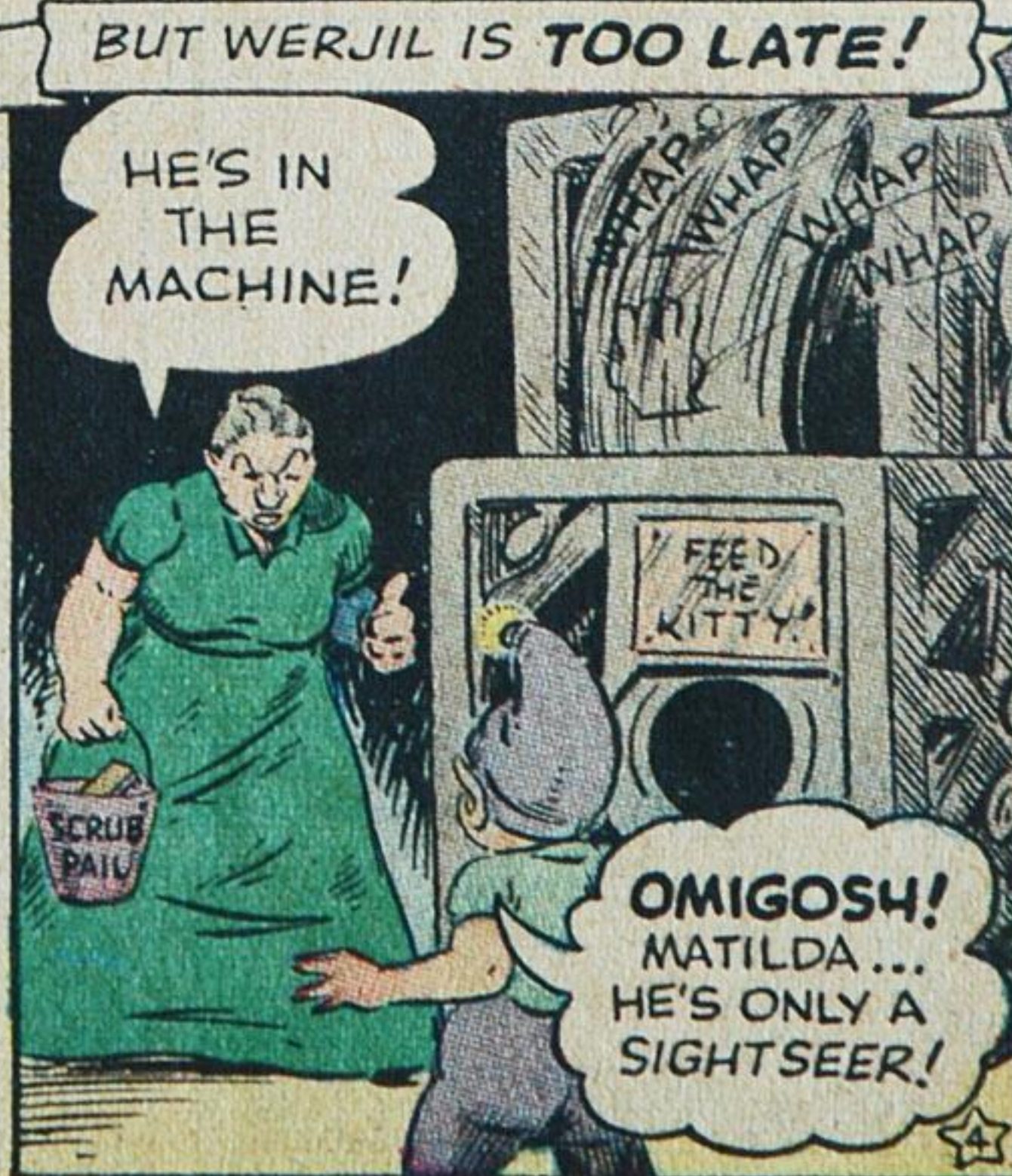
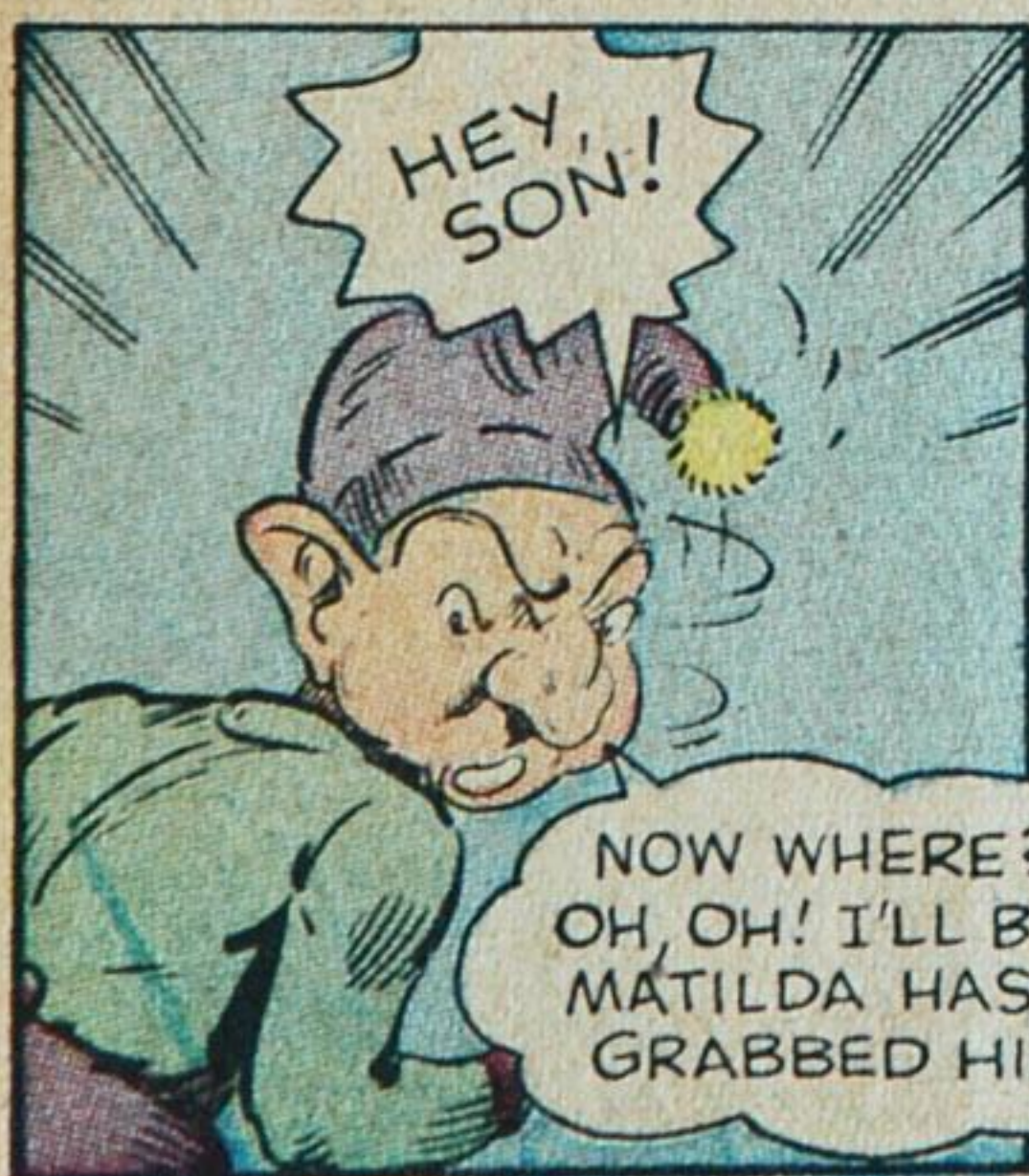
HE FINDS HIMSELF IN THE PRESENCE OF A HUGE WOMAN!

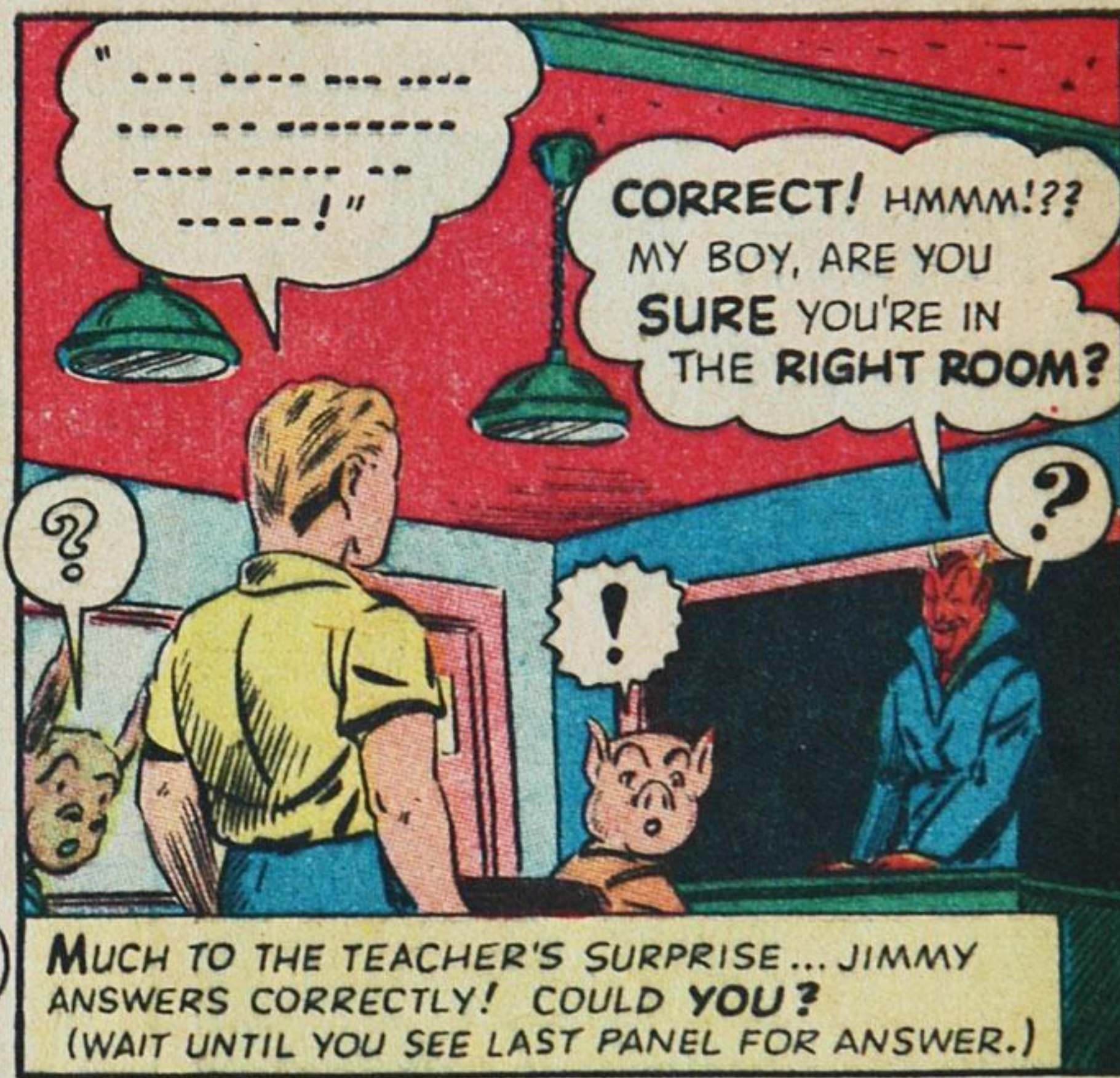
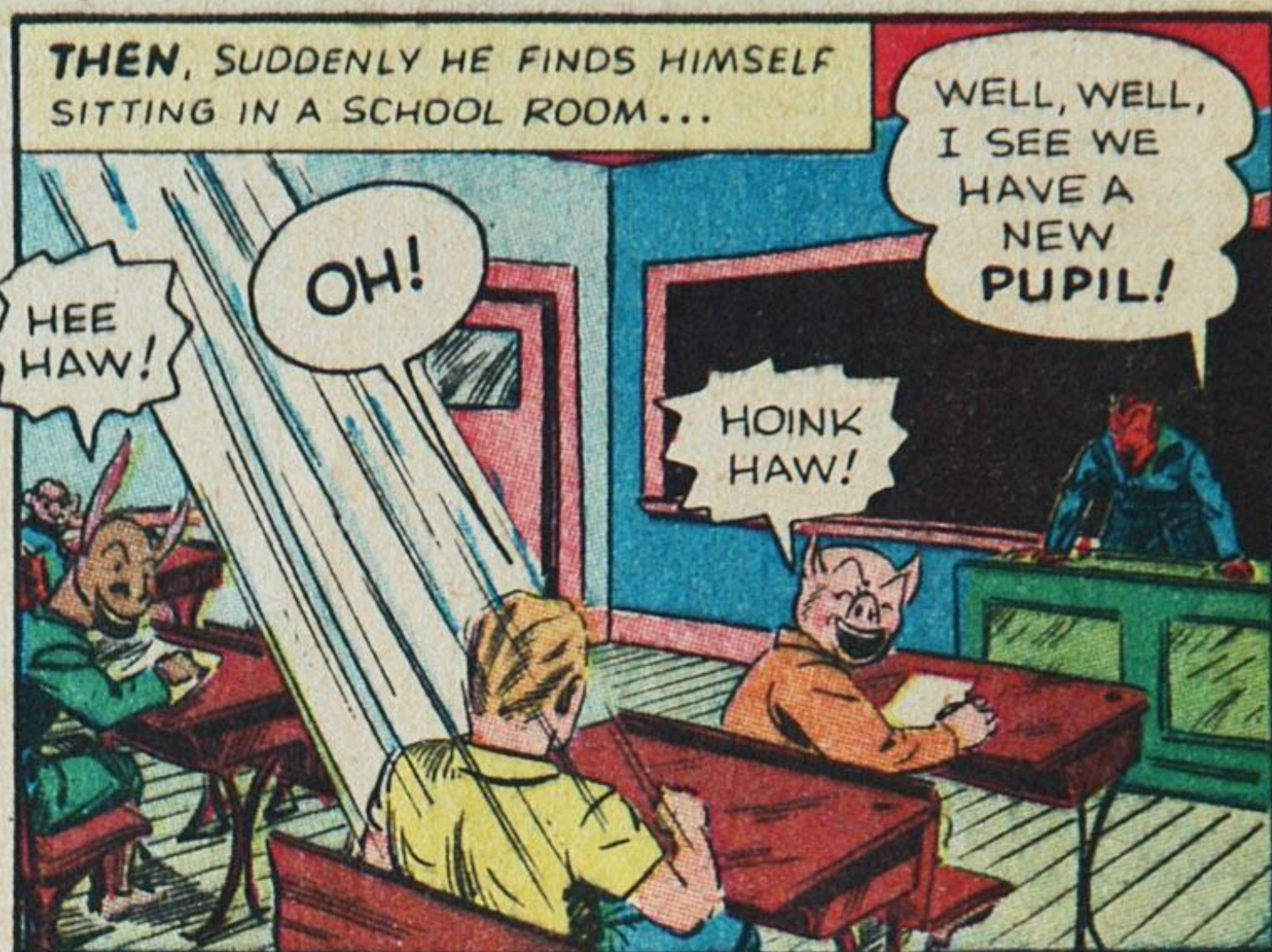


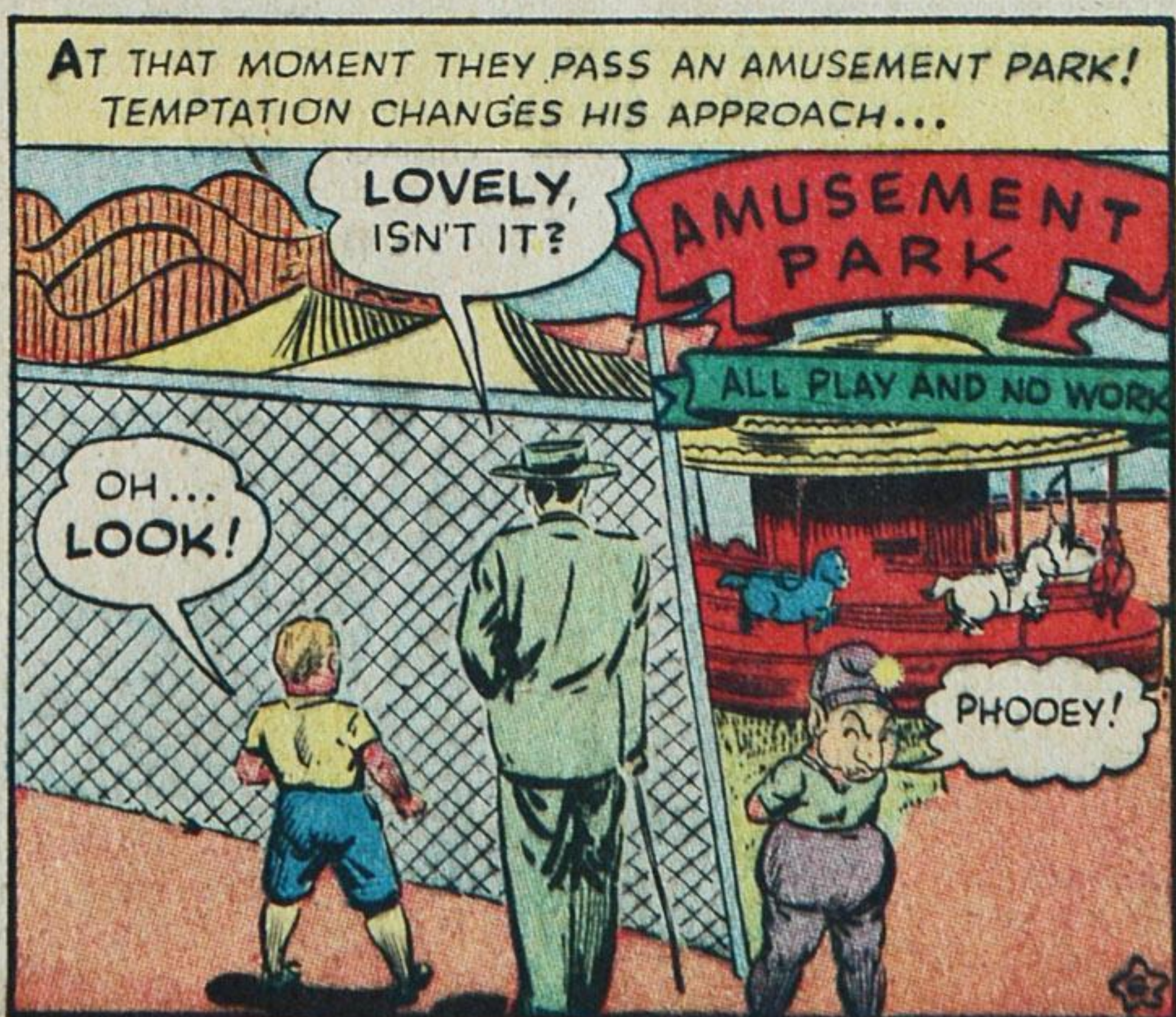
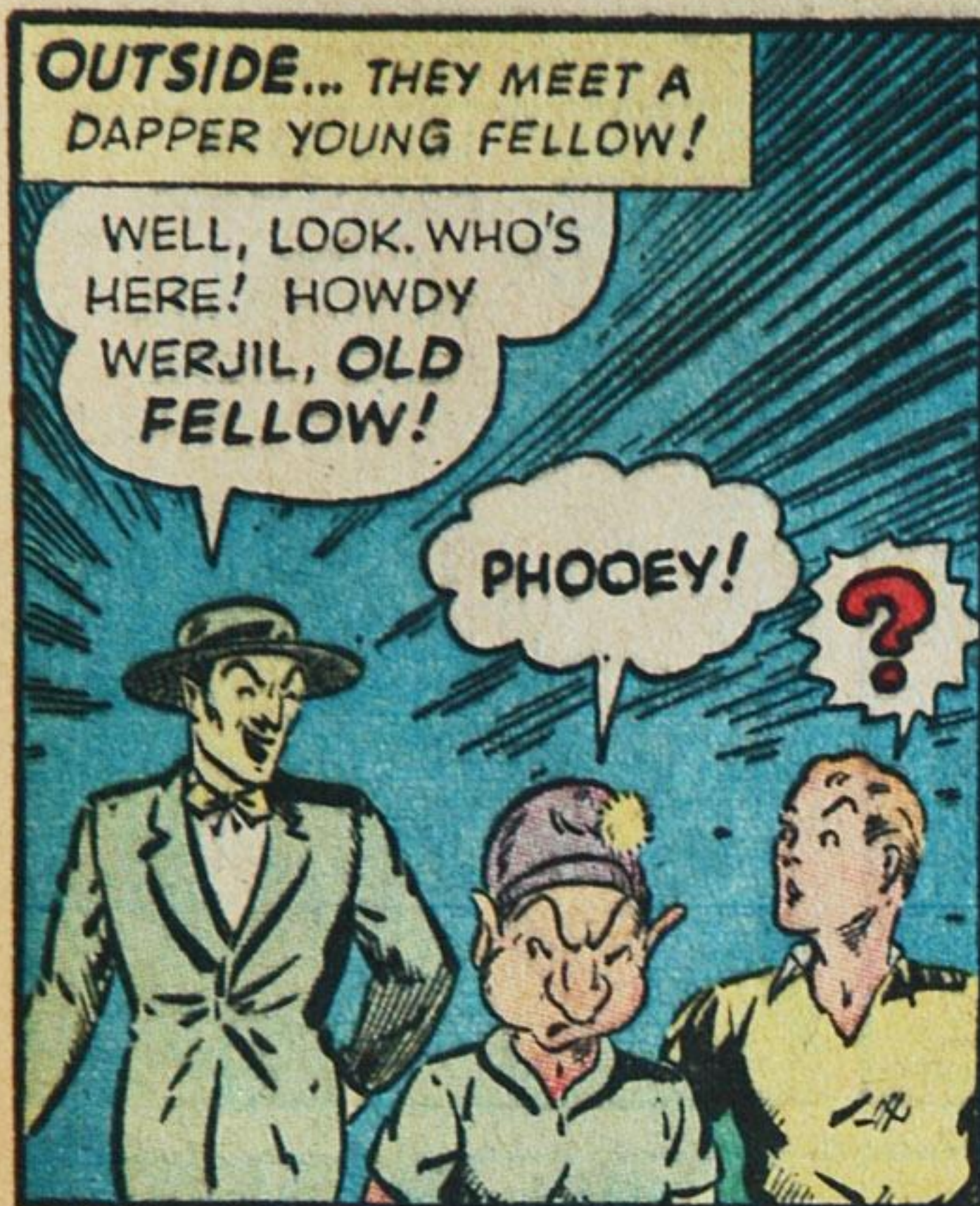
WAIT! I'M NOT A REGULAR CUSTOMER! I'M ONLY A **TOURIST!**

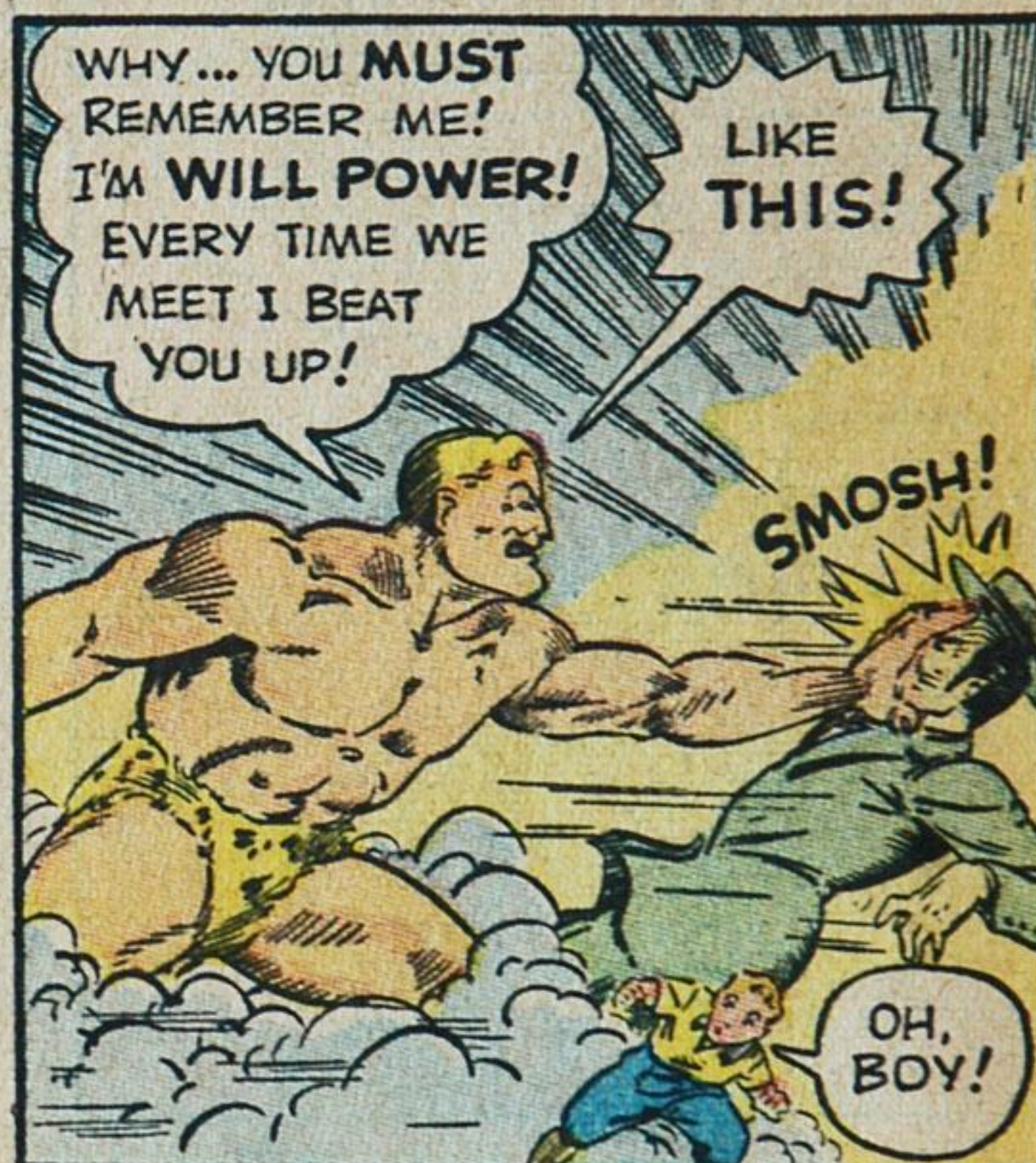
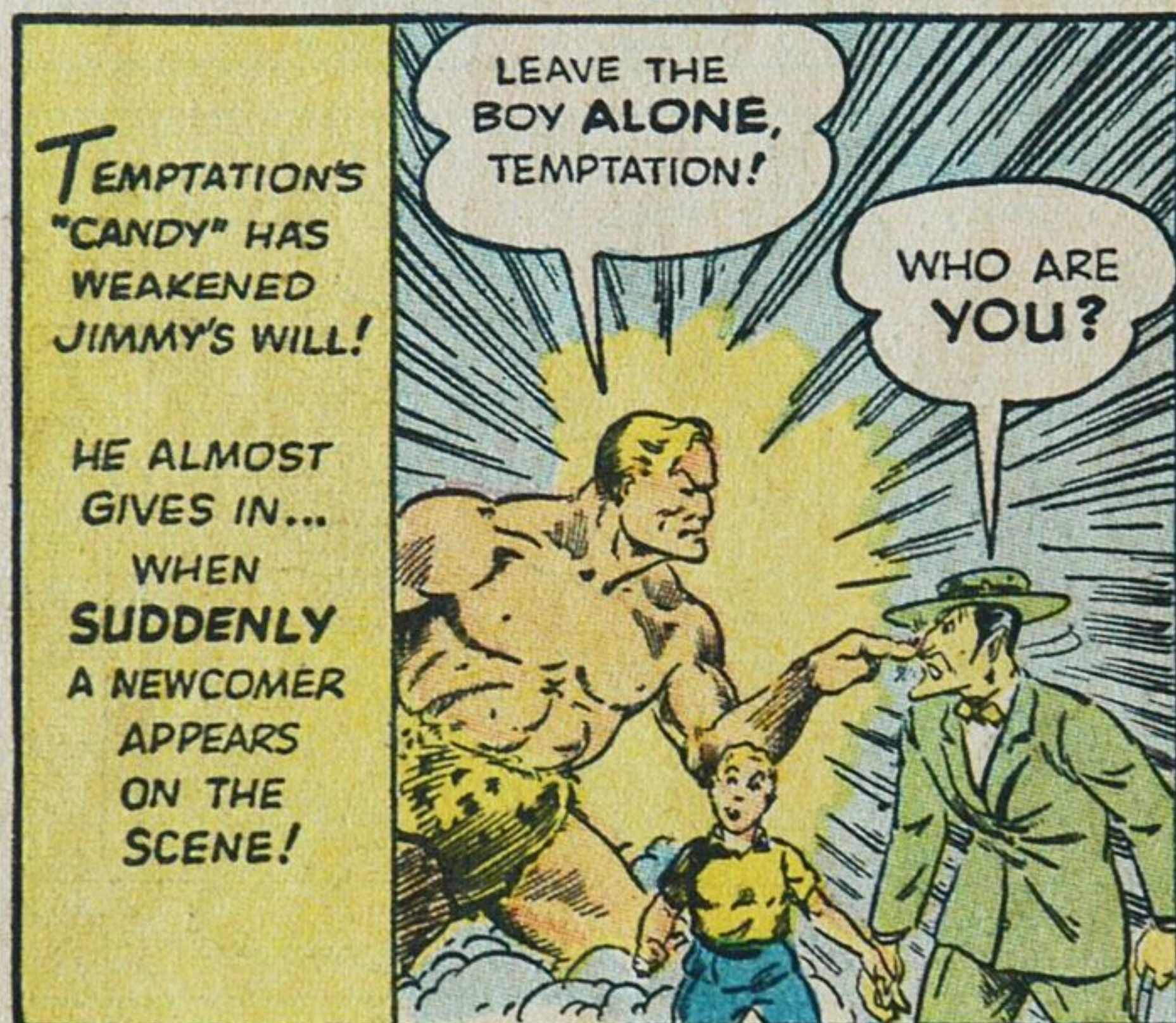


In the meantime...
WERJIL HAS DISCOVERED JIMMY'S DISAPPEARANCE...









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The ANGEL

in

"THE CASE OF
PROFESSOR
TORTURE"



MUTILATED BODIES... FACES
TWISTED INTO EXPRESSIONS OF
INDESCRIBABLE AGONY! THESE
WERE THE "PRESENTS" SENT TO
FAMILIES OF INNOCENT VICTIMS
BY A CUNNING MADMAN ... IN
THE STRANGEST CASE IN THE
FILES OF THE **ANGEL**, ENEMY
OF EVIL!

ONE WARM SUMMER MORNING, MIAMI BEACH RESIDENTS ARE HORROR-STRICKEN TO FIND THE MUTILATED BODIES OF DROWNED MEN WASHED UP ON SHORE!... THE POLICE ARE CALLED....



LOOKS LIKE THESE POOR FELLOWS WERE TORTURED TO DEATH!

YEAH! THIS GUY'S ARMS WERE TORN OFF!

THAT SAME NIGHT, THE SONS OF MANY OF THE RICHEST PEOPLE IN FLORIDA ARE SUDDENLY KIDNAPPED WITHOUT WARNING!



THE NEXT DAY, THE FRANTIC FAMILIES RECEIVE MYSTERIOUS LETTERS WITH PHOTOGRAPHS ENCLOSED...



WARNING!
Here is your son.
Send \$100,000, or
and he dies by
torture same as other men
and will one day wash up
on the beach! Do not
tell police! ...or ELSE!
Prof. Torture X

ONE FAMILY, THE ASTORBILTS, IGNORE THE WARNING!



HELLO! POLICE?
THIS IS JONATHAN
ASTORBILT... I'VE
JUST RECEIVED
A DEMAND FOR
\$100,000 FROM
MY SON'S
KIDNAPPER!

LATER...
ON AN OLD
PRISON SHIP
WHICH HAS
BEEN WASHED
UP ON THE
SECLUDED
SHORE
OF AN
OLD
COVE...

HA! YOUNG
ASTORBILT!
SO YOUR PARENTS
DISREGARDED MY
WARNING!
VERY WELL!
**NOW I SHALL
TORTURE YOU
TO DEATH!**



THE NEWS OF THE KIDNAPPING WAVE IS FLASHED ACROSS THE CONTINENT AND COMES TO THE EARS OF **THE ANGEL!**



POLICE ARE BAFFLED ... NO CLUE AS TO THE WHEREABOUTS OF VICTIMS OR PROF. TORTURE ... MANY FAMILIES ARE LEAVING FLORIDA...



THE ANGEL BOARDS
A SWIFT PLANE TO MIAMI...



THAT
KIDNAPPING
GANG MUST
OPERATE FROM
SOMEWHERE
IN THE
NEIGHBORHOOD
OF MIAMI
BEACH!

THEY HAVE TAKEN
THE SONS OF ONLY
THE WEALTHIEST
FAMILIES!



A FEW HOURS LATER ...

NOW, TO
POLICE
HEAD-
QUARTERS!



YES, ANGEL, THIS PICTURE WAS
RECEIVED BY THE **ASTORBILTS**!
THEY REPORTED IT TO US, AND
--- AN HOUR AGO, YOUNG
ASTORBILT'S BODY WAS
WASHED UP ON THE
BEACH, TORTURED
TO DEATH!

THEY
MEAN
BUSINESS,
ALL RIGHT!



HANGING BY HIS
THUMBS!
WHY, THERE'S
PART OF ANOTHER
TORTURE DEVICE IN
THE SAME PICTURE!
REMINDS ME OF AN OLD
TORTURE SHIP THAT ONCE
WAS ON EXHIBITION
IN **NEW YORK!**



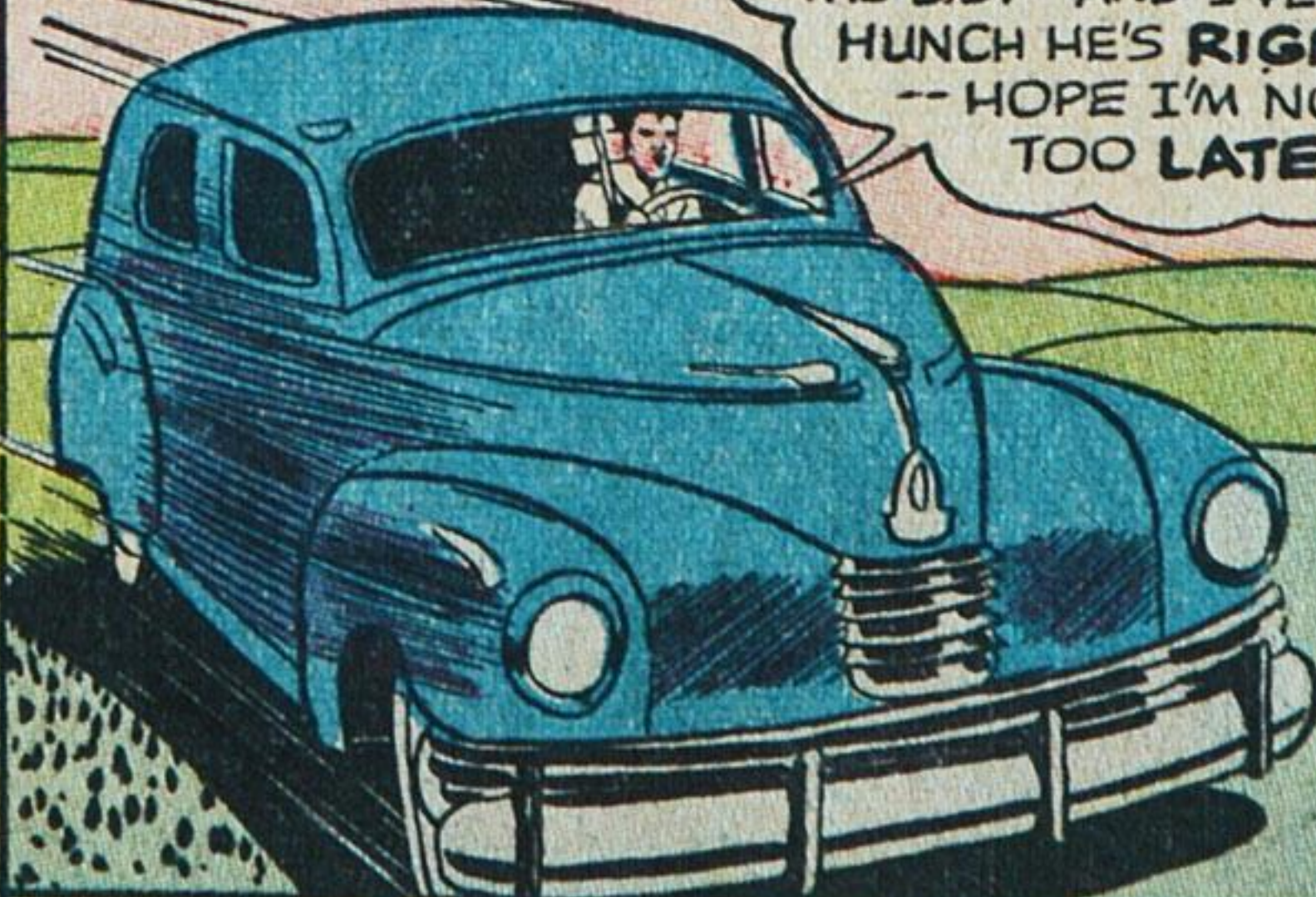
IF YOU CAN "CRACK"
THIS CASE FOR US
WE'LL BE ETERNALLY
GRATEFUL, ANGEL!

I MUST GO,
NOW! THERE'S
NOT A MINUTE
TO LOSE!



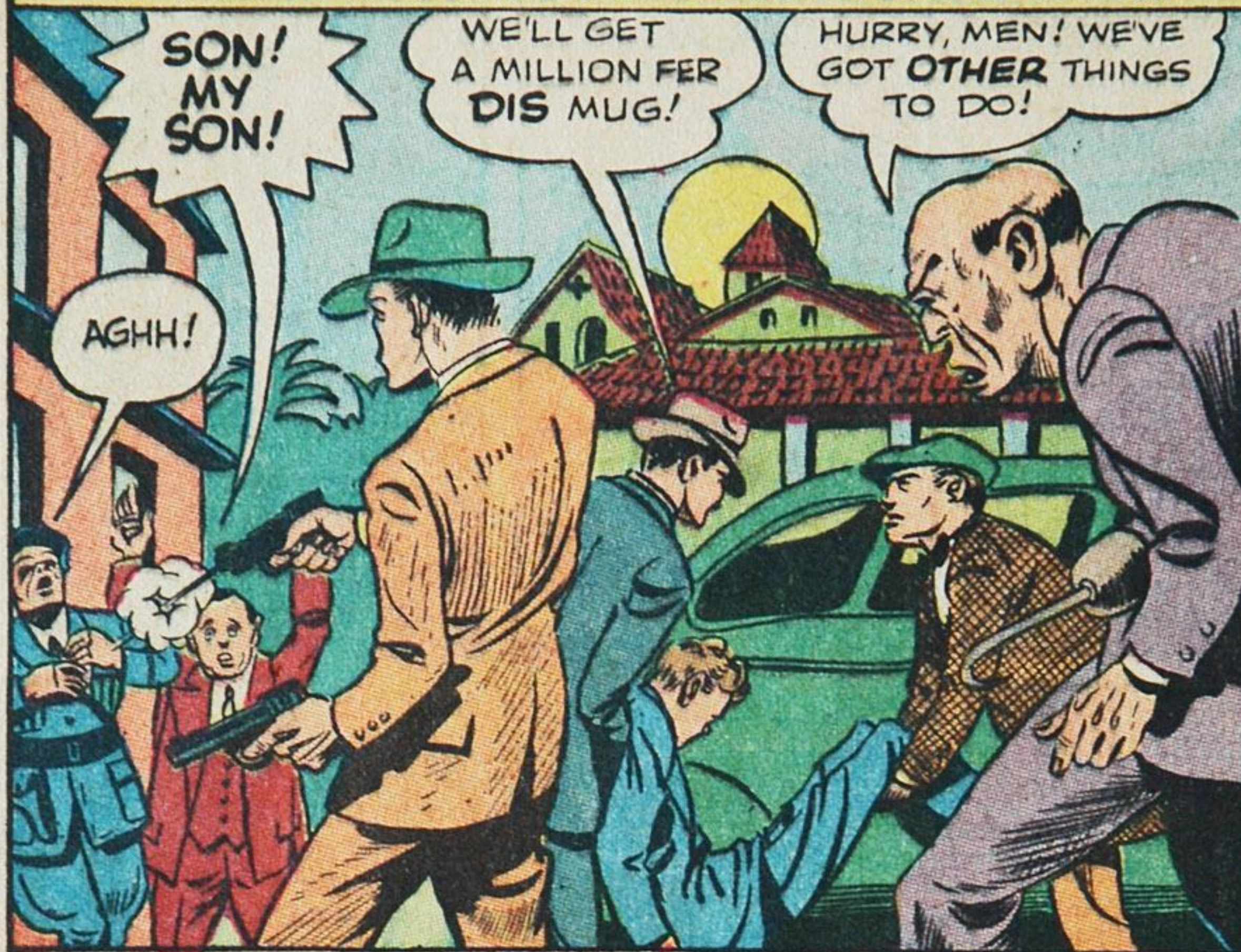
THE ANGEL COMMANDEERS
A FAST, UNMARKED POLICE
CAR AND SPEEDS TO THE
NEARBY HOME OF THE
FITZMORGANS, RICHEST
FAMILY IN MIAMI BEACH
... THEN ---

THAT POLICE CAPTAIN
SAID HE THINKS YOUNG
FITZMORGAN IS NEXT ON
THE LIST--AND I'VE A
HUNCH HE'S **RIGHT!**
-- HOPE I'M NOT
TOO **LATE!**



... HE CHANGES TO THE COSTUME OF **THE ANGEL!**

But... AT THAT MOMENT, **PROFESSOR TORTURE'S** GANG OF MURDEROUS FIENDS HAVE SWOOPED DOWN UPON THE **FITZMORGAN** RESIDENCE, AND WITH RECKLESS DARING THEY KIDNAP THE BOY AND OVERPOWER SPECIAL POLICE GUARDS!



WITH CATLIKE STEPS, THE **ANGEL** FOLLOWS THE KIDNAPPER CAR DOWN TOWARD THE DAMP SWAMP.....

THESE TREES COVER UP THEIR SECRET MOUNTAIN ROAD! NOW I'LL FIND OUT WHERE -- LOOK! IT'S THAT OLD ---



THE **ANGEL** SEES PROFESSOR TORTURE'S CAR SUDDENLY TURN OFF THE ROAD! HE SLOWS DOWN --- STOPS!



INSIDE THE HORRIBLE PRISON SHIP, FIENDISH, PROFESSOR TORTURE DOESN'T LOSE A SECOND'S TIME. THE KIDNAPPED MAN IS TERROR-STRICKEN!

HANG HIM UPSIDE DOWN, MEN! I HAVE THE OIL ALL READY! -- QUICK!

OKAY, BOSS!

NO!

OOHHH!

PUT THIS CAULDRON OF BOILING OIL UNDER HIS HEAD WHILE I TAKE A LOOK AT SOME OF OUR OTHER PATIENTS!

A PLEASURE, BOSS!

PROFESSOR TORTURE RETURNS FROM THE INSPECTION...

THE BOYS ARE DYING **TOO** QUICKLY! WE'LL HAVE TO GET **MORE**....!

NOW I'LL JUST JACK UP THIS POT OF OIL UNTIL YOUR HEAD GOES RIGHT INTO IT!

NO, PLEASE! NO--NO!

MEANWHILE...

...NOW, TO CRASH THEIR LITTLE PARTY!

SCREAMING WILL DO YOU NO GOOD! IF YOUR FATHER WANTS ME TO **STOP**, IT'LL COST HIM **HALF A MILLION DOLLARS!**

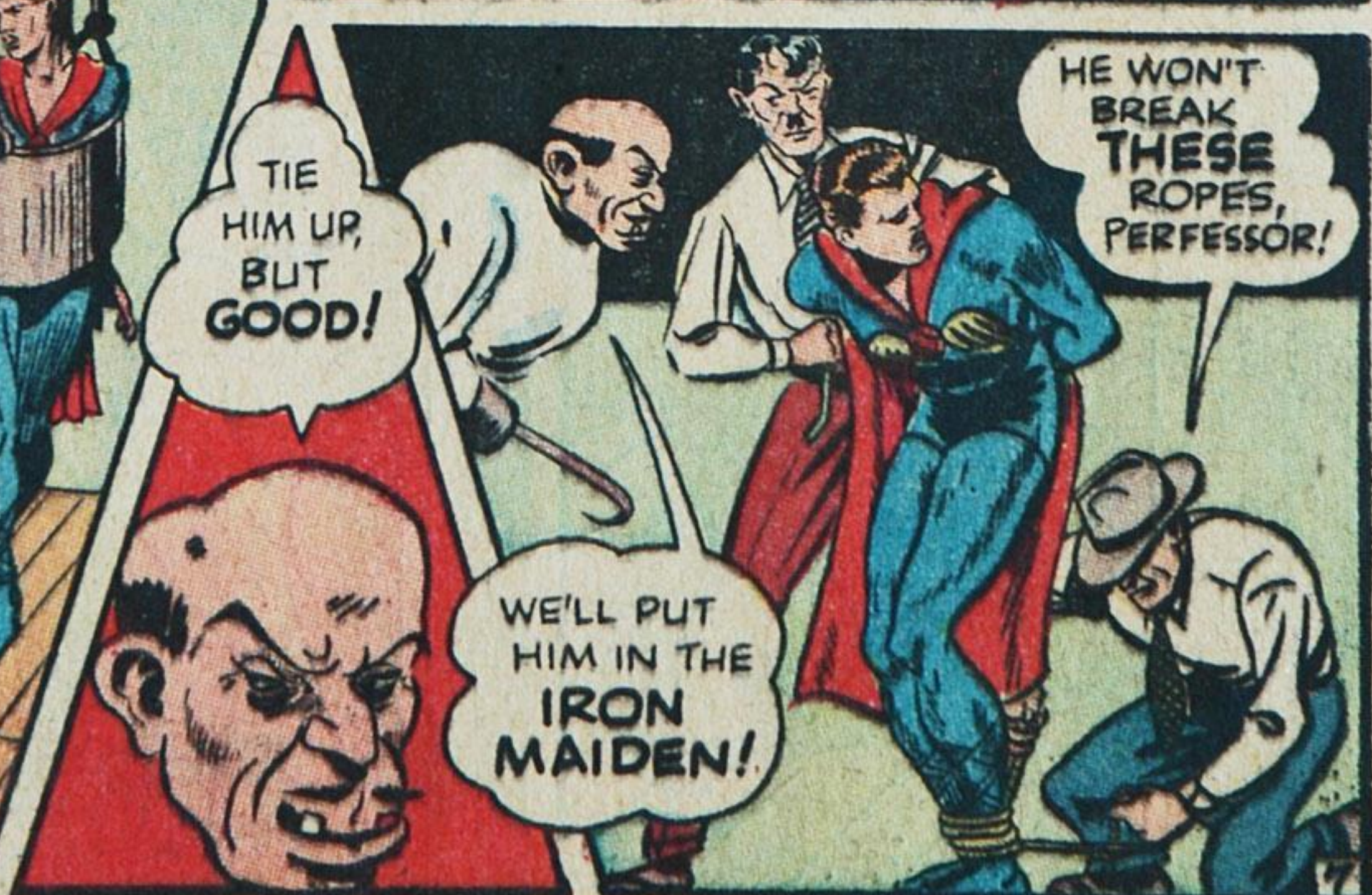
SUDDENLY...

SO, YOU'RE PROFESSOR TORTURE!

WHAT? -- THE ANGEL!

HEY!





THE ANGEL IS CARRIED DOWN INTO THE HOLD OF THE SHIP.

NO ONE HAS EVER ESCAPED FROM THE IRON MAIDEN!

THIS IS TH' FINISH OF TH' ANGEL! EH, PROF.?

THE FEARLESS ANGEL IS ROUGHLY PUSHED TOWARD THE DREADED IRON MAIDEN ... ONE OF THE WORST TORTURE DEVICES EVER INVENTED...

SHOVE HIM IN, MEN... THE IRON MAIDEN WILL TEACH HIM NOT TO INTERFERE WITH PROFESSOR TORTURE!

YOU'RE PLAYING WITH DYNAMITE, LITTLE BOY! ... GO AHEAD!

SHUT UP!

WE'RE GOING BACK TO TAKE A PICTURE OF YOUNG FITZMORGAN TO SEND HOME TO HIS FOLKS -- THEN MAYBE WE'LL TORTURE HIM A LITTLE!

YOU SAID IT, PERFESSOR!

ME AND THE IRON MAIDEN WILL FIX THE ANGEL -- NICE AND SLOW!

YES, ANGEL... IF YOU EVER GET OUT!

HEE-HEE! THE ONLY WAY ANYONE EVER GOT OUT OF AN IRON MAIDEN WAS -- DEAD! HEE! HEE!

IF I EVER GET OUT -- I'LL DO THE FIXING --- YOU MURDERERS!

THE MADMAN AND HIS MAN LEAVE...

NOW I'LL CLOSE THE DOOR AND --- WHY, HE FAINTED! THEY ALL DO!

COME, COME! THIS IS NO WAY FOR A HERO TO ACT!

MY, WILL YOU BE SURPRISED!



THE THUG IS
IMPALED ON THE
NEEDLE-POINTED
PRONGS OF THE
DEVICE THAT
WAS INTENDED
FOR THE
ANGEL!

AGGHHH!

THAT'S
WHAT YOU
WANTED TO
DO TO ME,
RAT!



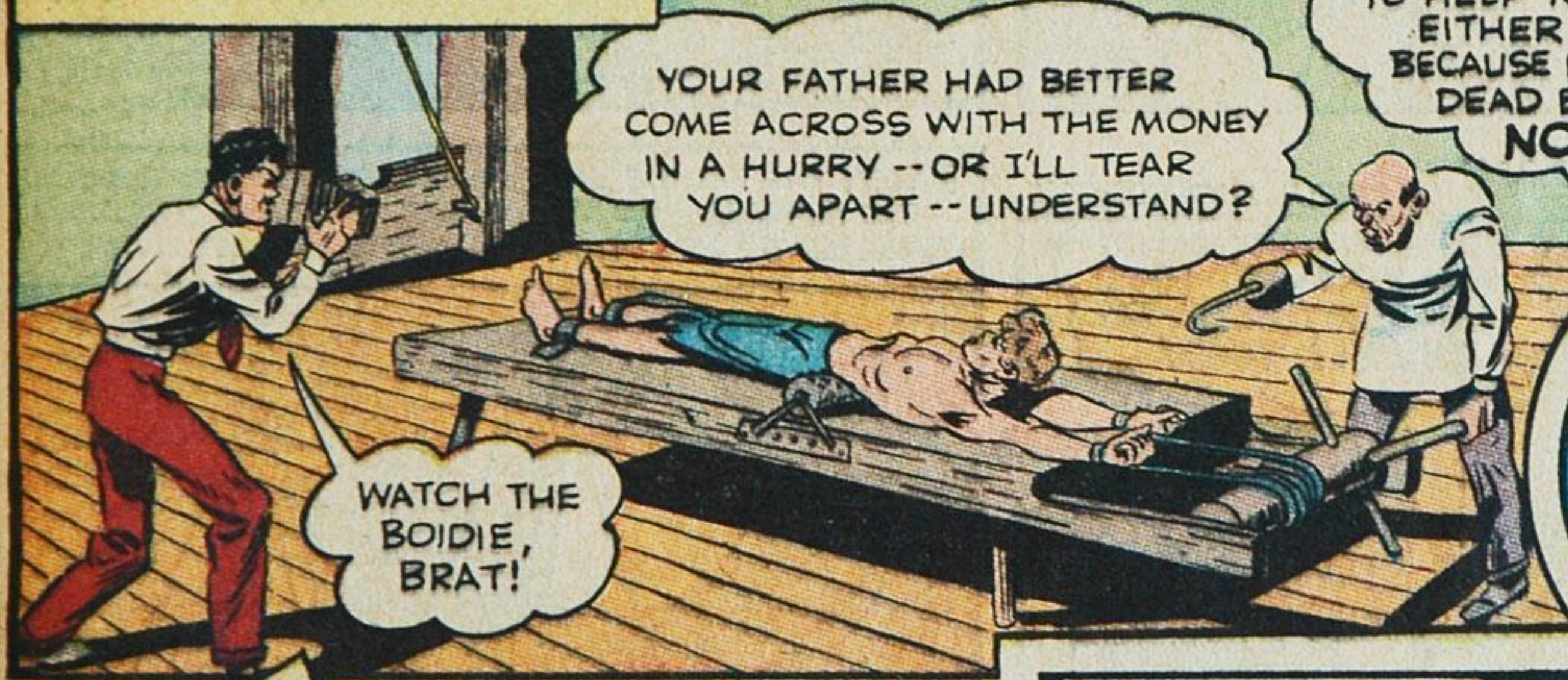
THAT
DOES
IT!

THE **ANGEL** CUTS HIS BONDS
ON THE SHARP SPIKES OF
THE IRON MAIDEN! ...



AND NOW I'M GOING
TO GIVE **PROFESSOR
TORTURE** A DOSE
OF SOME MIGHTY
BITTER **MEDICINE!**
-- HIS OWN!

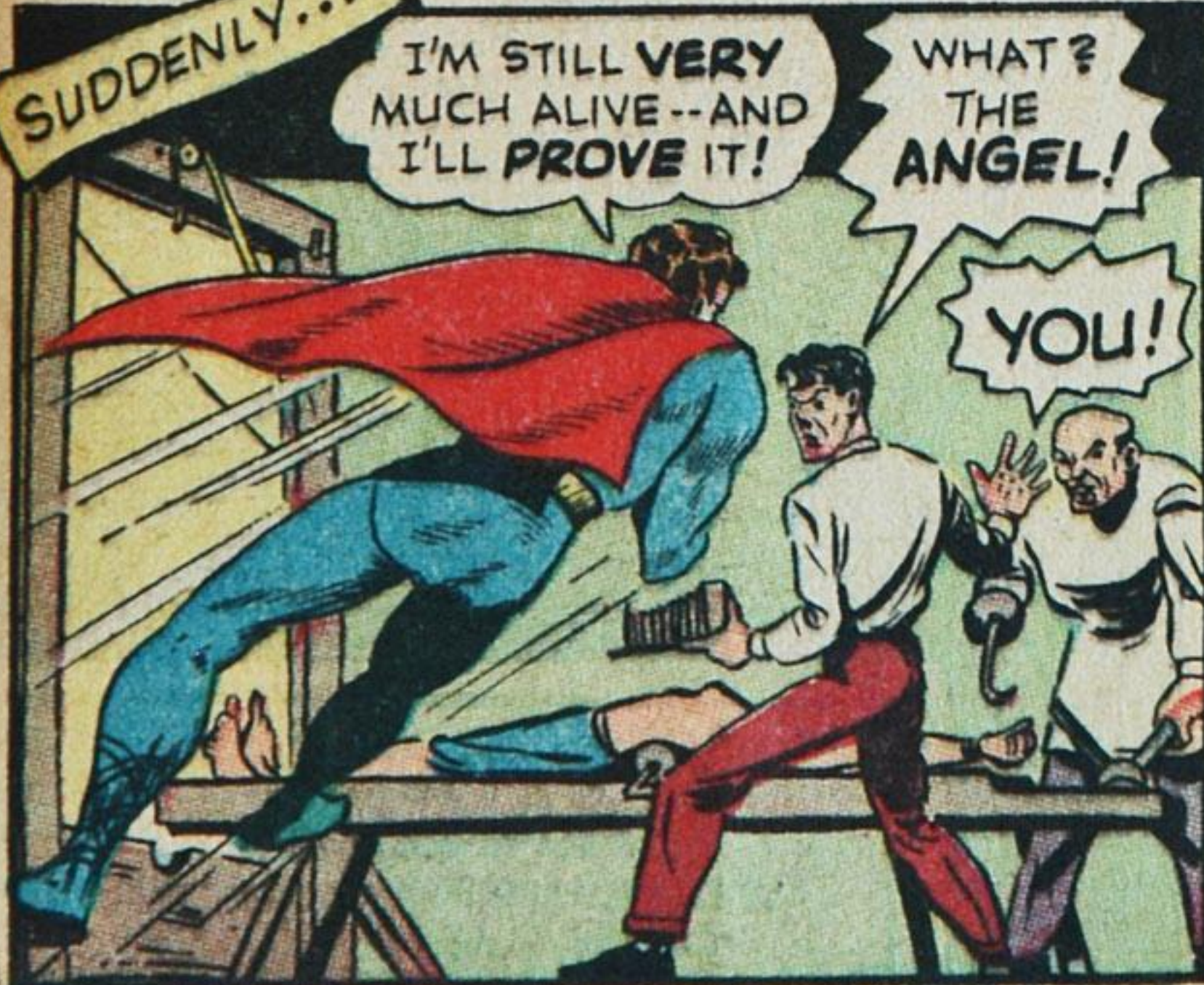
Meanwhile... IN THE MAIN TORTURE CHAMBER OF THE
PRISON SHIP -- THE FIENDISH PROFESSOR HAS TRANSFERRED
HORROR-STRICKEN YOUNG FITZMORGAN TO
A STRETCHING RACK! ...



YOUR FATHER HAD BETTER
COME ACROSS WITH THE MONEY
IN A HURRY -- OR I'LL TEAR
YOU APART -- UNDERSTAND?

WATCH THE
BOIDIE,
BRAT!

DON'T
EXPECT THE
ANGEL
TO HELP YOU,
EITHER ---
BECAUSE HE'S
DEAD BY
NOW!



SUDDENLY...

I'M STILL **VERY**
MUCH ALIVE -- AND
I'LL **PROVE** IT!

WHAT?
THE
ANGEL!

YOU!



KNOCKING YOUR
TWO BRAINS TOGETHER
STILL ADDS UP TO
NOTHING!

THE FORCE OF THE PUSH KNOCKS THE TWO FIENDS INTO A GUILLOTINE... THE **PROFESSOR'S** HOOK HITS THE CORD RELEASE! ...

... AND THE RAZOR-EDGED BLADE DROPS AS A FINAL CURTAIN ON THEIR EVIL CAREERS.

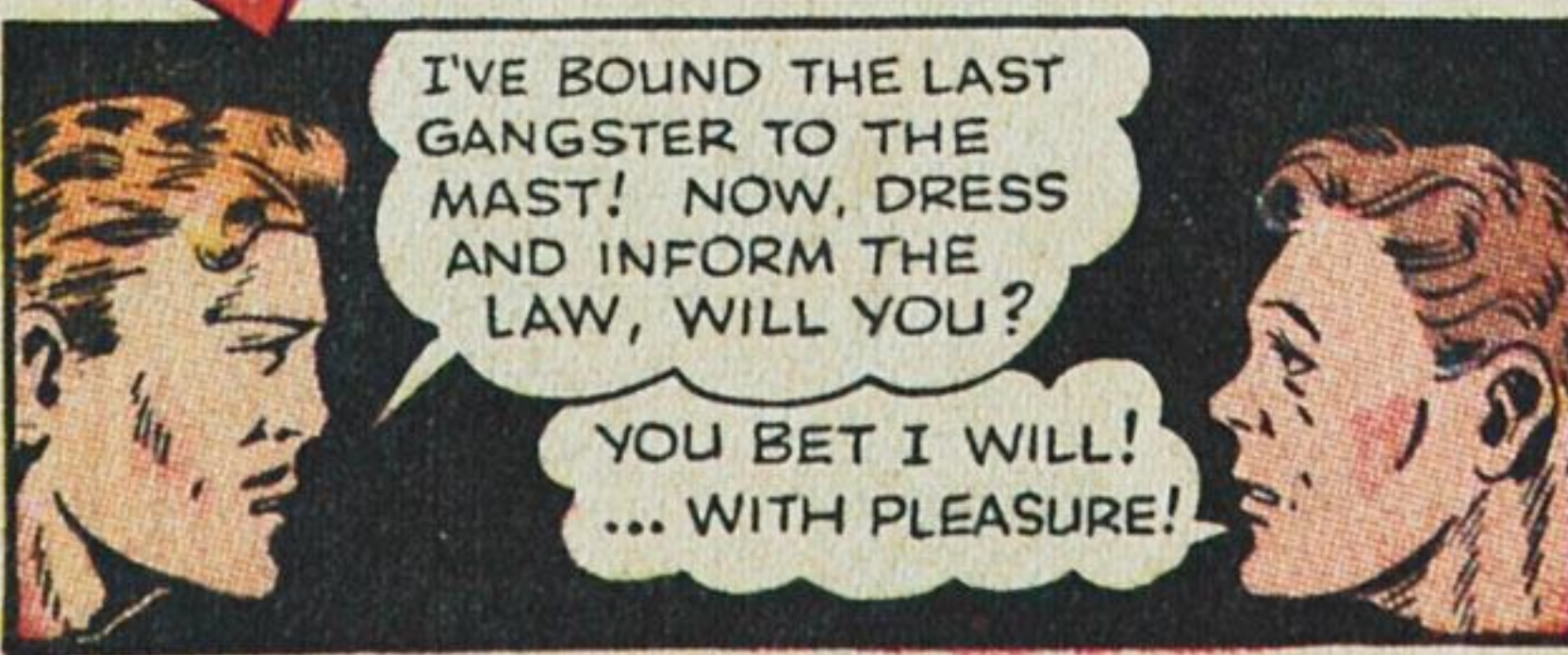
AND NOW FOR THAT MUG ON DECK!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...
THE **ANGEL** RELEASES A GRATEFUL FITZMORGAN.



WHEN THE POLICE AND YOUNG FITZMORGAN RETURN, THE **ANGEL** HAS VANISHED, BUT HIS SHADOW STILL LINGERS ON, A WARNING TO ALL EVIL!



YES! ... AND THE **ANGEL**
WILL RETURN IN THE NEXT ISSUE
OF THIS MAGAZINE!

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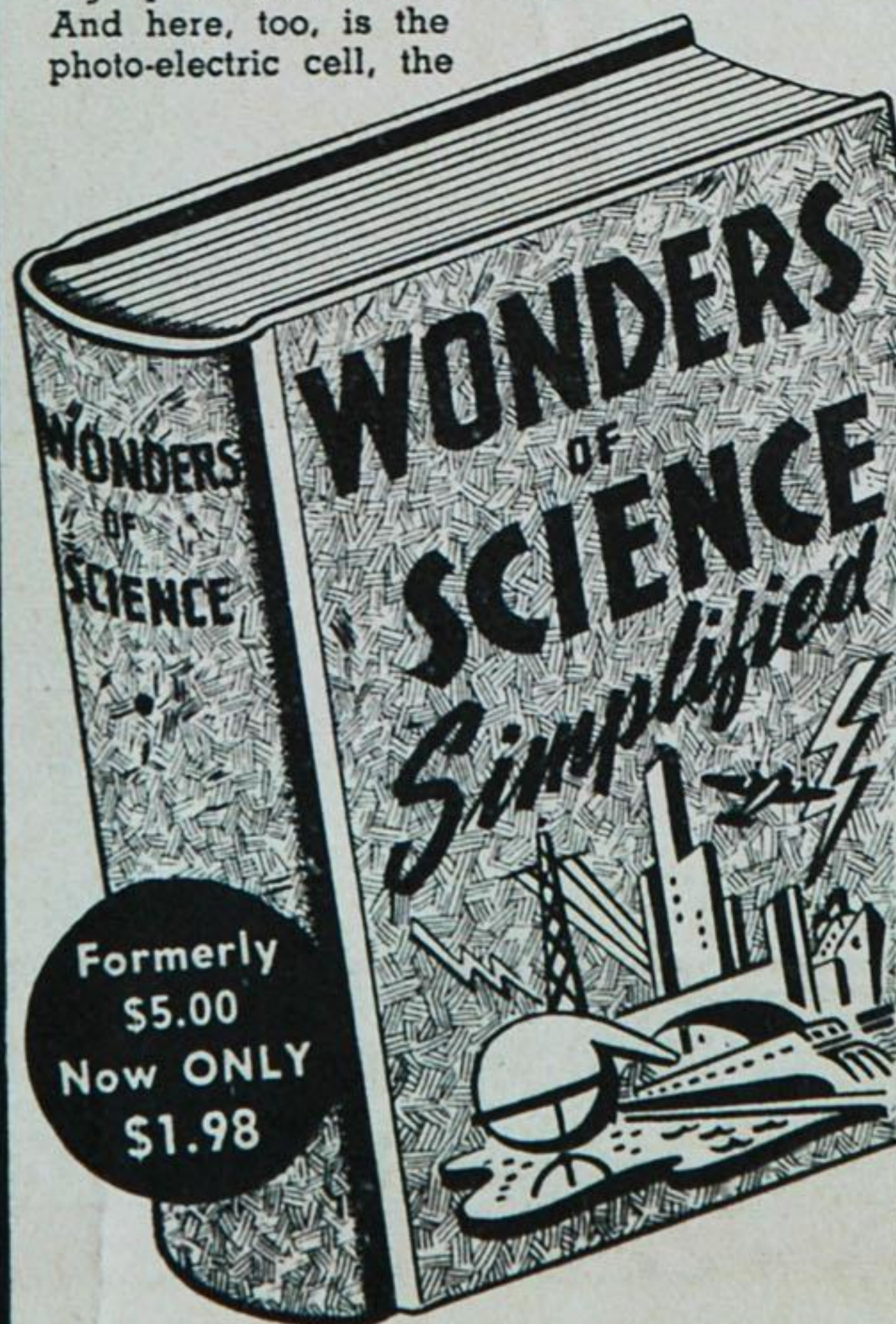
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